



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Stanford University Libraries



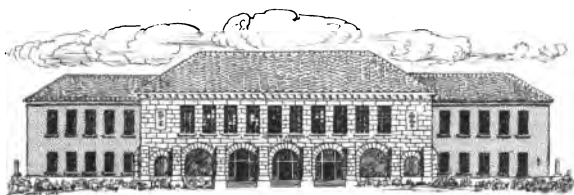
3 6105 127 813 256

LLY EDUCATIONAL SERIES.

THE NEW CENTURY FIFTH READER



RAND, McNALLY & COMPANY



**SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
LIBRARY**

TEXTBOOK COLLECTION

GIFT OF

SANTA CLARA COUNTY

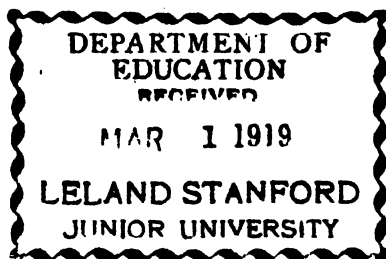
TEACHERS LIBRARY



**STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES**

SANTA CLARA COUNTY
TEACHERS' LIBRARY

No. 4-337





RAND-McNALLY EDUCATIONAL SERIES.

THE NEW CENTURY
/
FIFTH READER

SELECTED AND ADAPTED

FROM

THE WORLD'S STANDARD LITERATURE.



CHICAGO AND NEW YORK:
RAND, McNALLY & COMPANY.

8~

588191

C

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY RAND, McNALLY & Co.

The publishers gratefully acknowledge the kindness shown by several eminent educators in giving them, in the preparation of the text, the benefit of long professional experience.

The selections from Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Parton, Whittier, Charles Egbert Craddock, and Lucy Larcom are used by permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of the works of the authors named.

For the use of other valuable copyrighted matter, thanks are extended to The American Publishing Company, The Bowen-Merrill Company, J. B. Lippincott Company, A. C. McClurg & Co., Armand Hawkins, A. Pope, and Miss Anna Gordon.

They are also under obligations to John Burroughs, Hezekiah Butterworth, Chauncey M. Depew, Henry Watterson, and Charles Egbert Craddock, for permission to use extracts from their works.

PREFACE.

The principles which should guide teacher and pupil alike in the study of the art of reading, were briefly stated in the preface to the Fourth Reader in this series. When the Fifth Reader is taken up, the same principles have only to be extended and applied more widely.

1. The preparation for the lesson should be even more thorough than in the lower grade. It is quite a mistake to suppose that, because pupils can pronounce all the words in the lesson readily, they have therefore learned to read, and no further study of the subject is necessary. As a matter of fact, the selections in the Fifth Reader have purposely been made more difficult. Each one contains many allusions, similes, and suggestions, of one sort and another, and it will be very profitable for the pupil to trace them all out. Here, much more even than in the lower grades, the teacher should prepare the way for the study of every lesson by giving the students numerous hints as to where to look for light. An important part of successful reading depends on a knowledge of how to use books of reference, and the study of the selections in this book will afford the best opportunity for learning to "hunt down" knowledge in a library.

2. The exercise of rewriting the piece in the pupil's own words is even more important in this grade. But at this stage of advancement it may be varied. The experience or scene described by the author will suggest some kindred experience or scene. The pupil should learn to think out the details of this new conception as the classic author

has done in the model found in the reader. Only by working in this way can the student learn how the master works, and so come to understand and appreciate him. Teachers have not yet comprehended the practical value of such imitative writing in opening up the secrets of the author to the reader. The case is precisely similar to that of studying modern languages. You learn French ten times more thoroughly by writing it than by merely reading it.

3. Many of the selections in this volume are oratorical. To read them aloud with a natural expression will require careful preparation, but much help will be found in trying to imagine the circumstances under which the speech or oration was originally delivered. For instance, a vivid description of the circumstances under which Patrick Henry delivered his famous speeches may be found in a good biography of that patriot. If the teacher will read such a description to his class, and try to induce the pupil to put himself, in imagination, into the same surroundings, the otherwise loud and hollow words will assume a depth and a significance which the pupil had not before perceived.

When pupils and teacher have reached this point in their study together, success depends wholly on mutual interest. Unless the teacher is deeply interested in the work, and makes thorough preparation for it, the pupils can not be expected to be interested; and even when the teacher is interested and interesting, the pupils must be left largely to their own ambition to seize the opportunity and do the work which will in the end bring such rich rewards. Nothing in after life will afford so much satisfaction as a familiarity, on terms of equality, with the greatest thoughts of the greatest writers.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Water-Lane in Florida	<i>Sidney Lanier</i> 11
The Wreck of the Hesperus	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i> 17
Washington	<i>Thomas Jefferson</i> 20
Extracts from "Evangeline"	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i> 23
Revolutions	<i>Rufus Choate</i> 35
Spring	<i>Henry Timrod</i> 40
The Death of Garfield	<i>James G. Blaine</i> 42
Intellectual Progress	<i>David Swing</i> 45
Energy	<i>Alexander H. Stephens</i> 49
A Plea for Higher Education	<i>Chauncey M. Depew</i> 51
The Isles of Greece	<i>Lord Byron</i> 53
God's Omnipotence	<i>The Bible</i> 55
Apostrophe to the Ocean	<i>Lord Byron</i> 58
Extract from "Don Quixote"	<i>Cervantes</i> 60
The Old Man Dreams	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> 64
The Chambered Nautilus	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> 66
Jackson at New Orleans	<i>Charles Gayarré</i> 67
Grant	<i>Henry Watterson</i> 70
The Cotter's Saturday Night	<i>Robert Burns</i> 72
An Old-Time District School	<i>James Parton</i> 77
Robert Burns	<i>Fitz-Greene Halleck</i> 79
Dedication Speech at Gettysburg	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i> 82
Sayings of Lincoln	 83
Time	<i>Charles Sumner</i> 84
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard	<i>Thomas Gray</i> 86
The End of the War	<i>William McKinley</i> 92
Early England, 449-577	<i>John Richard Green</i> 94
Self-Culture	<i>William Ellery Channing</i> 97
Waiting	<i>John Burroughs</i> 100
The New Year	<i>John G. Whittier</i> 101
Conciliation of America	<i>Edmund Burke</i> 102
Hymn	<i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i> 105
Abou Ben Adhem	<i>Leigh Hunt</i> 106

	PAGE
The Battle of Hastings	<i>Edward Augustus Freeman</i> 107
Absalom	<i>Nathaniel Parker Willis</i> 111
First Oration on Bunker Hill Monument	<i>Daniel Webster</i> 115
The St. Bernard Hospice	<i>Harriet Beecher Stowe</i> 121
The Bells of Shandon	<i>Francis Mahony</i> 125
Mrs. Caudle's Umbrella Lecture	<i>Douglas William Jerrold</i> 126
The Bells	<i>Edgar Allan Poe</i> 129
Turn On the Light	<i>Frances E. Willard</i> 133
Lead, Kindly Light	<i>John Henry Newman</i> 135
Two Views of Nature	<i>F. R. A. Chateaubriand</i> 136
The King	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i> 139
Brutus and Cassius	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 141
Hamlet	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 145
The Song of the Shirt	<i>Thomas Hood</i> 150
Oliver Goldsmith	<i>William M. Thackeray</i> 152
Our Chief Timepiece	<i>Richard Anthony Proctor</i> 157
On Studies	<i>Lord Bacon</i> 161
Alone	<i>George Howland</i> 163
A Cossack Village at Evening	<i>Count Leo Tolstoi</i> 165
Haste Not, Rest Not	<i>J. W. von Goethe</i> 168
My First Geological Trip	<i>Sir Archibald Geikie</i> 169
The South	<i>Richard Henry Stoddard</i> 173
Dorlcote Mill	<i>George Eliot</i> 175
Labor and Genius	<i>Sydney Smith</i> 177
A Legend of Bregenz	<i>Adelaide Anne Procter</i> 181
Beginning of Printing	<i>Sir Walter Besant</i> 187
Wisdom	<i>The Bible</i> 191
Advice to a Favorite Nephew	<i>George Washington</i> 193
Peerless Washington	<i>Lord Byron</i> 195
Our Reunited Country	<i>Clark Howell</i> 195
From the "Essay on Man"	<i>Alexander Pope</i> 198
The Duke's Plot	<i>John Lothrop Motley</i> 204
Shipwrecked	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 208
To a Skylark	<i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> 214
The Decorative Arts	<i>William Morris</i> 216
Staff and Scrip	<i>Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i> 221
A Farewell	<i>Charles Kingsley</i> 224
Roast Pig	<i>Charles Lamb</i> 225
An Order for a Picture	<i>Alice Cary</i> 230
When the Year is Young	<i>Donald G. Mitchell</i> 234

CONTENTS.

7

	PAGE
The Strange Champion	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 237
Life's Measure	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 243
Conversation	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> 244
The Death of Samson	<i>John Milton</i> 248
The Pleasures of Home	<i>Sir John Lubbock</i> 250
The Cry of the Human	<i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i> 255
The New South	<i>Henry W. Grady</i> 257
Io Victis	<i>William Wetmore Story</i> 262
Joan of Arc	<i>Thomas De Quincey</i> 264
The Old Minstrel	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 266
What is Better than Slaying a Dragon	<i>Charlotte M. Yonge</i> 269
A Christmas Carol	<i>Charles Dickens</i> 276
Eternal Justice	<i>Theodore Parker</i> 284
Mean Side of Napoleon's Character	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> 286
Extract from the "Spanish Student"	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i> 290
George III.	<i>William M. Thackeray</i> 293
Moses on the Nile	<i>Victor Hugo</i> 298
The Return of the Refugees	<i>Patrick Henry</i> 301
The Cloud	<i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> 305
The Burning of Moscow	<i>Joel Tyler Headley</i> 308
The Triumphant Right	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> 313
Hannah Binding Shoes	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 314
The Tide-Wave in the Bay of Fundy	<i>Sir J. William Dawson</i> 315
Midnight	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> 319
Advantages of Education	<i>Horace Mann</i> 321
The Village Preacher	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> 325
The Lost Chord	<i>Adelaide Anne Procter</i> 327
The Mocking Bird	<i>Alexander Wilson</i> 328
A Doubting Heart	<i>Adelaide Anne Procter</i> 331
The North and the South	<i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i> 332
New England Weather	<i>Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain)</i> 334
By Shasta Town	<i>Joaquin Miller</i> 336
Extract from "Lalla Rookh"	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 339
A Day in Düsseldorf	<i>Heinrich Heine</i> 343
A Song for St. Cecilia's Day	<i>John Dryden</i> 346
Daniel O'Connell	<i>Wendell Phillips</i> 349
Skipper Ben	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 355
Heroes of the Revolution	<i>George William Curtis</i> 357

	PAGE
The Battle of the Baltic	<i>Thomas Campbell</i> 359
Aid From France	<i>W. E. H. Lecky</i> 362
The Bowl of Albemarle	<i>Hezekiah Butterworth</i> 366
A Morning in Athens	<i>Justin McCarthy</i> 369
Nature's Sadness	<i>Abram J. Ryan</i> 375
An English Country Scene	<i>William Black</i> 377
June in India	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i> 381
The True Gentleman	<i>Samuel Smiles</i> 381
The Poet's Vision of Peace	<i>Walt Whitman</i> 386
A Historic Ruin	<i>William Wirt</i> 389
America	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> 392
Chadd	<i>Charles Egbert Craddock</i> 394
A Right Human Life	<i>Bishop J. L. Spalding</i> 396

LIST OF AUTHORS.

	PAGE		PAGE
BACON, LORD	161	LARCOM, LUCY	314, 355
BESANT, SIR WALTER	187	LECKY, W. E. H.	362
BIBLE	55, 191	LINCOLN, ABRAHAM	82, 83
BLACK, WILLIAM	377	LONGFELLOW, HENRY W.	17, 23, 290
BLAINE, JAMES G.	42	LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL	313, 319
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT	255, 332	LUBBOCK, SIR JOHN	250
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN	392	MAHONY, FRANCIS	125
BURKE, EDMUND	102	MANN, HORACE	321
BURNS, ROBERT	72	MCCARTHY, JUSTIN	369
BURROUGHS, JOHN	100	McKINLEY, WILLIAM	92
BUTTERWORTH, HEZEKIAH	366	MILLER, JOAQUIN	336
BYRON, LORD	53, 58, 195	MILTON, JOHN	248
CAMPBELL, THOMAS	359	MITCHELL, DONALD G.	234
CARY, ALICE	230	MOORE, THOMAS	339
CERVANTES	60	MORRIS, WILLIAM	216
CHANNING, WILLIAM ELLERY	97	MOTLEY, JOHN LOTHROP	204
CHATEAUBRIAND, F. R. A.	136	NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY	135
CHOATE, RUFUS	35	PARKER, THEODORE	284
CLEMENS, SAMUEL L. (MARK TWAIN)	334	PARTON, JAMES	77
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR	105	PHILLIPS, WENDELL	349
CRADDOCK, CHARLES EGBERT	394	POE, EDGAR ALLAN	129
CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM	357	POPE, ALEXANDER	198
DAWSON, SIR J. WILLIAM	315	PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE	181, 327, 331
DEPEW, CHAUNCEY M.	51	PROCTOR, RICHARD ANTHONY	157
DE QUINCEY, THOMAS	264	RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB	139
DICKENS, CHARLES	276	ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL	221
DRYDEN, JOHN	346	RYAN, ABRAM J.	375
ELIOT, GEORGE	175	SCOTT, SIR WALTER	237, 266
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO	286	SHAKSPERE, WILLIAM	141, 145
FREEMAN, EDWARD AUGUSTUS	107	SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE	214, 305
GAYARRÉ, CHARLES	67	SMILES, SAMUEL	381
GEIKIE, SIR ARCHIBALD	169	SMITH, SYDNEY	177
GOETHE, J. W. VON	168	SPALDING, BISHOP J. L.	396
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER	325	STEPHENS, ALEXANDER H.	49
GRADY, HENRY W.	257	STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS	208
GRAY, THOMAS	86	STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY	173
GREEN, JOHN RICHARD	94	STORY, WILLIAM WETMORE	262
HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE	79	STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER	121
HEADLEY, JOEL TYLER	308	SUMNER, CHARLES	84
HEINE, HEINRICH	343	SWING, DAVID	45
HENRY, PATRICK	301	THACKERAY, WILLIAM M.	152, 293
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL	64, 66, 244	TIMROD, HENRY	40
HOOD, THOMAS	150	TOLSTOI, COUNT LEO	165
HOWELL, CLARK	195	WASHINGTON, GEORGE	193
HOWLAND, GEORGE	163	WATTERSON, HENRY	70
HUGO, VICTOR	298	WEBSTER, DANIEL	115
HUNT, LEIGH	106, 298	WHITMAN, WALT	386
JEFFERSON, THOMAS	20	WHITTIER, JOHN G.	101
JERROLD, DOUGLAS WILLIAM	126	WILLARD, FRANCES E.	133
JONSON, BEN	243	WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER	111
KINGSLEY, CHARLES	224	WILSON, ALEXANDER	328
KIPLING, RUDYARD	381	WIRT, WILLIAM	389
LAMB, CHARLES	225	YONGE, CHARLOTTE M.	269
LANIER, SIDNEY	11		

THE NEW CENTURY FIFTH READER.

A WATER-LANE IN FLORIDA.

SIDNEY LANIER.

But presently we abandoned the broad and garish highway of the St. John's, and we turned off to the right into the narrow lane of the Ocklawaha, the sweetest water-lane in the world, a lane which runs for more than one hundred and fifty miles of pure delight betwixt hedgerows of oaks and cypresses, and palms and bays, and magnolias and mosses, and manifold vine-growths; a lane clean to travel along, for there is never a speck of dust in it save the blue dust and gold dust which the wind blows out of the flags and lilies; a lane which is as if a typical wood-troll had taken shape, and as if God had there turned into water and trees the recollection of some meditative ramble through the lonely seclusions of His own soul.

As we advanced up the stream, our wee craft even seemed to emit her steam in more leisurely whiffs as she pushed along. Dick, the pole-man—a man of marvelous fine functions when we shall presently come to the short, narrow curves—lay asleep on the guards, in great peril of rolling into the river over the three inches between his length and the edge; the people of the boat moved not, and spoke

not; the white crane, the curlew, the limpkin, the heron, the water turkey, were scarcely disturbed in their quiet avocations as we passed, and quickly succeeded in persuading themselves, after each momentary excitement of our gliding by, that we were really, after all, no monster, but only some daydream of a monster.

The stream, which in its broader stretches reflected the sky so perfectly that it seemed like a ribbon of heaven bound in lovely doublings along the breast of the land, now began to narrow; the blue heaven disappeared, and the green of the overleaning trees assumed its place.

The lucent current lost all semblance of water. It was simply a distillation of many-shaded foliages smoothly sweeping along beneath us. It was green trees fluent. One felt that a subtle amalgamation and mutual give and take had been effected between the natures of water and leaves. A certain sense of pellucidness seemed to breathe coolly out of the woods on either side of us; and the glassy dream of a forest over which we sailed appeared to send up exhalations of balms and odors and stimulant pungencies.

"Look at that snake in the water!" said a gentleman, as we sat on the deck with the engineer, just come up from his watch.

The engineer smiled. "Sir, it is a water turkey," he said, gently.

The water turkey is the most preposterous bird within the range of ornithology. He is not a bird; he is a neck, with such subordinate rights, members, appurtenances, and hereditaments thereunto apper-

taining as seem necessary to that end. He has just enough stomach to arrange nourishment for his neck, just enough wings to fly painfully along with his neck, and just big enough legs to keep his neck from dragging on the ground; and his neck is light-colored, while the rest of him is black.

When he saw us, he jumped up on a limb and stared. Then suddenly he dropped into the water, sank like a leaden ball out of sight, and made us think he was drowned, when presently the tip of his beak appeared, then the length of his neck lay along the surface of the water, and in this position, with his body submerged, he shot out his neck, drew it back, wriggled it, twisted it, and spirally poked it into the east, the west, the north, and the south, with a violence of involution and contortinary energy that made one think in the same breath of corkscrews and of lightnings. But what nonsense! All that labor and perilous asphyxiation for a beggarly sprat or a couple of inches of water snake!

* * * * *

Some twenty miles from the mouth of the Ocklawaha, at the right-hand edge of the stream, is the handsomest residence in America. It belongs to a certain alligator of my acquaintance, a very honest and worthy saurian, of good repute.

A little cove of water, dark green under the overhanging leaves, placid, pellucid, curves round at the river edge into the flags and lilies, with a curve just heartbreaking for the pure beauty of the flexure of it. This house of my saurian is divided into apartments—little subsidiary bays which are scalloped out by the lily-pads according to the sinuous fantasies

of their growth. My saurian, whenever he desires to sleep, has but to lie down anywhere; he will find marvelous mosses for his mattress beneath him; his sheets will be white lily-petals; and the green disks of the lily-pads will straightway embroider themselves together above him for his coverlet.

He never quarrels with his cook; he is not the slave of a kitchen, and his one housemaid — the stream — forever sweeps his chambers clean. His conservatories there under the glass of that water are ever, and without labor, filled with the enchantments of strange under-water growths; his parks and his pleasure grounds are bigger than are any king's. Upon my saurian's house the winds have no power, the rains are only a new delight to him, and the snows he will never see. Regarding fire, as he does not employ its slavery, so he does not fear its tyranny. Thus, all the elements are the friends of my saurian's house. While he sleeps he is being bathed. What glory to awake sweetened and freshened by the sole careless act of sleep!

Lastly, my saurian has unnumbered mansions, and can change his dwelling as no human householder may; it is but a flip of his tail, and lo! he is established in another place as good as the last, ready furnished to his liking.

For many miles together the Ocklawaha is a river without banks, though not less clearly defined as a stream for that reason. The swift, deep current meanders between tall lines of trees; beyond these, on each side, there is water also — a thousand shallow rivulets lapsing past the bases of multitudes of trees.

Along the immediate edges of the stream every tree trunk, sapling, stump, or other projecting coigne of vantage is wrapped about with a close-growing vine. At first, like an unending procession of nuns disposed along the aisle of a church, these vine figures stand.

But presently, as one journeys, this nun-imagery fades out of one's mind, and a thousand other fancies float with ever new vine-shapes into one's eyes. One sees repeated all the forms one has ever known, in grotesque juxtaposition. Look! here is a great troop of girls, with arms wreathed over their heads, dancing down into the water; * * * * there the vines hang in loops, in pavilions, in columns, in arches, in caves, in pyramids, in harps and lyres, in globular mountain-ranges, in pagodas, domes, minarets, belfries, draperies, and dragons.

The edges of the stream are further defined by flowers and water-leaves. The tall, blue flags; the ineffable lilies sitting on their round lily-pads like white queens on green thrones; the tiny stars and long ribbons of the water-grasses; the pretty phalanxes of a species of "bonnet" which, from a long stem that swings off down stream along the surface, sends up a hundred little graceful stemlets, each bearing a shield-like disk and holding it aloft as the antique soldiers held their bucklers to form the testudo, or tortoise, in attacking. All these border the river in infinite varieties. * * *

And then, after this day of glory, came a night of glory. Down in these deep-shaded lanes it was dark indeed as the night drew on. The stream which had been all day a baldric of beauty, sometimes blue

and sometimes green, now became a black band of mystery. But presently a brilliant flame flares out overhead; they have lighted the pine knots on top of the pilot house. * * *

Startled birds suddenly flutter into the light, and, after an instant of illuminated flight, melt into the darkness. From the perfect silence of these short flights one derives a certain sense of awe.

Now there is a mighty crack and crash; limbs and leaves scrape and scrub along the deck; a little bell tingles; we stop. In turning a short curve, or rather doubling, the boat has run her nose smack into the right bank, and a projecting stump has now thrust itself sheer through the starboard side. Out, Dick! Out, Henry! Dick and Henry shuffle forward to the bow, thrust forth their long white pole against a tree trunk, strain and push and bend to the deck as if they were salaaming to the god of night and adversity, our bow slowly rounds into the stream, the wheel turns, and we puff quietly along.

a mal' ga ma' tion (shūn), a blending.

colgne (koin), corner.

fil' lip, to snap.

gar' ish, showy; dazzling.

her' e dit' a ment, any species of property that may be inherited.

jux' ta po si' tion (zish' ūn), position side by side.

limp' kin, a species of wading bird.

or' ni thol' o gy, a branch of zoology treating of the natural history and classification of birds.

pel lu' cid ness, transparency.

Speak not at all, in any wise, till you have somewhat to speak; care not for the reward of your speaking, but simply for the truth of your speaking.

—CARLYLE.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
“I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!”
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring;
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns;
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that can not live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light;
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

a main', violently.

card' ed, combed with a card.

fair' y-flax, so called because the petals
drop as soon as touched.

flaw, a gust of wind.

haw' thorn, a thorny shrub.

schoon'er, a small sailing vessel.

skip' per, the master of a vessel.

stark, rigid.

stove, broke in.

veer' ing, turning.

WASHINGTON.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order ; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke ; and, as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder.

It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best ; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously.

But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden

circumstances, he was slow in readjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern.

Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence ; never acting till every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed ; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known ; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision.

He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned ; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.

In his expenses he was honorable, but exact ; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections, but he exactly calculated every man's value, and never failed to give him a solid esteem proportioned to it.

His person was fine ; his stature exactly what one would wish ; his deportment easy, erect, and noble ; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his

colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words.

In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed; yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world; for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors.

On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect—in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may be truly said, that never did Nature and Fortune combine more completely to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance; for his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence, of conducting its councils through the birth of a government new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train, and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military: of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

col lo' qui al, conversational.

con'san guin'i ty (gwîn), blood relationship.

con' ver sa' tion, familiar intercourse.

ju di' cious ly (dish' ūs), prudently.

me' di oc' ri ty, moderate ability.

pen' e tra' tion, insight.

re' ad just' ment, regulating again.

EXTRACTS FROM "EVANGELINE."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

GRAND PRÉ.

This is the forest primeval ; but where are the hearts
that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland
the voice of the huntsman ?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of
Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the
woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an
image of heaven ?

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for-
ever departed !
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty
blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them
far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful vil-
lage of Grand Pré.

* * * * *
In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of
Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched
to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks
without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised
with labor incessant,

Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons
the flood gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er
the meadows.

West and south there were fields of flax, and or-
chards and cornfields,
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and
away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the
mountains
Sea fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the
mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their
station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian
village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak
and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign
of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows ; and
gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the
doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when
brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on
the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps, and in
kirtles

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning
the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles
within doors
Mingled their sound with the whirr of the wheels
and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest,
and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended
to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose ma-
trons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate
welcome.

Then came the laborers home from the field, and
serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from
the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of
the village
Columns of pale-blue smoke, like clouds of incense
ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace
and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian
farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were
they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice
of republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to
their windows,
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts
of the owners ;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in
abundance.

EXILE OF THE ACADIANS.

I.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of
Grand Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin
of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were
riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamor-
ous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden
gates of the morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and
neighboring hamlets,
Come in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian
peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from
the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the nu-
merous meadows
Where no path could be seen but the track of
wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed
on the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor
were silenced.

Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy
groups at the house doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped
together.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed
and feasted;

For with this simple people, who lived like brothers
together,

All things were held in common, and what one had
was another's.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the
orchard,

Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of
betrothal.

There in the shade of the porch were the priest and
the notary seated;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the
blacksmith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press
and the beehives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of
hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played
on his snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of
the fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown
from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his
fiddle,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the
music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying
dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the
meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled
among them.

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a sum-
mons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the mead-
ows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men.
Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and
hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh
from the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching
proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and disso-
nant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceil-
ing and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous
portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of
the soldiers.

Then up rose their commander, and spake from the
steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal
commission.

"You are convened this day," he said, "by his
Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have
answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make
and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must
be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of
our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and
cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves
from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may
dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable
people!
Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's
pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of
the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters
his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch
from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their
enclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words
of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder,
and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger.
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to
the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce
imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er
the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the
blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion;
and wildly he shouted,—
“Down with the tyrants of England! we never have
sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our
homes and our harvests!”
More he fain would have said, but the merciless
hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down
to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps
of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed
into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to
his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured
and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the
clock strikes.

“What is this that ye do, my children? what madness
has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you,
and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers
and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and
forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would
you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with
hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is
gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and
holy compassion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O
Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the
wicked assail us;
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive
them!' "

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts
of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the
passionate outbreak,
And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father,
forgive them!"

II.

* * * * *
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mourn-
ful procession.
There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of
embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers,
too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest
entreaties.

Half the task was not done when the sun went down,
and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the
refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the
sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the
slippery seaweed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods
and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near
them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian
farmers.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn
the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er
the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon the
mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge
shadows together,
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of
the village,
Gleamed on the sky and sea, and the ships that lay
in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame
were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the
quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning
thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a
hundred housetops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame inter-
mingled.

And as the voice of the priest repeated a service of
sorrow,
Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast
congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with
the dirges.
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of
the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and
hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of
embarking ;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of
the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the
village in ruins.

* * * * *

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the shade
of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and lan-
guage.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty
Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from
exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its
bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are
still busy ;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kir-
tles of homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neigh-
boring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail
of the forest.

a lar' um, alarm.

An' gel us, bell for prayer.

Blom' i don, a mountain of Acadia.

con tri' tion, repentance.

im' pre ca' tion, curse.

pri me' val, primitive.

ref' lu ent, ebbing.

sol' stice, the time at which the sun is
farthest from the equator.

toc' sin, an alarm bell.

tur' bu lent, restless.

Within each soul the God above
Plants the rich jewel—human Love.
The fairest gem that graces youth,
Is Love's companion—fearless Truth.

—PAMELA SAVAGE.

REVOLUTIONS.

RUFUS CHOATE.

Turn, now, to another and different form of revolution altogether. Turn to a revolution in which a people, who were not yet a nation, became a nation—one of the great, creative efforts of history, her rarest, her grandest, one of her marked and widely separated geological periods, in which she gathers up

the formless and wandering elements of a preëxisting nature, and shapes them into a new world, over whose rising the morning stars might sing again.

These revolutions have an eloquence of their own, also; but how unlike that other—exultant, trustful, reasonable, courageous! The cheerful and confident voice of young and giant strength rings through it—the silver clarion of his hope that sounds to an awakening, to an onset, to a festival of glory, preparing! preparing!—his look of fire now fixed on the ground, now straining toward the distant goal; his heart assured and high, yet throbbing with the heightened, irregular pulsations of a new consciousness, beating unwontedly—the first, delicious, strange feeling of national life.

Twice within a century men have heard that eloquence. They heard it once when, in 1782, Ireland, in arms, had extorted—in part from the humiliation and necessities of England, in part from the justice of a new administration—the independence of her parliament and her judiciary,

“That one lucid interval snatched from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when filled with one soul,
A nation o’erleaped the dark bounds of her doom,
And for one sacred instant touched liberty’s goal,”

and Mr. Grattan, rising slowly in her House of Commons, said: “I am now to address a free people; ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation. I found Ireland on her knees; I watched over her with an eternal solicitude. I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, from arms to liberty.

Spirit of Swift, spirit of Molyneux, your genius has prevailed ; Ireland is now a nation. In that character I hail her ; and, bowing to her august presence, I say, Live Forever ! ”

Men heard that eloquence in 1776, in that manifold and mighty appeal by the genius and wisdom of that new America, to persuade the people to take on the name of nation and begin its life. By how many pens and tongues that great pleading was conducted ; through how many months, before the date of the actual Declaration, it went on, day after day ; in how many forms, before how many assemblies, from the village newspaper, the more careful pamphlet, the private conversation, the town-meeting, the legislative bodies of particular colonies, up to the hall of the immortal old Congress, and the master intelligences of lion heart and eagle eye that ennobled it—all this you know.

But the leader in that great argument was John Adams of Massachusetts. He, by concession of all writers, was truly the orator of that revolution—the revolution in which a nation was born. Other and renowned names, by written or spoken eloquence, coöperated effectively, splendidly, to the grand result—Samuel Adams, Samuel Chase, Jefferson, Henry, James Otis in an earlier stage. Each of these, and a hundred more, within circles of influence wider or narrower, sent forth, scattering broadcast, the seed of life in the ready, virgin soil.

Each brought some specialty of gift to the work : Jefferson, the magic of style, and the habit and the power of delicious dalliance with those large, fair ideas of freedom and equality, so dear to man, so

irresistible in that day; Henry, the indescribable and lost spell of the speech of the emotions, which fills the eye, chills the blood, turns the cheek pale — the lyric phase of eloquence, the “fire-water,” as Lamartine has said, of the revolution, instilling into the sense and the soul the sweet madness of battle; Samuel Chase, the tones of anger, confidence, and pride, and the art to inspire them.

John Adams’s eloquence alone seems to have met every demand of the time. As a question of right, of opportunity, of conscience, he knew it all, through and through.

In that momentous debate, which, beginning in Congress as far back as February, 1776, had its real close only on the historic fourth of July, he presented this question in all its aspects, to every passion and affection; to the burning sense of wrong, exasperated at length beyond control by the shedding of patriot blood; to grief and self-respect; to the desire of happiness and of safety; to the sense of moral obligation, commanding that the duties of life are more than life; to courage, which fears God and knows no other fear; to that large and heroic ambition which would build States; to that imperial philanthropy which would open to liberty an asylum here, and give to the sick heart, and to the fettered conscience of the children of the Old World, healing, plenty, and freedom to worship God. To these passions and these ideas he presented the appeal for months, day after day, until, on the third of July, 1776, he could record the result, writing thus to his wife: “Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America; and a greater, perhaps, never was, nor will be, among men.”

Of that series of spoken eloquence all is perished. Not one reported sentence has come down to us. The voice through which the rising spirit of a young nation sounded out its dream of life is hushed. The great spokesman, of an age unto an age, is dead.

And yet of those lost words is not our whole America one immortal record and reporter? Do ye not read them, deep cut, defying the tooth of time, on all the marble of our greatness? How they blaze on the pillars of our Union! How is their deep sense unfolded and interpreted by every passing hour! How do they come to life, and grow audible, as it were, in the brightening rays of the light he foresaw, as the faded invisible harp gave out its music to the morning!

Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Henry—all the Fathers of the Republic—knew that to form a State it is not enough that our judgments, as citizens, believe it to be useful. It is not enough that our arithmetic can compute its value, and find it high; our hearts must hold it priceless, above all things rich or rare, dearer than health or beauty, brighter than all the order of the stars.

It is not enough that a man thinks he can be an unexceptionable citizen, in the main, and unless a very unsatisfactory law passes. He must admit into his bosom the specific and mighty emotion of patriotism. He must love his country, his whole country, as the place of his birth or adoption, and the sphere of his largest duties; he must love it for the long labors that reclaimed and adorned its natural and moral scenery; for the great traits and great virtues of which it has been the theater; for the institution

and amelioration and progress that enrich it; for the part it has played for the succor of the nations.

Yes, in one sense, these lost eloquent words are perished. No parchment manuscript, no embalming printed page, no certain traditions of living or dead have kept them. Yet, from out, and from off, all things around us—our laughing harvests, our songs of labor, our commerce on all the seas, our secure homes, our schoolhouses and churches, our happy people, our radiant and stainless flag—how they come pealing, pealing, Independence now, and Independence forever!

a mel'io ra' tion (yō), betterment.

ap pel la' tion, name.

con ces' sion, admission.

ex tort' ed, exacted; compelled.

ex ult' ant, rejoicing as if in triumph.

ge' o log' i c al, pertaining to the science of the earth.

on' set, attack.

phi lan' thro py, love of mankind.

un' ex cep' tion a ble, faultless.

SPRING.

HENRY TIMROD.

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair—
Spring, with her golden sun and silver rain,
Is with us once again!

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court, with green festoons,
The banks of dark lagoons:

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all a-glee;
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.
In gardens you may note, amid the dearth,
The crocus breaking earth,
And, near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth;
Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet air of morn:
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate
Some wonderous pageant; and you scarce would start
If, from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

THE DEATH OF GARFIELD.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

On the morning of Saturday, July 2, 1881, the President was a contented and happy man. He felt that after four months of trial his administration was strong in popular favor; that grave difficulties confronting him at his inauguration had been safely passed; that trouble lay behind him and not before him; that he was going to his alma mater to renew the most cherished associations of his young manhood, and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his upward progress, from the day he entered on his college course until he had attained the loftiest elevation in the gift of his countrymen.

Surely if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, upon that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, and confident in the years stretching peacefully before him; the next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interests—from its hopes, its inspirations, its victories—into the visible presence of death, and he did not quail.

Not alone for the one short moment in which stunned and dazed he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear, bright, and calm courage he looked into his open grave.

What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes whose lips may tell! What brilliant broken plans! What baffled high ambitions! What sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships! What bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him, a proud, expectant nation; a great host of sustaining friends; a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager rejoicing power to meet all demands. Before him, desolation and darkness — and his soul was not shaken.

His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Though masterful in his mortal weakness, enshrined in the prayers of a world, all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the winepress alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With filial resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from his prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices.

With wan, fevered face, tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its fair sails whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

ad min'is tra'tion, government of public affairs.

al'ma ma'ter, the college where one is educated.

de mo'ni ac, like an evil spirit.

fren'zy, madness; delirium.

in au'gu ra'tion, entrance upon office.

in'spi ra'tion, elevating influence.

pre'mo ni'tion, forewarning.

re lin'quish ment, a giving up.

sur pass'ing ly, exceedingly; above all else.

wan'ton ness (tūn), unrestrained recklessness.

INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS.

DAVID SWING.

FROM "MOTIVES OF LIFE"—*A. C. McClurg & Co., Publishers.*

To possess a cultivated mind, and to have some general knowledge of the world around us, both in its material and living kingdoms, is such a hunger of the soul that it may be called an instinct. There are tribes of savages so low in mental action that they have no desire to add to their stock of information. Their brains have never yet been sufficiently aroused to enable them to think. They have not the mental power that can frame a regret.

Sir John Lubbock found tribes so stupid, and so sleepy, that any remark he might make to them about Europe or America, or about steamships, or telegraphy, or railways, seemed to annoy them by disturbing their intellectual repose. The distance between the uncivilized races and the civilized ones is almost like that between a walrus-oil lamp and the sun. The moment you pass into a civilized land, ancient or modern, the mind is seen to be awake, and to be hungry for ideas. "Give me knowledge or I shall die," has been the plaintive prayer of almost countless millions.

No doubt the human race has sought gold too ardently, and does so seek it still, but we must not suffer that passion to conceal from us the fact that in all the many civilized centuries this same race has with equal zeal asked the universe to tell man its secrets. We have been not only a money-seeking

race, but we have been rather good children, and have studied hard the lessons on the page of science and art and history. If, when you look out and see millions rushing to and fro for money, you feel that man is an idolater, you can partly dispel the painful thought if you attempt to count the multitude who in that very hour are poring over books, or who, in meditation, are seeking the laws of the God of nature.

Millions upon millions of the young and the old are in these days seeking, at school or at home, in life's morn or noon or evening, the facts of history and science and art and religion. In order to be ourselves properly impelled or enticed along life's path, we must make no wrong estimate of the influences which are impelling mankind, for if we come to think that all are worshipping gold, we, too, despairing of all else, will soon degrade ourselves by bowing at the same altar. It is necessary for us always to be just.

We must be fully conscious of the fact that there are many feet hurrying along through the places of barter, intent on more gold, but so must we be conscious that there is a vast army of young and old who are asking the great world to come and tell them its great experience, and to lead them through its literature and arts, and down the grand avenues of history.

When the time of our late eclipse drew near, what a procession of arts and of instruments moved far out to where the shadow would fall! And others had marked just where the darkness would come, and the second of its coming. As man can measure

the width of a river and find through what spaces it flows, so modern learning marked out that river of shade and built up its banks, and along came the brief night and flowed in them most carefully.

But the astronomer went not alone. The science which can catch a picture in an instant; the science which can analyze a flame millions of miles distant and tell what is being consumed; the science which can convey the true time two thousand miles while the excited heart beats once—these, and that grandest science which can see the rings of Saturn and the valleys of the moon, assembled on that height in the very summer when we were lamenting most that mankind knew no pursuit except that of gold.

That Rocky Mountain scene only faintly illustrated the intellectual activity of our era. If the passion for money is great in our day, it is also true that the intellectual power of the same period is equally colossal. No reader, be he ever so industrious, can keep pace with the issue of good books, and money itself is alarmed lest the new thoughts and invention of to-morrow may overthrow its investment of yesterday. Stocks tremble at the advance of intellect.

A glory of this intellectual passion may be found in the fact that it is not confined to a group of scholars, as old inquiry and education were confined, but, like liberty and property, it has passed over to many. Not all the multitude of the world are gold seekers; there are tens of thousands of men, and women, too, who are lovers of truth more than of money, and are standing by the fountains of knowledge with no thought or expectation of ever being

rich. Education and knowledge, the power to think and to enjoy the thought of others, have long since transformed a cottage into a palace.

In the earliest history of man this impulse began to make noble all who bowed to it. It has ornamented whatever it has touched. What it has always done it will always do, and no youth can look into good books for even only a few moments each day, and can take that habit with him into all his subsequent life, without becoming transformed into a new likeness.

Among the motives of life that must urge us all onward, let us place the constant development of the mind and the daily accumulation of knowledge. This motive will blend perfectly with the motives of business and pleasure. It displaces nothing of life's good, but many of its evils. It destroys idleness, it plucks the charm from vice, it quenches the thirst for riches, it brings us nearer to all times and nations, and binds us by tender ties to all the noble living and to all the noble dead. As foreign travel breaks up local prejudices, so long and wide reading of the world's truths beats down the walls of partition and transforms the reader into a better citizen.

ac cu' mu la' tion, the act of heap-
ing up.

an' a lyze, to separate an idea or thing
into its parts.

as tron' o mer, one who has a knowledge
of the laws of the heavenly bodies.

co los' sal, gigantic.

ex' pec ta' tion, the act of looking for-
ward to.

i dol' a ter, a worshiper of idols (money).
in' stinct, natural inward impulse.

med' i ta' tion, quiet thinking.

prej' u dice, one-sided opinion.
trans formed', changed into.

“Books and newspapers are slow weapons for overthrowing error, but they are sure ones.”

ENERGY.

A. H. STEPHENS.

By energy I mean application, attention, activity, perseverance, and untiring industry in that business or pursuit, whatever it may be, which is undertaken. Nothing great or good can ever be accomplished without labor and toil. Motion is the law of living nature. Inaction is the symbol of death, if it is not death itself. The hugest engines, with strength and capacity sufficient to drive the mightiest ships across the stormy deep, are utterly useless without a moving power.

Energy is the steam-power, the motive principle of intellectual capacity. A small body driven by a great force will produce a result equal to, or even greater than, that of a much larger body moved by a considerably less force. So it is with our minds. Hence it is that we often see men of comparatively small capacity, by greater energy alone, leave—and justly leave—their superiors in natural gifts far behind them in the race for honors, distinction, and preferment.

This is the real vital force, or that principle in human nature which gives power and vim to the efforts of genius, toward whatever objects such efforts may be directed. It is this which imparts that quality which we designate by the very expressive term, “force of character”—which meets, defies, and bears down all opposition. This is, perhaps, the most striking characteristic of those great minds and intellects which never fail to impress their names, their

views, ideas, and opinions, indelibly upon the history of the times in which they live.

Men of this class are those pioneers of thought who sometimes, even "in advance of the age," are known and marked in history as originators and discoverers, or those who overturn old orders and systems of things and build up new ones. To this class belong Columbus, Watt, Fulton, Franklin, and Washington. It was to the same class that General Jackson belonged; for he not only had a very clear conception of his purpose, but a will and energy to execute it. And it is in the same class, or among the first order of men, that Henry Clay will be assigned a place.

His aims and objects were high, and worthy of the greatest efforts; they were not to secure the laurels won on the battlefield, but those wreaths which adorn the brow of the wise, the firm, the sagacious, and far-seeing statesman. In his life and character a most striking example is presented of what energy and indomitable perseverance can do, even when opposed by the most adverse circumstances.

ap'pli ca'tion, fixing the mind upon anything.

char'ac ter is'tic, a distinguishing trait.

des'ig nate, indicate; speak of.

in del'i bly, so as not to be erased.

in dom'i ta ble, unconquerable.

o rig'i na'tor (tēr), one who brings something into existence.

per'se ver'ance, steadfastness.

pre fer'ment, advancement in office.

sa ga'cious (shūs), shrewd

sym'bol, visible sign.

The noblest souls, of whatever creed, have insisted on the necessity of an inspiration, a living emotion, to make moral action perfect.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A PLEA FOR HIGHER EDUCATION.**CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.**

It has been my fortune for twenty-five years, as attorney, as counsel, as business associate in many enterprises, to become intimately acquainted with hundreds of men—literally hundreds of men—who, without any equipment whatever of education, have accumulated millions of dollars. I never met with one of them whose regret was not profound and deep and poignant that he had not an education. I never met one of them who did not lament either the neglect of his parents or his own poor opportunities that failed to give him this equipment. I never met one of them who did not feel in the presence of cultured people a certain sense of mortification.

But what is success? Is it money? When money gives a man power and influence, when it gives him position, when with it he can do much for his family, for his comfort, for his culture, for the education and the opportunities of his children, for generous beneficence to his fellow-man, one would be a fool to say that a person who made money was not in that respect a success. But there is a success which may not come to everybody, but is still as distinct as the millions, and more precious.

That man is false to the first duty of American citizenship and the first duty that a man owes his family, who does not use all the powers that God has given him to secure a position in life where his income would sustain him in independence. When

a man has once got himself to a place where his income, of which he is sure, by his exertions, is sufficient to enable him to live comfortably, he is successful. When, in addition to that, he has a home, however humble, free from mortgage, and in fee simple, he is an American success. All the rest is mere addition—just so much more of the same kind of gain.

But there is a success which comes to the cultured and the educated man, which gives a pleasure, a joy, an exquisite delight, different from anything which money can buy. We all know the university man and the woman who has graduated from one of our first institutions for the higher education of girls. We all know them, living in the community, either in professions or in business—leaders in the church with their trained ability; leaders in every benevolent and charitable enterprise, and leaders in everything which promotes the culture and the art resources of their town.

In these United States of America a liberal education is a duty. Here liberty rests on the intelligence of the people, and it is pure or it is base according to the character of that intelligence.

be nef' i cence, doing good.

e quip'ment, practical acquirements;
supplies

ex'qui site, rare; matchless.

fee sim'ple, possession absolutely without condition.

in tel' li gence, ability to understand.

la ment', to feel sorrow for.

op'por tu'ni ty, a chance.

poign'ant (poin), keen.

pro found', far-reaching.

“Poetry is thought in flower; goodness is thought in fruit.”

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

LORD BYRON.

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho lov'd and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
O! that the present hour would lend

Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

GOD'S OMNIPOTENCE.

THE BIBLE.

I.

1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.
2. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.
3. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

4. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

5. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

6. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

7. For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

8. Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

9. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

10. The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

11. Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

12. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

13. O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

14. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

— *Psalms XC.*

II.

1. The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4. He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6. This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

— *Psalm XXIV.*

con sumed', burned up.

coun'te nance, face.

de celt'ful ly, in a lying manner.

de struc'tion, ruin.

full'ness, abundance.

in iq'ui ty, wickedness.

right'eous ness (chûs), holiness.

sal va'tion, redemption from sin.

van'i ty, empty pride.

wis'dom, knowledge.

“A man should never be ashamed to own he was in the wrong; which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.”

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

LORD BYRON.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar.
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin ; his control
Stops with the shore : upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee and arbiter of war,—
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee :
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage—what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou ;
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow :
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime,
 The image of Eternity, the throne
 Of the invisible,—even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ; from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers : they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

ar' bi ter, one who decides absolutely.

ar' ma ment, armed force (land or sea).

in' ter view, a meeting together.

in trude', to force one's self in.

rap' ture, extreme joy.

rav' age, wrecking.

so ci' e ty, companionship.

Tra fal' gar, Nelson's great naval victory.

un knelled' (něld), without the tolling
 of a bell.

EXTRACT FROM "DON QUIXOTE."

CERVANTES.

At the very beginning of his great work, Cervantes announces it to be his sole purpose to break down the vogue and authority of books of chivalry, and at the end of the whole he declares anew, in his own person, that "he had no other desire than to render abhorred of men the false and absurd stories contained in books of chivalry," and exults in his own success as an achievement of no small moment. And such, in fact, it was; for we have abundant proof that the fanaticism for these romances was so great in Spain, during the sixteenth century, as to have become matter of alarm to the more judicious.

To destroy a passion that had struck its roots so deeply in the character of all classes of men, and to break up the only reading which, at that time, could be considered widely popular and fashionable, was certainly a bold undertaking, and one that marks anything rather than a scornful or broken spirit, or a want of faith in what is most to be valued in our common nature. The great wonder is that Cervantes succeeded. But that he *did*, there is no question. No book of chivalry was written after the appearance of "Don Quixote" in 1605, and from that date even those already enjoying the greatest favor ceased, with one or two unimportant exceptions, to be reprinted; so that, from that time to the present, they have been constantly disappearing, until they are now among the rarest of literary curiosities.

—GEORGE TICKNOR.

DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE PANZA.

Don Quixote, hearing how soon Sancho was to depart to his new government, took him by the hand and led him to his chamber, in order to give him some advice respecting his conduct in office. "First, my son, fear God ; for to fear Him is wisdom, and being wise, thou canst not err. Secondly, consider what thou art, and endeavor to know thyself, which is the most difficult study of all. The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from vanity, and the fate of the frog who foolishly vied with the ox will serve thee as a caution ; the recollection, too, of having been formerly an humble swineherd, in thine own country, will be to thee, in the loftiness of thy pride, like the ugly feet of the peacock."

"It is true," said Sancho, "that I once did keep swine, but I was only a boy then. When I grew toward manhood I looked after geese, and not hogs. But this, methinks, is nothing to the purpose ; for not all governors are descended from kings."

"That I grant," replied Don Quixote ; "and, therefore, all those who have not the advantage of noble descent should fail not to grace the dignity of the office they bear, with gentleness and modesty, which, when accompanied with discretion, will silence those murmurs which few situations in life can escape.

"Conceal not the meanness of thy family, nor think it disgraceful to be descended from peasants ; for, when it is seen that thou art not thyself ashamed, none will endeavor to make thee so ; and deem it more meritorious to be a virtuous humble man than a lofty sinner. Infinite is the number of those who,

SAUL CLARA COX
TEACHERS' LIBRARY

No. _____

born of low extraction, have risen to the highest dignities, both in church and state, and of this truth I could tire thee with examples.

“Remember, Sancho, if thou takest virtue for the rule of life, and valuest thyself upon acting in all things conformably thereto, thou wilt have no cause to envy lords and princes; for blood is inherited, but virtue is a common property, and may be acquired by all; it has, moreover, an intrinsic worth which blood has not. This being so, if, peradventure, any one of thy kindred visit thee in thy government, do not slight nor affront him; but receive, cherish, and make much of him; for, in so doing, thou wilt please God, who allows none of His creatures to be despised; and thou, also, wilt manifest therein a well-disposed nature.

“Be not under the dominion of thine own will; it is the vice of the ignorant, who vainly presume on their own understanding. Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, but not more justice, from thee than the applications of the wealthy. Be equally solicitous to sift out the truth amidst the presents and promises of the rich, and the sighs and entreaties of the poor. Whenever equity may justly temper the rigor of the law, let not the whole force of it bear upon the delinquent; for it is better that a judge should lean on the side of compassion than severity. If, perchance, the scales of justice be not correctly balanced, let the error be imputable to *pity*, not to *gold*. If, perchance, the cause of thine enemy come before thee, forget thy injuries, and think only on the merits of the case. Let not private affection blind thee in another man's cause;

for the errors thou shalt thereby commit are often without remedy, and at the expense of both thy reputation and fortune.

"When a woman comes before thee to demand justice, consider maturely the nature of her claim, without regarding either her tears or her sighings, unless thou wouldst expose thy judgment to the danger of being lost in the one, and thy integrity in the other. Revile not with *words* him whom thou hast to correct with *deeds*; the punishment which the unhappy wretch is doomed to suffer is sufficient, without the addition of abusive language. When the criminal stands before thee, recollect the frail and depraved nature of man, and, as much as thou canst, without injustice to the suffering party, show pity and clemency; for, though all the attributes of God are equally adorable, yet his mercy is more shining and attractive in our eyes than his justice.

"If, Sancho, thou observest these precepts, thy days will be long and thy fame eternal; thy recompense full and thy felicity unspeakable. Thy children and thy grandchildren shall want neither honors nor titles. Beloved by all men, thy days shall pass in peace and tranquillity; and when the inevitable period comes, death shall steal on thee in a good and venerable old age, and thy grandchildren's children, with their tender and pious hands, shall close thine eyes."



THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

O. W. HOLMES.

Oh for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my lifeblood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling said:
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee, what were life?
One bliss I can not leave behind:
I'll take — my — precious — wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew:
"The man would be a boy again
And be a husband, too!"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years!"

Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all:
I'll take—my—girls—and boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen.
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again
And be a father, too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
The household with its noise—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

pa ter' nal, of or pertaining to a father.
reign (rân), rule.
sap' phire (săf' Ir), a bright blue stone.

tro' phy, anything taken and preserved
as a memorial of victory.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

O. W. HOLMES.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings;
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old
no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne

Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
 that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

crypt, a vault under ground.

feign, to pretend.

i' rised (rist), having colors like those
 of the rainbow.

main, the ocean.

Si' ren, a bewitching sea-nymph.

Tri' ton, a fabled sea demigod.

ven' tur ous, daring.

wont (wînt), accustomed.

JACKSON AT NEW ORLEANS.

CHARLES GAYARRÉ.

His very physiognomy prognosticated what soul was encased within the spare but well-ribbed form, which had that "lean and hungry look," described by England's greatest bard as bespeaking little sleep of nights, but much of ambition, self-reliance, and impatience of control. His lip and eye denoted the man of unyielding temper, and his very hair, slightly silvered, stood erect like quills round his wrinkled brow, as if they scorned to bend.

Some sneered, it is true, at what they called a



military tyro, at the impromptu general who had sprung out of the uncouth lawyer and the unlearned judge, who, in arms, had only the experience of a few months, acquired in a desultory war against wild Indians, and who was not only without any previous training for his new profession, but also without the first rudiments of a liberal education, for he did not even know the orthography of his own native language.

Such was the man who, with a handful of raw militia, was to stand in the way of the veteran troops of England, whose boast it was to have triumphed over one of the greatest captains known in history.

But those who entertained such distrust had hardly come in contact with General Jackson when they felt that they had to deal with a master spirit. True, he was rough-hewn from the rock, but rock he was, and of that kind of rock which Providence chooses to select as a fit material to use in its structures of human greatness.

True, he had not the education of a lieutenant in a European army, but what lieutenant, educated or not, who had the will and the remarkable military adaptation so evident in General Jackson's intellectual and physical organization, ever remained a subaltern? Much less could General Jackson fail to rise to his proper place in a country where there was so much more elbow room and fewer artificial obstacles than in less favored lands.

But whatever those obstacles might have been, General Jackson would have overcome them all. His will was of such an extraordinary nature that, like Christian faith, it could almost have accomplished

prodigies and removed mountains. It is impossible to study the life of General Jackson without being convinced that this is the most remarkable feature of his character.

So intense and incessantly active this peculiar faculty was in him, that one would suppose that his mind was nothing but will—a will so lofty that it towered into sublimity. In him it supplied the place of genius—or, rather, it was almost genius.

On many occasions, in the course of his long, eventful life, when his shattered constitution made his physicians despair of preserving him, he seemed to continue to live merely because it was his will; and when his unconquerable spirit departed from his enfeebled and worn-out body, those who knew him well might almost have been tempted to suppose that he had not been vanquished by death, but had at last consented to repose.

This man, when he took the command at New Orleans, had made up his mind to beat the English; and, as that mind was so constituted that it was not susceptible of entertaining much doubt as to the results of any of its resolves, he went to work with an innate confidence which transfused itself into the population he had been sent to protect.

General Jackson found that the country he had come to defend was in the most defenseless condition. It had a considerable extent of seacoast, connecting with the interior through many water communications, and having hardly any fortified points, it was open on all sides. It had, besides, in its neighborhood the Spanish harbor of Pensacola.

It is fortunate that he was equal to the occasion.

He did not deplore, in helpless despair, the scarcity of his resources ; he did not write to his Government that he could not defend New Orleans with his limited means ; he never thought of retreating or abandoning one inch of territory ; he saw that he had to create everything for defense, and everything he did create.

des'ul to ry, irregular.

im promp'tu, made offhand.

or thog'ra phy, spelling.

phys i og'no my, features of the face.

prod'i gy, a wonder.

prog nos'ti ca'ted, gave outward sign; foretold.

sub al'tern, an inferior officer.

sub lim'i ty, grandeur.

ty'ro, a beginner.

GRANT.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY
OF THE TENNESSEE, OCTOBER 9, 1891,
BY HENRY WATTERSON.

I know full well that this is neither a time nor place for abstract economies, and I am not going to afflict you with a political dissertation. I came, primarily, to bow my head and to pay my measure of homage to the statue that was unveiled to-day. The career and the name which that statue commemorates belong to me no less than to you. When I followed him to the grave—proud to appear in the obsequies, though as the least of those who bore an official part therein—I felt that I was helping to bury not only a great man but a true friend. From that day to this the story of the life and death of General Grant has more and more impressed and touched me.

I never allowed myself to make his acquaintance until he had quitted the White House. The period of his political activity was full of uncouth and unsparing partisan contention. It was a kind of civil war. I had my duty to do, and I did not dare to trust myself to the subduing influence of what I was sure must follow friendly relations between such a man as he was and such a man as I knew myself to be.

In this I was not mistaken, as the sequel proved. I met him for the first time beneath my own vine and fig tree, and a happy series of accidents thereafter gave me the opportunity to meet him often and to know him well. He was the embodiment of simplicity, integrity, and courage; every inch a general, a soldier, and a man; but in the circumstances of his last illness, a figure of heroic proportions for the contemplation of the ages.

I recall nothing in history so sublime as the spectacle of that brave spirit, broken in fortune and in health, with the dread hand of the dark angel clutched about his throat, struggling with every breath to hold the clumsy, unfamiliar weapon with which he sought to wrest from the jaws of death something for the support of wife and children when he was gone! If he had done nothing else, that would have made his exit from the world an epic!

Gentlemen, soldiers, comrades, the silken folds that twine about us here, for all their soft and careless grace, are yet as strong as hooks of steel! They hold together a united people and a great nation; for realizing the truth at last—with no wounds to be healed and no stings of defeat to remember—the



South says to the North, as simply and as truly as was said three thousand years ago in the far-away meadow upon the shores of the mystic sea: "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

ab'stract', pertaining to general ideas.
com mem'o rate, to call to remembrance.

dis'ser ta'tion, formal argumentative discourse.

em bod'i ment, complete example.

ep'ic, heroic event.

in teg'ri ty, honesty.

ob'se quies, last services to a person, rendered after death.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

ROBERT BURNS.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;¹
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes—
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,—
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn² in ease and rest to spend,
 And, weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-ward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 The expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher³ through,
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin⁴ noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle,⁵ blinkin bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wife's smile,
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,

¹ Moan. ² Morrow. ³ Stagger. ⁴ Fluttering. ⁵ Fire-place.

Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve,¹ the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca'² the pleugh, some herd, some tentie³ rin
A cannie⁴ errand to a neebor town :
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw⁵ new gown,
Or deposite⁶ her sair-won⁷ penny-fee,⁸
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet
And each for other's welfare kindly spiers:⁹
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet ;
Each tells the uncos¹⁰ that he sees or hears ;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars¹¹ auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command
The youngkers a' are warnèd to obey ;
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent¹² hand,
An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk¹³ or play.
The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;

¹ Presently. ² Drive, *i. e.*, with shouting or calling. ³ Attentive. ⁴ Requiring judgment. ⁵ Brave, fine, handsome. ⁶ De'posite, *for* depos'it. ⁷ Dear-won, hard-earned. ⁸ Money-wages. ⁹ Enquires. ¹⁰ Unusual things, news. ¹¹ Makes. ¹² Diligent. ¹³ Trifle.

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible,¹ ance his father's pride :
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart² haffets³ wearing thin an' bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales⁴ a portion with judicious care ;
And "Let us worship God," he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name ;
Or noble Elgin beats⁵ the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page—
How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire !
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;

¹ Hall Bible. ² Gray, grayish. ³ Temples, *here* temple locks. ⁴ Chooses. ⁵ Feeds, nourishes.

How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head ;
How His first followers and servants sped ;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by
Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days :
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear ;
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart !
The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul ;
And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way :
The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,

And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings ;
"An honest man's the noblest work of God ;"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
What is a lordling's pomp ?—a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
And O ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart ;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard.

AN OLD-TIME DISTRICT SCHOOL.

JAMES PARTON.

A district school — and what was a district school eighty years ago? It concerns us to know what manner of place it was, and what was its routine of exercises.

The schoolhouse stood in an open place, formed by the crossing of roads. It was very small and of one story; contained one apartment; had two windows on each side, a small door in the gable end that faced the road, and a low doorstep before it. It was the thing called *house* in its simplest form. Within and without, it was destitute of anything ornamental.

The sun in summer, the winds in winter, had their will of it; there was nothing to avert the fury of either. It was built for an average of thirty pupils, but it frequently contained fifty; and then the little school-room was a compact mass of young humanity. The teacher had to dispense with his table, and was lucky if he could find room for his chair.

The side of the apartment opposite the door was occupied chiefly by a vast fireplace, four or five feet wide, where a carman's load of wood could burn in one prodigious fire. Along the sides of the room was a low, slanting shelf, which served for a desk to those who wrote, and against the sharp edge of which the elder pupils leaned when they were not writing.

The seats were made of "slabs," inverted, supported on sticks, and without backs. The elder



pupils sat along the sides of the room—the girls on one side, the boys on the other. The youngest pupils sat nearest the fire, where they were as much too warm as those who sat near the door were too cold. In a school of forty pupils there would be a dozen who were grown up, marriageable young men and women. Not infrequently married men, and occasionally married women, attended school in the winter.

Among the younger pupils there were usually a dozen who could not read, and half as many who did not know the alphabet. The teacher was, perhaps, one of the farmer's sons of the district, who knew a little more than his elder pupils, and only a little, or he was a student who was working his way through college. His wages were those of a farm laborer—ten or twelve dollars a month and his board. He boarded "*round*," that is he lived a few days at each of the houses of the district, stopping longest at the most agreeable place.

The grand qualification of a teacher was the ability "to do" any sum in the arithmetic. To know arithmetic was to be a learned man. Generally the teacher was very young, sometimes not more than sixteen years old.

a part'ment, a room in a building.

a vert', to turn aside.

com pact', dense; close together.

des'ti tute, completely lacking.

dis pense', do without.

ga' ble, where the two sides of a roof form
a triangle.

hu man'i ty, human life.

or' na men'tal, adorning.

qual'i fi ca'tion, that which fits for a
duty or work.

slab, plank with bark on one side.

ROBERT BURNS.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

I've stood beside the cottage bed
Where the bard-peasant first drew breath;
A straw-thatched roof above his head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument—that tells to Heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle
To that bard-peasant given!

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
Boy minstrel, in thy dreaming hour;
And know, however low his lot,
A poet's pride and power.

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,
The power that gave a child of song
Ascendency o'er rank and birth,
The rich, the brave, the strong:

And if despondency weigh down
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,
Despair—thy name is written on
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death ;
Few nobler ones than Burns are there ;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek ;

And his that music, to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
The poet's mastery

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er passion's moments, bright and warm,
O'er reason's dark, cold hours ;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage hearth ?

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung !

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
 Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise,
 And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
 With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
 Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
 All passions in our frames of clay
 Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
 And our own world, its gloom and glee,
 Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
 And death's sublimity.

And Burns, though brief the race he ran,
 Though rough and dark the path he trod,
 Lived—died—in form and soul a man,
 The image of his God.

Praise to the bard! His words are driven,
 Like flower seeds by the far winds sown,
 Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
 The birds of fame have flown.

as cend' en cy, superior power.
 bard'-peas' ant, rustic poet.
 de spond' en cy, loss of hope.
 hom' age, reverential respect.

pin' ion (yün), wing.
 wrought (rə't), made; fashioned by work-
 ing.

"By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he becomes superior to his enemy."

DEDICATION SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth

of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

con ceived', originated.

con'se cra'ted, made sacred.

ded'i cate, formally set apart for a solemn purpose.

de vo'tion, consecration.

mal'ice, ill will.

mys'tic, unknowable.

prop'o si'tion, principle formally stated.

SAYINGS OF LINCOLN.

"I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence."

"I am never easy, when handling a thought, till I have bounded it north, and bounded it south, and bounded it east, and bounded it west."

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on."

"The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and to every hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when touched by the better angels of our nature."

Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered.

— WEBSTER.

TIME.

CHARLES SUMNER.

The value of time has passed into a proverb — “Time is money.” It is so because its employment brings money. But it is more: It is knowledge. Still more, it is virtue. Nor is it creditable to the character of the world that the proverb has taken this material and mercenary complexion, as if money were the highest good as well as the strongest recommendation.

Time is more than money. It brings what money can not purchase. It has in its lap all the learning of the past, the spoils of antiquity, the priceless treasures of knowledge. Who would barter these for gold or silver? But knowledge is a means only, and not an end. It is valuable because it promotes the welfare, the development, and the progress of man. And the highest value of time is not even in knowledge, but in the opportunity of doing good.

Time is opportunity. Little or much, it may be the occasion of usefulness. It is the point desired by the philosopher where to plant the lever that shall move the world. It is the napkin in which are wrapped, not only the talent of silver, but the treasures of knowledge and the fruits of virtue. Saving time, we save all these.

Employing time to the best advantage, we exercise a true thrift. To each of us the passing day is of the same dimensions, nor can any one, by taking thought, add a moment to its hours. But, though unable to extend their duration, he may fill them with works,

It is customary to say, "Take care of the small sums and the large will take care of themselves." With equal wisdom and more necessity may it be said, "Watch the minutes, and the hours and days will be safe." The moments are precious; they are gold filings, to be carefully preserved and melted into the rich ingot.

Time is the measure of life on earth. Its enjoyment is life itself. Its divisions, its days, its hours, and its minutes are fractions of this heavenly gift. Every moment that flies over our heads takes from the future and gives to the irrevocable past, shortening by so much the measure of our days, abridging by so much the means of usefulness committed to our hands.

The moments squandered in dissipation, gathered into aggregates, are years. The daily sacrifice of a single hour during a year comes, at its end, to thirty-six working days—an amount of time, if devoted exclusively to one object, ample for the acquisition of important knowledge, and for the accomplishment of inconceivable good.

Imagine a solid month dedicated, without interruption, to a single purpose, and what visions must not rise of untold accumulations of knowledge, of unnumbered deeds of goodness! Who of us does not, each day, in manifold ways, sacrifice most of these precious moments, these golden hours?

In the right employment of time will be found the sure means of happiness. The laborer, living by the sweat of his brow, and the youth, toiling in perplexities of business or study, sighs for repose, and repines at the law which ordains the seeming hardship of his lot. He seeks happiness as the end and

aim of life, but he does not open his mind to the important truth that occupation is indispensable to happiness. He shuns work, but he does not know the precious jewel hidden beneath its rude attire.

Others there are who wander over half the globe in pursuit of what is found under the humblest roof of virtuous industry, in the shadow of every tree planted by one's own hand. The poet has said :

“The best and sweetest far are toil-created gains.”

But this does not disclose the whole truth. There is in useful labor its own exceeding great reward, without regard to gain.

Seek, then, occupation ; seek labor ; seek to employ all the faculties, whether in study or conduct, not in words only, but in deeds also, mindful that “words are the daughters of Earth, but deeds are the sons of Heaven.” So shall your days be filled with usefulness,

“And when old Time shall lead you to your end,
Goodness and you fill up one monument.”

a bridg'ing, shortening.

ag'gre gate, mass or collection of smaller things.

cred'it a ble, to the credit or honor of.

di men'sions, size.

in'got, a bar of metal cast in a mold.

ir rev'o ca ble, unalterable.

prov'erb, an old and common saying.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THOMAS GRAY.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea ;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds ;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;

Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll:
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood :
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest—
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide ;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray :
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered
 Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned ;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires :
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries ;
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of the unhonored Dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say :
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the ’customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he :

“The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to misery all he had, a tear ;
He gained from heaven (’twas all he wished) a
friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

cir' cum scribed', limited; confined.

el' e gy, funeral song; plaintive poem.

fret' ted, ornamented.

her' ald ry, emblazoned arms of nobility,
 hence noble descent.

glebe, sod; ground.

in ev' i ta ble, certain to come.

in gen' u ous, high-minded.

joc' und, merry.

se ques' tered, secluded.

THE END OF THE WAR.

(SPEECH DELIVERED AT OMAHA, OCTOBER 12, 1898.)

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

It has been said that the normal condition of nations is war. That is not true of the United States. We never enter upon war until every effort for peace without it has been exhausted. Ours has never been a military government. Peace, with whose blessings we have been so singularly favored, is the desire and the goal of every American.

On the 25th of April, for the first time in more than a generation, the United States sounded the call to arms. The banners of war were unfurled; the best and bravest from every section responded; a mighty army was enrolled; the North and the South vied with each other in patriotic devotion; the youth and the veteran joined freely in offering their services to their country. There was no break in the line, no halt in the march, no fear in the heart.

What a wonderful experience it has been! The storm broke so suddenly that it was here almost be-

fore we realized it. Our navy was too small, though forceful with its modern equipment, and most fortunate in its trained officers and sailors. Our army had years ago been reduced to a peace footing. We were ill equipped when the war was declared, but the account which our officers and men gave of themselves in the battles has never been surpassed. American patriotism and manhood were there, and their resources were limitless. Those who, a little more than a third of a century ago, were divided and at war with each other were again united under the holy standard of liberty. Patriotism banished party feeling and dissipated the shadows of sectional animosity.

What shall we say of our triumph? Matchless in its results! Unequaled in its completeness and the quick succession with which victory followed victory! Attained earlier than it was believed to be possible! How comprehensive in its sweep! Above all and beyond all, does the valor of the American army, and the bravery of the American navy, and the majesty of the American name stand forth in unsullied glory, while the humanity of our purpose and the magnanimity of our conduct have given to war, always horrible, touches of noble generosity, Christian sympathy and charity, and examples of human grandeur which can never be lost to mankind. Passion and bitterness formed no part of our impelling motive, and humanity triumphed at every step of the war's progress.

Our heroes fighting at Manila, and Santiago, and Puerto Rico have made immortal history. They are worthy successors and descendants of Washington and Greene, of Paul Jones, Decatur, and Hull, and



of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Logan, of Farragut, Porter, and Cushing, and of Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet. New names stand out on the honor roll of the nation's greatness, and with them unnamed stand the heroes of the trenches and the forecastle, invincible in battle and uncomplaining in death. The intelligent, loyal, indomitable soldier, sailor, and marine, regular and volunteer, are entitled to equal praise as having done their whole duty, whether at home or under the baptism of foreign fire.

an' i mos' i ty, hatred.

com' pre hen' sive, including much.

dis' si pa' ted, scattered.

ex haust' ed (egz), completely used up.

gran' deur, greatness.

mag' na nim' i ty, greatness of mind.

un sul' lied, unstained.

EARLY ENGLAND, 449-577.

J. R. GREEN.

For the fatherland of the English race we must look far away from England itself. In the fifth century after the birth of Christ, the one country which we know to have borne the name of Angeln, or England, lay within the district which is now called Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula that parts the Baltic from the northern seas.

Its pleasant pastures, its black-timbered homesteads, its prim little townships looking down on inlets of purple water, were then but a wild waste of heather and sand, girt along the coast with a sunless woodland, broken here and there by meadows that crept down to the marshes and the sea.

The dwellers in this district, however, seem to have been merely an outlying fragment of what was called the Engle or English folk, the bulk of whom lay probably in what is now Lower Hanover and Oldenburg. On one side of them the Saxons of Westphalia held the land from the Weser to the Rhine; on the other side, the Eastphalian Saxons stretched away to the Elbe.

North again of the fragment of the English folk in Sleswick lay another kindred tribe, the Jutes, whose name is still preserved in their district of Jutland. Engle, Saxon, and Jute all belonged to the same Low-German branch of the Teutonic family; and at the moment when history discovers them they were being drawn together by the ties of a common blood, common speech, common social and political institutions.

There is little ground indeed for believing that the three tribes looked on themselves as one people, or that we can as yet apply to them, save by anticipation, the common name of Englishmen. But each of them was destined to share in the conquest of the land in which we live; and it is from the union of all of them when its conquest was complete that the English people has sprung.

Of the temper and life of the folk in this older England we know little. But from the glimpses that we catch of those tribes when conquest had brought them to the shores of Britain, their political and social organization must have been that of the German race to which they belonged. In their villages lay ready formed the social and political life which is round us in the England of to-day.

A belt of forest or waste parted each from its fellow villages, and within this boundary or mark the "township," as the village was then called, from the "tun" or rough fence and trench that served as its simple fortification, formed a complete and independent body, though linked by ties which were strengthening every day to the townships about it and the tribe of which it formed a part. Its social center was the homestead where the ætheling, or eorl, a descendant of the first English settlers in the waste, still handed down the blood and traditions of his fathers.

Around this homestead, or æthel, each in its little croft, stood the lowlier dwellings of freelings or ceorls, men sprung, it may be, from the descendants of the earliest settler, who had in various ways forfeited their claim to a share in the original homestead, or more probably from incomers into the village who had since settled round it and been admitted to a share in the land and freedom of the community.

The eorl was distinguished from his fellow villagers by his wealth and his nobler blood; he was held by them in an hereditary reverence, and it was from him and his fellow æthelings that host-leaders, whether of the village or the tribe, were chosen in time of war.

But this claim to precedence rested simply on the free recognition of his fellow villagers. Within the township all freemen and ceorls were equal. It was the freeman who was the base of village society. He was the "free-necked man," whose long hair floated over a neck which had never bowed to a lord. He

was the "weaponed man," who alone bore spear and sword, and who alone preserved that right of self-redress or private war which, in such a state of society, formed the main check upon lawless outrage. It was the sharing in the common land which marked off the freeman, or *ceorl*, from the unfree man, or *læt*, the tiller of land which another owned. He could leave neither land nor lord at his will.

SELF-CULTURE.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

In looking at our nature, we discover, among its admirable endowments, the sense or perception of beauty. We see the germ of this in every human being, and there is no power which admits greater cultivation; and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty.

Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars,

the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it can not lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side.

Now, this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment.

Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how I should feel their privation! how I should want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression!

I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature! The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire.

Now, no man receives the true culture of a man in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications, which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

What beauty is, is a question which the most penetrating minds have not satisfactorily answered; nor, were I able, is this the place for discussing it. But one thing I would say: The beauty of the outward creation is intimately related to the lovely, grand, interesting attributes of the soul. It is the emblem or expression of these.

Matter becomes beautiful to us when it seems to lose its material aspect and to approach spirit; or when, in more awful shapes and movements, it speaks of the Omnipotent. Thus outward beauty is akin to something deeper and unseen, is the reflection of spiritual attributes; and of consequence, the way to see and feel it more and more keenly is to cultivate those moral, religious, intellectual, and social principles of which I have already spoken, and which are the glory of the spiritual nature.

a kin', related.

en dow' ment, natural possession.

en com' passed, encircled.

grat' i fi ca' tion, that which affords pleasure.

gross' ness, coarseness.

haunts, visits persistently.

min' is ter, to serve.

Raph' a el (răf' a ġl), Italian painter.

WAITING.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea ;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me :
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Or change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years ;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height ;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky ;
The tidal wave unto the sea ;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

THE NEW YEAR.

J. G. WHITTIER.

The wave is breaking on the shore,—
 The echo fading from the chime,—
 Again the shadow moveth o'er
 The dial-plate of time!

O, seer-seen Angel! waiting now
 With weary feet on sea and shore,
 Impatient for the last dread vow
 That time shall be no more!

Once more across thy sleepless eye
 The semblance of a smile has passed:
 The year departing leaves more nigh
 Time's fearfullest and last.

O, in that dying year hath been
 The sum of all since time began,—
 The birth and death, the joy and pain,
 Of Nature and of Man.

seer'-seen, prophet-seen.

sem'blance, appearance; form.

Example sheds a genial ray
 Of light that men are apt to borrow;
 So first improve *yourself* to-day,
 And then improve *your friends* to-morrow.

— VALENTINE VOUSDEN.

CONCILIATION OF AMERICA.

EDMUND BURKE.

From six capital sources—of descent, of form of government, of religion in the northern provinces, of manners in the southern, of education, of the remoteness of situation from the first mover of government—from all these causes a fierce spirit of liberty has grown up. It looks to me to be narrow and pedantic to prosecute that spirit as criminal; to apply the ordinary doctrines of criminal justice to this great public contest. I do not know the right method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people.

My idea is to admit our colonies into an interest in the constitution. A revenue from America! You can never receive it; no, not a shilling. For all service, whether of revenue, trade, or empire, my trust is in her interest in the British constitution. My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron.

Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with our government—they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it once be understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation—the cement is gone; the cohe-

sion is loosened—and everything hastens to decay and dissolution.

As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom they will turn their faces toward you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. But until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you.

This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds to you the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break the unity of the empire. It is the spirit of the English constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member. Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England?

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles which,

in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth everything, and all in all.

Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the church, **LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS!** We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire, and have made the most extensive and the only honorable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race.

al le' glance (jans), loyalty.

aus' pi cate, inaugurate favorably.

chi mer' i cal, merely imaginary.

co he' sion (zhün), close union.

in dict' ment (dīt), a formal accusation.

par' tie i pa' tion, sharing.

sov' er eign (sūv' ēr īn), kingly; highest.

viv' i fies, gives life to.

We are firm believers in the maxim that for all right judgment of any man or thing it is useful, nay, essential, to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad.

—CARLYLE.

HYMN.

(BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.)

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form,
Risest from thy silent sea of pines
How silently! Around these and above
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But, when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshiped the Invisible alone.
Awake, my soul, not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.
Thou; too, again, stupendous Mountain! thou
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—rise, O ever rise,
Thou dread ambassador, from Earth to Heaven,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices praises God!

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

LEIGH HUNT.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered: "The names of those who love the Lord!"
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel.

Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said: "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

E. A. FREEMAN.

King Harold had risen early, and had put his men in battle order. On the slope of the hill, just in the face of William's army as it came from Hastings, he planted the two ensigns which were always set up in an English royal army, and between which the king had his royal post. The one banner was the golden dragon, the old ensign of Wessex; the other was the standard, which seems to have been the king's own device. King Harold's standard was a great flag richly adorned with precious stones and with the figure of a fighting man wrought upon it in gold. * * * *

And now began the great battle of Senlac, or Hastings. The Norman archers let fly their arrows against the English; then all the heavy-armed foot were to come up, and lastly the horsemen. William hoped, of course, that the shower of arrows would kill many of the English and put the rest into confusion, and that the heavy-armed foot would then be able to break down the barricades, so that the horsemen might ride up the hill.

They tried very hard—first the foot and then the horse—to break down the barricade, but it was all in vain. The English hurled their javelins at them as they were drawing near; and when they came near enough, they cut them down with their axes. The Norman writers themselves tell us how dreadful the fight was, and how the English ax, in the hand of King Harold, or of any other strong man, cut down the horse and his rider with a single blow.

Duke William with all his army tried and tried again to get up the hill, but they did not succeed. Our men did not swerve an inch, and they cut down every Frenchman who came near, King Harold himself and his brothers fighting among the foremost. Soon the French lines began to waver; the Bretons, on the right, turned and fled; and soon the Normans themselves followed. The English were now sorely tempted to break their lines and pursue, which was just what King Harold had told them not to do. Some of them, seemingly the troops in the rear, when the Bretons had first given way, were foolish enough to disobey the king's orders, and to follow their flying enemies down into the plain.

It seemed as if the French were utterly beaten, and a cry was raised that Duke William himself was dead. So, just as our King Edmund had done at Shenstone, he tore off his helmet, that men might see that he was alive, and cried out: "I live, and, by God's help, I will conquer!" Then he and his brother, the bishop, contrived to bring their men together again. They turned again to the fight. Those who were pursued by the English cut their pursuers in pieces, and then another assault on the hill began.

Duke William this time had somewhat better luck. He got so near to the barricade in front of the standard that Earl Gyrth—who, we know, fought near his brother, the king—was able to hurl a spear directly at him. It missed the duke, but his horse was killed and fell under him, as two others did before the day was out. Duke William then pressed on on foot, and met Gyrth face to face and slew

him with his own hand. Earl Leofwine, too, was killed about the same time, and Roger of Montgomery and his Frenchmen on the right contrived to break down part of the barricade on that side.

So this second attack was by no means so unsuccessful as the first. The two earls were killed, and the barricade was beginning to give way. Still, Duke William saw that he could never win the battle by making his horsemen charge up the hill in the teeth of the English axes; he saw that his only chance was to tempt the English to break their shield wall and come down into the plain, so he tried a very daring and dangerous trick. He had seen the advantage which, by his good generalship, he had contrived to gain out of the real flight of his men a little time before; so he ordered his troops to pretend flight, and, if the English followed, to turn upon them.

And so it was. The whole French army seemed to be fleeing a second time; so a great many of the English ran down the hill to chase them. As far as I can make out, it was only the light-armed—the troops on the right—who did this. I do not think that any of King Harold's own house carles left their ranks. But presently the Normans turned, and now the English had to fly. Those who had made this great mistake did their best to make up for it. Some managed to seize on a little hill which rose in front of the English position, and thence they hurled down javelins and stones on those who attacked them, and thus they completely cut off a party who were sent against them.

Others who knew the ground well led the French-

men, who chased them to a place near the isthmus, where the ground is very rough, and where there is a narrow little cleft with steep sides all covered with bushes and low trees. So the Normans came riding on, and their horses came tumbling head over heels into the trap which was thus ready for them, and the English who were flying now turned round and killed the riders.

All this was bravely done, but it could not recover the battle, now that King Harold's wise orders had once been disobeyed. The English line was broken, the hill was defenseless at many points, so the Normans could ride up, and the battle was now fought on the hill. The fight was by no means over yet; the English had lost their great advantage of the ground, but King Harold and all his mighty men were there; so they still formed their shield wall and fought with their great axes. Luck had, no doubt, turned against the English; still, they were not beaten yet, and they kept on fighting bravely, and it is doubtful that they would have been beaten at all if King Harold had only lived till nightfall.

Here, as always in those old times, everything depended on one man. Harold still lived and fought by his standard, and it was against that point that all the devices of the Normans were now aimed. The Norman archers had begun the fight, and the Norman archers were now to end it. Duke William now bade them shoot up into the air, that the arrows might fall like bolts from heaven. This new device proved the most successful of all. Some men were pierced right through their helmets; others had their eyes put out; others lifted up their shields to guard

their heads, and so could not wield their axes so well as before.

King Harold still stood with his ax in his hand and his shield pierced with several arrows. But now the hour of our great king was come. Every foe who had come near him had felt the might of that terrible ax, but his ax could not guard against this awful shower of arrows. One shaft, falling, as I said, from heaven, pierced his right eye. He clutched at it and broke off the shaft; his ax dropped from his hand, and he fell, all disabled by pain, in his own place as king, between the two royal ensigns.

Twenty Norman knights swore to take the standard, now that the king no longer defended it. They rushed on; most of them were killed by the English, who still fought around their wounded king; but those who escaped succeeded in beating down the standard of the "Fighting Man" and in bearing off the golden dragon. That ancient ensign, which had shone over so many battle-fields, was never again carried before a true English king.

ABSALOM.

N. P. WILLIS.

The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream; the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,

Forgot the lifting winds ; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned in graceful attitudes to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world !

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem ; and he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest,
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath ; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words ; and as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh, when the heart is full — when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor, common words of courtesy
Are such an empty mockery — how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer !
He prayed for Israel ; and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield ; and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But oh ! for Absalom —
For his estranged, misguided Absalom —
The proud, bright being who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him — for him he poured,

In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness. * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.
His helm was at his feet; his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him; and the jeweled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

“Alas, my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
Thou who wert made so beautifully fair!
That Death should settle in thy glorious eye
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom?”

“Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!
How I was wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet ‘*My father!*’ from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!”

“But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung—
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!”

“And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death’s gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!”

“And now, farewell! ’Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;
And thy dark sin! Oh, I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!”

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

bier, a frame on which a corpse is laid.
con vul' sive ly, in spasms.
pall, covering for the dead.
sack' cloth', garment or cloth worn in
mourning.

al lot' ment, what is allotted or as-
signed to.
en tab' la ture, slab or plate of stone in
a wall or the like, suitable for in-
scription.

FIRST ORATION ON BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.¹

DANIEL WEBSTER.

The uncounted multitude before me and around me proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and from the impulses of a common gratitude turned reverently to heaven in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling have made a deep impression on our hearts.

If, indeed, there be anything in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. We are among the sepulchers of our fathers. We are on ground distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not

¹ Extract from a speech made by Webster, on the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1825.

to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor to draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the 17th of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where we stand a point of attraction to the eyes of successive generations. But we are Americans.

We live in what may be called the early age of this great continent; and we know that our posterity, through all time, are here to enjoy and suffer the allotments of humanity. We see before us a probable train of great events; we know that our own fortunes have been happily cast; and it is natural, therefore, that we should be moved by the contemplation of occurrences which have guided our destiny before many of us were born, and settled the condition in which we shall pass that portion of our existence which God allows to men on earth.

We do not read even of the discovery of this continent without feeling something of a personal interest in the event; without being reminded how much it has affected our own fortunes and our own existence.

It is more impossible for us, therefore, than for others, to contemplate with unaffected minds that interesting, I may say that most touching and pathetic, scene when the great discoverer of America stood on the deck of his shattered bark, the shades of night falling on the sea, yet no man sleeping; tossed on the billows of an unknown ocean, yet the stronger billows of alternate hope and despair tossing his own troubled thoughts; extending forward

his harassed frame, straining westward his eager and anxious eyes, till Heaven at last granted him a moment of rapture and ecstasy, in blessing his vision with the sight of the unknown world.

Nearer to our times, more closely connected with our fates, and therefore still more interesting to our feelings and affections, is the settlement of our own country by colonists from England. We cherish every memorial of these worthy ancestors; we celebrate their patience and fortitude; we admire their daring enterprise; we teach our children to venerate their piety, and we are justly proud of being descended from men who have set the world an example of founding civil institutions on the great and united principles of human freedom and human knowledge. To us, their children, the story of their labors and their sufferings can never be without its interest.

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men can prolong the memorial.

But our object is, by this edifice, to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors, and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity.

We wish that whosoever in all coming time shall turn his eye hither may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here and be proud in the midst of its toil.

We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the

.

foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meets the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit!

Let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of States. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation; and there is opened to us also a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us.

Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day

and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction and an habitual feeling that these twenty-four States are one country. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!

We have still among us some of those who were active agents in the scenes of 1775, and who are now here to visit once more this renowned theater of their courage and patriotism.

VENERABLE MEN! you have come down to us from a former generation. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else how changed! All is peace, and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave.

fir'ma ment, sky.

for'ti tude, endurance.

har'assed (ăst), worn by cares.

il lus'tri ous, made famous.

sol'ace, to comfort.

in scrip'tion, something written or engraved.

ma ter'nal, of or pertaining to a mother.

sep'u'l cher (kěr), tomb.

THE ST. BERNARD HOSPICE.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Our pathway lay up a desolate mountain gorge. After we had ascended some way, the cold became intense. The mountain torrent by the side of which we went up, leaped and tumbled under ribs of ice and through banks of snow.

I noticed on either side of the defile that there were high posts put up on the rocks, and a cord was stretched from post to post. The object, my guide told me, was to show the path when this whole ravine is filled up with deep snow.

I could not help thinking how horrible it must be to go up here in the winter. Sometimes our path came so near the torrent as to suggest uncomfortable ideas. In one place it swept round the point of a rock which projected into the foaming flood, so that the rock was completely under water, but our mules went round it safely enough.

As we neared the hospice I began to feel the effects of the rarefied air very sensibly. It made me dizzy, bringing on a most acute headache. I was glad when the old building came in view, though the road lay up an ascent of snow that was almost perpendicular.

We came up to the steps, and I was so crippled with fatigue and so ill with the thin air, that I could hardly move. We now entered a low-browed, dark, arched, stone passage, smelling dismally of antiquity, when a brisk voice accosted me in the very choicest of French, and in terms of welcome

as gay and as courtly as if we were entering a drawing-room.

Keys clashed, and we went up stone staircases, our entertainer talking volubly all the way. As for me, all the French I ever knew was buried under an avalanche. C—— made answer for me that madame was very unwell, which brought forth another stream of condolence as we came into a room, lighted by a wood fire at one end. There was a long table, on which the servants were placing supper.

The supper consisted of codfish, stewed apples, bread, filberts, and raisins. After supper we were shown up stone staircases, and along stone passages, to our rooms. The windows of the rooms were so narrow as to seem only like loopholes.

In the morning I looked out at the tall, grim rocks and a small lake frozen over and covered with snow.

"Is this lake always frozen?" said I to the old serving woman who had come to bring us some hot water.

"Sometimes," she replied, "about the latter part of August, it is thawed."

I suppose it thaws the last of August and freezes the first of September.

After dressing ourselves we ventured down-stairs. The fireplace was piled up with wood and kindlings ready to be lighted in the evening; but being made to understand that it was a very sultry day, we could not, of course, suggest such extravagance as lighting the tempting pile—an extravagance, because every stick of wood has to be brought on the backs of mules from the valleys below, at a great expense

of time and money. The same statement is true of provisions of all sorts, and fodder for cattle.

After breakfast I went to the front porch to view the prospect, and what did I see? Banks of dirty, half-melted snow, with patches of bare earth, say about fifty feet round, and then the whole region shut in by rocks, which cut off all view.

"What a dismal and comfortless place!" I said; but going near the rocks, I discovered that they all were enameled with the most brilliant flowers.

In particular, I remarked beds of violet moss, which bore pink blossoms. Then there was a kind of low, starry gentian, of a bright metallic blue. I tried to paint it afterward, but neither ultramarine nor any color I could find would represent its brilliancy; it was a kind of living brightness.

I spread open my pocket handkerchief, and proceeded to see how many varieties of flowers I could gather in a very small circle. I collected eighteen! Could I have thought, when I looked out from my window over this bare, bleak region, that anything so lovely was to be found there? It was a significant fact. There is no condition of life, probably, so dreary that a lowly and patient seeker can not find its flowers. I began to think that I might be contented even there. We went back to the hospice. There were services in the chapel; I could hear the organ pealing, and the singers responding.

Seven great St. Bernard dogs were sunning themselves on the porch. They are of a tawny yellow color, short-haired, broad-chested, and strong-limbed. As to size, I have seen much larger Newfoundland dogs in Boston.

For my part, I was a little uneasy among them, as they frisked around me, rolling over one another on the stone floor, and making, every now and then, the most hideous noises. As I saw them biting each other in their clumsy frolics, I began to be afraid lest they should take it into their heads to treat me like one of the family, and so stood ready to run.

Their principal use is to find paths in the deep snow when the fathers go out to look for travelers, as they always do in stormy weather. The dogs are not long-lived; neither man nor animal can stand the severe temperature and the thin air for a long time.

Many of the dogs die from diseases of the lungs and rheumatism. Not a few are killed by accidents, principally the falling of avalanches. One of the monks told us that, when they went out in the winter storms, all they could see of the animals were their tails moving along in the snow. The monks themselves can stand the climate but a short time. They are obliged to return to the valleys below, while other members of their order take their places.

con do' lence, expression of sympathy with another in sorrow. **per' pen dic' u lar**, straight up and down.

de file', a narrow passage between hills. **rar' e fied**, become less dense.

en am' eled, decorated, as with enamel. **hos' pice**, a monastery which is a place of refuge for travelers.

Small service is true service while it lasts.
 Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one:
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

— WORDSWORTH.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

FRANCIS MAHONY.

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would,
In days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music spoke naught like thine:

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee!

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,

And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly —
Oh, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee!

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk, Oh!
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem more dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee!

MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE.

DOUGLAS WILLIAM JERROLD.

Bah! That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain

there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold? Indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd better have taken cold than taken our umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, DO YOU HEAR THE RAIN?

Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. He return the umbrella? Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella!

I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No! they shall stay at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder whom they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father?

But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes! I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow—you knew that—and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in bucketfuls I'll go all the more.

No! and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice, high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence at least—sixteen-pence?—two-and-eight-pence, for there's back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who is to pay for them! I can't pay for them, and I'm sure you can't if you go on as you do; throwing away your property and begging your children, buying umbrellas.

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do YOU HEAR IT? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow, I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrella again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; and that's what you lent your umbrella for. Of course!

Nice clothes I shall get, too, traipsing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. Needn't I wear them, then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear them. No, sir; I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows, it isn't often I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But when I go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady.

Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I'm to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But, if I die, I'll go. No, sir; I won't *borrow* an umbrella.

No; and you shan't *buy* one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella I'll throw it into the street. Ha! it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd known as much as I do now it might have gone without one, for all of me. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you!

And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I wouldn't go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we're to have we shan't have at all, because we've no umbrella.

The children, too, dear things, they'll be sopping wet; for they shan't stay at home; they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure. But they shall go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't; you are so aggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an angel; they shall go to school; mark that! And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault. I didn't lend the umbrella.

THE BELLS.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

 Hear the mellow wedding bells—
 Golden bells !
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight !
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle dove that listens while she gloats
 On the moon !
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
 How it swells !
 How it dwells
 On the Future ! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

 Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells !
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright !
 Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!
How they clang and clash and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging
 And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
 Of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells!
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody
 compels!

In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone;

They are neither man nor woman;

They are neither brute nor human;

They are ghouls:

And their king it is who tolls;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls

A pæan from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells,

And he dances and he yells,

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells—

Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the sobbing of the bells;

Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells!

crys' tal line, like crystals.

eu' pho ny, succession of sweet sounds.

ghoul (gōōl), an imaginary being supposed to feed upon human bodies.

mon' o dy, mournful poem or song for one voice.

pæ' an, a song of praise and triumph.

pal' pi ta' ting, throbbing.

Ru' nic, like the Norse alphabet.

tin' tin nab' u la' tion, a tinkling sound.

tur' bu len cy, commotion.

TURN ON THE LIGHT.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

A while ago I visited the Atlantic Cable Company's office at Sydney, Cape Breton Island, where many thousands of telegraphic messages pass over the wires and under the sea each day. The manager, a telegraph man of thirty years' experience, showed us about the place.

"That's Berlin," he said, listening to the operators; "that's London; that's New York. Here is Wheatstone's automatic transmitter; there are the Western Union standard quadruples (Edison's). We

send four messages now upon one wire at the same time, and could send almost any number, the difficulty being in the adaptation of mechanical contrivances to different systems of notation. Here is the automatic repeater; here the new method of insulation; here are eleven hundred cells, constituting our battery; here are the ends of the cables that start from Heart's Content, Newfoundland."

Thus he went on, making the modern miracle of electric communication as plain as words could make it to the uninitiated.

"In one minute we can send a message to London and receive an answer," he said. "We could do it in less time; indeed, the electric part is done in *no* time, but, you see, in New York a man's brain-battery must grasp, and his hand must transmit, the message; then here in Sydney another man must repeat it; then at Heart's Content, Newfoundland, a third man takes and gives it; then it is repeated at Valencia Bay, Ireland, and then in London. But for these repetitions the question and answer would be exchanged across five thousand miles in practically no time at all—far more rapidly than human lips could utter the words."

Looking around upon the army of young men who were keeping up this fusillade by which distance is demolished, we asked: "Do you employ moderate drinkers here?"

Swiftly came the answer: "Not at all; we must have the brain at its clearest, the hand at its best. We can't afford to have young men that drink."

He went on to say that he believed the temperance workers could hardly overestimate the value

to the total abstinence cause of the multiplying modern inventions that put such a splendid premium upon teetotalism.

He was right; the sure, slow lift of civilization's tidal wave is with us. Ten thousand forces are perpetually at work to move forward the white car of temperance reform. We who give our whole lives to the movement are hardly more than the weather-vane that shows which way the breeze is blowing.

Let us, therefore, rejoice and take courage; every invention, every intricate machine, every swift-moving engine hastens the dominance of Him upon whose shoulder shall yet be a government "into which shall enter nothing that defileth."

ab'sti nence, abstaining from drink.
au'to mat'ic, acting without outside help.

dom'i nance, ascendancy.
fu'sil lade', shooting by a simultaneous discharge of firearms; hence, attack by many persons together.

in'su la'tion, a detaching from other objects, so that electricity can not escape.

quad'ru ple, four together.
trans mit'ter, instrument for sending.
un' in i'ti a'ted (ish'), those unacquainted with.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home—

Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

TWO VIEWS OF NATURE.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

We shall place before the reader two views of nature; one an ocean scene, the other a landscape—a forest of the New World.

The vessel in which we embarked for America having passed out of sight of land, space was soon inclosed only by the twofold azure of sea and sky. The color of the waters resembled that of liquid glass. A great swell was visible in the west, though the wind blew from the east, while immense undulations extended from the north to the south, opening in their valleys long vistas through the deserts of the deep.

The fleeting scenes changed with every minute.

Sometimes the curling summits of the waves resembled white flocks scattered over a heath. Now space seemed circumscribed for want of an object of comparison; but if a billow reared its mountain crest, if a wave curved like a distant shore, or a squadron of sea dogs moved along the horizon, the vastness of space again suddenly opened before us. We were most powerfully impressed with an idea of magnitude when a light fog, creeping along the surface of the deep, seemed to increase immensity itself to our view.

Oh! how sublime, how awful, at such times, is the aspect of the ocean! Into what reveries does it plunge you, whether imagination transports you to the seas of the north, into the midst of frosts and tempests, or wafts you to southern islands, blessed with tropical bloom and peace!

We often rose at midnight and sat down upon deck, where we found only the officer of the watch and a few sailors. No noise was heard save the dashing of the prow through the billows, while sparks of fire ran with a white foam along the sides of the vessel. God of Christians! it is on the waters of the abyss and on the vast expanse of the heavens that Thou hast particularly engraven the characters of Thy omnipotence! Millions of stars sparkling in the azure of the celestial dome—the moon in the midst of the firmament—a sea unbounded by any shore—proclaim with most impressive effect the power of Thy arm! Never did Thy greatness strike me with profounder awe than in those nights when, between stars and ocean, I beheld immensity over my head and immensity beneath my feet!

As I wandered one evening in the woods, at some distance from the cataract of Niagara, the last glimmering of daylight disappeared, and I enjoyed, in all its loveliness, the beautiful prospect of night amid the deserts of the New World.

An hour after sunset the moon appeared above the trees in the opposite part of the heavens. A balmy breeze, which the queen of night had brought with her from the east, seemed to precede her in the forests. The lovely luminary slowly ascended in the firmament, now peacefully pursuing her azure course, and now shaded by groups of clouds which resembled the tops of snow-covered mountains.

These clouds, by the contraction and expansion of their vapory forms, rolled themselves into transparent folds, or scattered in airy masses of foam, so lovely to the eye that you could imagine it possible to feel their softness and elasticity.

The scenery on the earth was not less enchanting. The moonbeams darted through the intervals between the trees, and threw rays of light into the midst of profound darkness. The river that glided at my feet was now lost in the wood, and now it reappeared, glistening with the stars reflected on its bosom. In a vast plain beyond the stream the radiance of the moon reposed on the verdure.

Birch trees, scattered here and there and agitated by the breeze, formed shadowy islands which floated on a motionless sea of light. Near me all was silence and repose; but at a distance was heard, at intervals, the solemn roar of the Falls of Niagara—a roar that, in the stillness of the night, died away among the solitary forests. The grandeur, the

astonishing solemnity, of the scene can not be well expressed in language; nor can the most delightful nights of Europe afford any idea of it.

THE KING.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

They rode right out of the morning sun —

A glimmering, glittering cavalcade
Of knights and ladies, and every one

In princely sheen arrayed;
And the king of them all, Oh, rode he ahead,
With helmet of gold, and a plume of red
That spurted about in the breeze and bled
In the bloom of the everglade.

And they rode high over the dewy lawn,

With brave, glad banners of every hue
That rolled in ripples, as they rode on

In splendor, two and two;
And the tinkling links of the golden reins
Of the steeds they rode rang such refrains
As the castanets in a dream of Spain's
Intensest gold and blue.

And they rode and rode; and the steeds they
neighed

And pranced, and the sun on their glossy hides
Flickered and lightened and glanced and played
Like the moon on rippling tides;

And their manes were silken, and thick and strong,
And their tails were flossy, and fetlock-long,
And jostled in time to the teeming throng
And the knightly song besides.

Clank of scabbard and jingle of spur,
And the fluttering sash of the queen went wild
In the wind, and the proud king glanced at her
As one at a wilful child,
And as knight and lady away they flew,
And the banners flapped, and the falcon, too,
And the lances flashed and the bugle blew;
He kissed his hand and smiled.

And then, like a slanting sunlit shower,
The pageant glittered across the plain,
And the turf spun back, and the wildweed flower
Was only a crimson stain.
And a dreamer's eyes they are downward cast,
As he blends these words with the wailing blast:
"It is the King of the Year rides past!"
And Autumn is here again.

cas'ta nets, two small concave shells fastened to the thumb and beaten together with the middle finger.
cav'al cade', a procession of persons on horseback.

ev'er glade, low region, like the everglades of Florida.
fal'con, a bird of prey trained to the pursuit of other birds.
sheen, glitter.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

(SCENE III. *Within the tent of BRUTUS. LUCIUS and TITINIUS at some distance from it. Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*)

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth appear in this :

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Brutus. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And Chastisement doth, therefore, hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember.

Did not great Julius bleed for justice's sake ?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,

That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers — shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself.
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O, ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all
this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret till your proud
heart breaks,

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of abler men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,
Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have
moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have
tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life, you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry
for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived
my heart;

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again!

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered,
too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart, too.

HAMLET.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

(ACT I, SCENE II. HAMLET *alone in a room of the castle.* *Enter* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.)

Ham. I am glad to see you:
Horatio, or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant
ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord—

Ham. I am very glad to see you. [*To BER.*]
Good even, sir.

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good, my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student;

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked
meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio!

My father! methinks I see my father.

Hor. Oh! where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once: he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw who?

Hor. My lord, the king, your father.

Ham. The king, my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly cap-à-pie,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walked
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, bechilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we
watch'd.

Ham. Did you speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But even then the morning cock crew loud;

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honor'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. } We do, my lord.
Ber. }

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. Oh, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell
a hundred.

Mar. } Longer, longer.
Ber. }

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grizzly? No.

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honor.

Ham. Your love, as mine to you: farewell.

[HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO go out.]

My father's spirit in arms! All is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were
come!

Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's
eyes!

ap' pa ri' tion (rīsh'ūn), a phantom.
cap'-a-pie' (pē), from head to foot.
gape (gāp), open wide.

ten' a ble, capable of being held.
trun' cheon (shūn), a short staff, proba-
bly here a sort of scepter.

Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

— KNOX.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

THOMAS HOOD.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang "The Song of the Shirt!"

"Work — work — work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work — work — work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone?

I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work — work — work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags;
That shattered roof — and this naked floor —
A table — a broken chair —
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

“Work — work — work
From weary chime to chime;
Work — work — work
As prisoners work for crime!
Band and gusset and seam,
Seam and gusset and band,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand!

Work — work — work,
In the dull December light,
And work — work — work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

“Oh! but for one short hour!
 A respite however brief!
 No blessed leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief!
 A little weeping would ease my heart;
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread;
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
 Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
 She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

dol' or ons, sad; dismal.
flags, loses vigor.
ply'ing, using steadily.
res' pite, interval of rest.

gus' set, a small piece of cloth inserted
 into a garment to give it a tapering
 enlargement.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune; and after years of dire struggle, and neglect, and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as

it had longed eagerly for a change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home.

He paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose he longs for change, as on the journey he looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow or in writing yesterday's elegy, and he would fly away this hour but that a cage and necessity keep him.

What is the charm of his verse, his style, and humor? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon whatever save the harp on which he plays to you and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents or the soldiers round the fire, the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of "The Vicar of Wakefield" he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe.

"We read it," says the gentle Sir Walter, "in youth and age—we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature. The admi-

rable ease and grace of the narrative, as well as the pleasing truth with which the characters are designed, make 'The Vicar of Wakefield' one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed."

The greatest German of this century, Goethe, says: "The delineation of this character [the vicar] on his course of life, through joys and sorrows, the ever-increasing interest of the story by the combination of the entirely natural with the strange and singular, make this prose idyl the best one that has ever been written."

Goldsmith's sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life's storm and rain and bitter weather. The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend some one; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust, and speak a word of compassion. If he had but his flute left, he could give that, and make the children happy in the dreary London court. While he was an under-teacher in a school he spent all his earnings in treats for the boys. His purse as well as his heart was everybody's, his friends' as much as his own.

When he was at the height of his reputation, the Earl of Northumberland, going to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, asked if he could be of any service to him. Goldsmith recommended his brother, and not himself, to the great man. "My patrons," he gallantly said, "are the booksellers, and I want no others."

Hard patrons they were, and hard work he did, but he never complained much. If, in his early

writings, some bitter words escaped him, some allusions to neglect and poverty, he withdrew those expressions when his works were republished and better days seemed opening for him. If he did not have the great public with him, he had the noble Johnson, and the admirable Reynolds, and the great Gibbon, and the great Burke, and the great Fox—friends and admirers illustrious indeed.

For the last half-dozen years of his life Goldsmith was in receipt of a pretty large income from the booksellers, his patrons. Had he lived but a few years more his public fame would have been as great as his private reputation, and he might have enjoyed a part of that esteem which his country has paid to the vivid and versatile genius who has touched on almost every subject of literature, and touched nothing that he did not adorn.

In the strength of his age and the dawn of his reputation, having for patrons and friends the most illustrious literary men of his time, fame and prosperity might have been in store for Goldsmith had fate so willed it. I say prosperity rather than competence, for it is probable that no sum could have put order into his affairs or sufficed for his habits.

As has been the case with many another good fellow of his nation, his life was tracked and his substance wasted by hungry beggars and lazy dependents. If they came at a lucky time—and be sure they knew his affairs better than he did himself, and watched his pay-day—he gave them of his money; if they begged on empty-purse days, he gave them his promissory bills, or took them to a house where he had credit.

Staggering under a load of debt and labor, tracked by reproachful creditors, running from a hundred poor dependents, whose appealing looks, perhaps, were the hardest of all pains for him to bear, devising fevered plans for the morrow, new histories, new comedies, all sorts of new literary schemes, flying from all these into seclusion, and out of seclusion into pleasure—at last, at five-and-forty death closed his career.

I have been many a time in the chambers of the Temple which were his, and passed up the staircase which Johnson, and Burke, and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith—the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door: “They had no friend but him they had come to weep for.”

Ah! it was a different lot from that for which the poor fellow sighed when he wrote, with heart yearning for home, those most charming of all fond verses, in which he fancies he revisits Auburn:

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes—for pride attends me still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;

And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew —
 I still had hopes — my long vexations past —
 Here to return, and die at home at last.

Think of him, reckless, thriftless, vain, if you like — but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave! think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him! think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph! and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it!

ep' i taph, an inscription on a tomb.

fie ti' tious, imaginary.

Goe the (*gē' teh*), greatest German author.

i' dyl, simple, artless description of rustic life (prose or poetry).

ver' sa tile (*tl*), many-sided.

OUR CHIEF TIMEPIECE.

R. A. PROCTOR.

The earth is our chief timepiece, and it is of the correctness of this giant clock that we are to speak.

Some of the planets rotate in such a manner, and bear such distinct marks upon their surface, that it is possible, by a series of observations extending over a long interval of time, to determine the length of their rotation period within a second or two. Supposing their rotation uniform, we at once obtain an accurate measure of time.

Observing Jupiter, as he shines on a clear night, we seem to see a bright but small object. Compared with the moon, for example, Jupiter seems little more than a point of light. Then watching him from hour to hour, we observe that he appears to be at rest among the stars, though sharing with them in the motion by which all the orbs of heaven are apparently carried forward from east to west in consequence of the earth's rotation on its axis. Yet that small but brilliant orb is a globe so large that, compared with it, our earth is no larger than a marble compared with a football. Twelve hundred and thirty orbs, each one as large as our earth, would be required to form such a globe as Jupiter. More wonderful is the enormous speed with which that gigantic planet moves through space, carrying along with it an attendant family of moons. In each second Jupiter's huge bulk moves eight miles—five hundred times swifter than the speed of the fastest express train.

Unfortunately, it turns out that Jupiter (one of the planets from which Herschel expected most) does *not* afford us exact information, his real surface being always veiled by his dense and vapor-laden atmosphere. Saturn, Venus, and Mercury are similarly placed, and are, in other respects, unfavorable objects for this sort of observation.

Mars only, of all the planets, is really available. Distinctly marked with continents and oceans, which are rarely concealed by vapors, this planet is, in other respects, fortunately situated. Now, Saturn and Jupiter have their satellites to influence their rotation movements.

Venus and Mercury are near the sun, and are, therefore, in this respect worse off than the earth, whose rotation is in question. Mars, on the other hand, farther removed than we are from the sun, having only two small moons, and being of small dimensions—a very important point, since the tidal action of the sun depends on the dimensions of a planet—is likely to have a rotation period all but absolutely constant.

Herschel was rather unfortunate in his observations of Mars. Having obtained a rough approximation from Mars' rotation in an interval of two days, this being, as it happened, only thirty-seven seconds in excess of the true period, he proceeded to take three intervals of one month each. The mean of the values obtained was forty-six seconds too great. He then took a period of two years, and being misled by the erroneous values he had already obtained, he *missed one rotation*, getting a value two minutes too great.

Thirty years ago a German astronomer, Mädler, tried the same problem, and taking a period of seven years, obtained a value which exceeds the true value by only one second. Another German, Kaiser, by combining more observations, obtained a value which is within one-fifteenth of a second of the true value. As Mädler had devoted much attention to chronometrical observations, having been engaged solely in such work for two years in the service of the Russian Government, it may seem strange that the value he obtained was not more nearly correct. His comparative failure must be ascribed to the lack of precision in his instruments; for Mädler *was one of the ablest astronomers of this century.*

But a comparison of observations extending over two hundred years has enabled the present writer to obtain a value which he considers to be within one-hundredth part of a second of the truth. This new value of Mars' rotation period is 24 hours, 37 minutes, 22.74 seconds.

Here, then, we have a result so accurate that, *at some future time*, it may serve to test the earth's rotation period. We have compared the rotation rate of our test planet with the earth's rate during the past two hundred years, and, therefore, if the earth's rotation varies by more than one-hundredth of a second in the next two or three hundred years, we shall—or, rather, our descendants will—begin to have some notion of the change at the end of that far-off period.

Considered as a timepiece, what are the earth's errors? Suppose, for a moment, that the earth was *timed* and *rated* two thousand years ago, how much has she *lost* and what is her rate error? She has lost in that interval nearly one hour and a quarter, and she is losing now at the rate of one second in twelve weeks.

In other words, the length of a day is now more by about one eighty-fourth part of a second than it was two thousand years ago. At this rate of change our day would merge into a lunar month in the course of thirty-six thousand millions of years. But after a while the change will take place more slowly, and some trillion or so of years will elapse before the full change is effected.

Distant, however, as is the epoch at which the changes will become effective, the subject appears to

us to have an interest apart from the mere speculative considerations of the future physical condition of our globe. We see now, for the first time, the evidence of cosmical decay—a decay which, in its slow progress, may be but the preparation for renewed growth, but still a decay which, so far as the races at present on the earth are concerned, must be looked upon as finally destructive.

ON STUDIES.

LORD BACON.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in the quiet of private life; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels and the plots and marshaling of affairs come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature and are perfected by experience, for natural abilities are like natural plants that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire

them, and wise men use them ; for they teach not their own use, but that there is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and to confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested—that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read, but not curiously ; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others ; but that would be only in less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a *full* man, conversation a *ready* man, and writing an *exact* man ; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know what he doth not.

Histories make men wise ; poets, witty ; the mathematics, subtile ; natural philosophy, deep ; moral philosophy, grave ; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. Studies pass into character : so if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics ; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away ever so little, he must begin again ; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen ; if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases.

Indeed there is no impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies, as diseases of the body may, by appropriate exercises.

craft'y, quick; dexterous.
dis tilled', condensed.

im ped'i ment, something that hinders.
sub' tile, acute.

ALONE.

GEORGE HOWLAND.

Not in the throng does man prepare
 His noblest deeds to do, or dare,
 Which heaven itself may own ;
 But ere with power divine endued,
 The soul in deepest solitude,
 Where mortal eye can ne'er intrude,
 Must first retire alone.

Not when embattled squadrons meet,
 In panoply of war complete,
 Are man's true triumphs shown ;
 But when in sadness he hath gone
 Apart, from every aid withdrawn,
 And from the darkness till the dawn
 Hath wrestled there alone.

Not 'neath the gaze of friendly eyes
 Do we behold the spirit rise,
 To its full stature grown ;

But while the weary watchers sleep
It turns aside in silence deep,
Its sleepless vigils there to keep,
And seek for strength alone.

Then only hath the prophet's face
Put off each weak and human trace,
And like an angel's shone ;
When he from crowded camp hath fled,
And on the mountain summit dread,
With clouds and darkness overspread,
Communed with God alone.

Not when the loud huzzas resound
And palms and branches strew the ground
Are joys the deepest known ;
But when it feels itself replete
With blessedness so pure and sweet
No tongue the rapture can repeat,
The heart would be alone.

And when our dearest joys depart
And anguish rends the bleeding heart,
No idle dust is strown ;
No soothing words of kindred kind—
No friendly hand the wound to bind
The writhing spirit seeks to find,
But goes to weep alone.

And when this fitful dream is o'er,
And friend or foe can do no more,
All earthly comforts flown ;

When brightest mortal glories pale,
 And heart and flesh together fail,
 The parting spirit lifts the veil
 And passes through alone.

huz za', a hurrah; a cheer.
pan'o ply, defensive armor.

re plete', filled full.
stat' ure, height of body.

A COSSACK VILLAGE AT EVENING.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

It was one of those peculiar evenings such as are found only in the Caucasus. The sun had gone down behind the mountains, but it was still light. The last rays lighted up a third of the sky; the mountains stood out distinct against their sunset background. Their shadows extended for miles out on the steppe. The landscape seemed devoid of life. Roads, river, and steppe, all were desolate.

It is true that a few horsemen now and then passed along the dusty road which skirted the village, but the Circassian villagers and even the Cossacks at the military outpost looked at the riders with astonishment and curiosity, and ventured various guesses as to who those ill-fated people were. Cossack girls, braiding their whips together, hasten from the gardens with pleasant talk before the setting of the sun.

The gardens are soon left deserted, as are all the surroundings, but the station at this time of the evening quickly becomes alive. From every side

people stream to it on foot, on horseback, and in creaking carts. Girls with switches in their hands run to the gates to meet the cattle, which are hastening on in a cloud of dust and gnats brought by them from the steppe. Cows and buffaloes wander along the streets, and the Cossack children, in colored robes, run after them. We can hear loud conversation, merry laughter, and shrill cries, interrupted by the lowings of the cattle. Here an armed Cossack, who has obtained a day's furlough from the outpost, rides at full speed up to a cottage, and by a miracle of horsemanship brings his half-tamed steed to a sudden stop within a few inches of the gate. There a high-cheeked Tartar laborer turns his wooden-wheeled wagon, loaded with reeds from the steppe, into the village headman's yard, and talks in Tartar with the master.

Beside the pool, which encroaches on the main street of the village, a young woman plods along slowly, bearing a heavy bundle of wood on her back. An old man, just returned from a fishing trip, carries on his shoulder, in a net, a number of silvery herrings, still quivering. Yonder an aged beldame drags a large withered branch of a poplar tree to her hut, and in a few minutes the blows of a hatchet are heard. We hear children shouting, as they whip their tops in the street wherever there is a spot of level ground. From every yard there come the signs of increased work and bustle and preparation for the night.

Mother Mitka, the schoolmaster's wife, is at her gate, watching her cattle. They are being driven along the street by her daughter, Marianka. A

buffalo cow, tormented by a cloud of gnats, bursts her way through the yard gate. After her follow the other cows, glancing at their mistress with their gray eyes, and, at regular intervals, beating their flanks with their tails. Marianka comes up, and her mother, looking at the girl's feet, exclaims sharply, "Your shoes are getting spoiled, child! Take them off at once!"

The girl is not in the least affronted by being so sharply reprimanded—she is rather pleased than otherwise—and she gayly goes on with her chores. Her face is enveloped in a twirled handkerchief; she wears a rose-colored garment and a green skirt. She disappears under the shed, where the fat cattle have already hastened, and soon her voice is heard as she caressingly talks to the cow buffalo.

Twilight has now enveloped the village. Everywhere the pungent smell of smoke pervades the air. Along the streets Cossack girls are running, carrying lighted rags in their hands, for lucifer matches are almost unknown in the remote villages of the Caucasus districts. The voices of women and girls call to one another from the yards, but are heard less and less frequently as the evening wears on. The streets become more and more deserted, lights twinkle through the square openings that serve as windows in the mud huts, the flat roofs and funnel-shaped chimneys slowly fade from the view, and darkness settles on the scene.

bel' dame, an ugly old woman.

lu'ci fer, match that can be lighted
by striking.

pun'gent, strong; penetrating.

steppe, Russian prairie.

Tol'stoi, famous Russian author.

HASTE NOT, REST NOT.

J. W. VON GOETHE.

Without haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not; let no thoughtless deed
Mar for e'er the spirit's speed:
Ponder well and know the right;
Onward, then, with all thy might!
Haste not; years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done!

Rest not; life is sweeping by,
Do and dare, before you die.
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away!

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide;
Do the right, whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

MY FIRST GEOLOGICAL TRIP.**SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.**

We started off about noon, a goodly band of some eight or nine striplings, with two or three hammers and a few pence amongst us.

We arrived at length at the limestone quarries. They had been opened along the slope of a gentle declivity. My companions rushed down the slope with a shout of triumph. For myself, I lingered a moment on the top. With just a tinge of sadness in the thought, I felt that, though striking and picturesque beyond anything of the kind I had ever seen, this cavern was, after all, only a piece of human handiwork.

The heaps of rubbish around me, with the smoking kilns at one end and the clanking engine at the other, had no connection with beings of another world, but told only too plainly of ingenious, indefatigable man. The spell was broken at once and forever, and as it fell to pieces I darted down the slope and rejoined my comrades.

They had already entered a cave, which was certainly vast and gloomy enough for whole legions of gnomes. Not a vestige of vegetation could we see. Away it stretched to the right and to the left in long vistas of gloom, broken by the light which, entering from other openings along the hillside, fell here and there on some hoary pillar, and finally vanished into the shade.

"But where are the petrified forests and fishes?" cried one of the party.

"Here!" "Here!" was shouted in reply from the top of the bank.

We made for the heap of broken stones whence the voices had come, and there, truly, on every block and every fragment fossils met our eye, sometimes so thickly grouped together that we could barely see the stone on which they lay. I bent over the mound, and the first fragment that turned up (my first-found fossil) was the one that excited the deepest interest.

The commander-in-chief of the excursion, who was regarded (perhaps as much from his bodily stature as for any other reason) an authority on these questions, pronounced my treasure-trove to be, unmistakably, a fish. True, it seemed to lack head and tail and fins; the liveliest fancy amongst us hesitated as to which marks were the scales; and in after years I learned that it was really a vegetable—the seed-cone or catkin of a large extinct kind of club-moss; but, in the meantime, Tom had declared it to be a fish, and a fish it must assuredly be.

Like other schoolboys, I had, of course, had my lesson on geology in the usual meager cut-and-dried form in which physical science was then taught in our schools. I could repeat a "Table of Formations," and remembered the pictures of some uncouth monsters on the pages of our text-books—one with goggle eyes, no neck, and a preposterous tail; another with an unwieldy body and no tail at all, for which latter defect I had endeavored to compensate by inserting a long pipe into its mouth, receiving from our master (Ironsides, we called him) a hearty rap across the knuckles as a recompense.

But the notion that these pictures were the representation of actual, though now extinct, monsters; that the statements which seemed so dry and unintelligible in print were such as could be actually verified by our own eyes in nature; that, beneath and beyond the present creation, there lay around us the memorials of other creations not less glorious, and infinitely older, than our books or our teachers taught us, and that these memorials could be learned by looking at nature for ourselves — all this was strange to me. It came now for the first time like a new revelation — one that has gladdened my life ever since.

We worked on industriously at the rubbish heap, and found an untold sum of wonders. To our imagination, the plants, insects, shells, and fishes of our rambles met us again in the rock. There was little that some one of the party could not explain, and thus our limestone became a more extraordinary gathering of organic remains, I will venture to say, than ever perturbed the brain of a geologist.

It did not occur at the time to any of us to inquire why a perch came to be embalmed among ivy and rose leaves; why a seashore whelk lay entwined in the folds of a butterfly; or why a beetle should seem to have been doing his utmost to dance a pirouette round the tooth of a fish.

All these questions came to be asked afterward, and then I saw how erroneous were my boyish identifications. But knowing little of the subject, I believed everything, and with implicit faith piled up dragon flies, ferns, fishes, beetle cases, violets, seaweeds, and shells.

Then came the packing up. Each had amassed a pile of specimens well-nigh as large as himself, and it was of course impossible to carry everything away. A rapid selection had therefore to be made. And oh! with how much reluctance were we compelled to relinquish many of the stones, the discovery whereof had made the opposite cavern ring again with our jubilee!

Not one of us had provided himself with a bag, so we stowed away the treasures in our pockets. Surely practical geometry offers not a more perplexing problem than to gauge the capacity of these parts of a schoolboy's dress. So we loaded ourselves to the full, and marched along with the fossils crowded into every available corner.

Such was my first geological excursion—a simple event enough, and yet the turning point in a life. Little did I dream though, then, that those few hours in the old cave would decide my career. Thenceforward the rocks and their fossil treasures formed the chief subject of my every-day thoughts. That day stamped my fate, and I became a geologist.

de cliv' i ty, a slope.

er ro' ne ous, false.

fos' sil, remains of a plant or animal
in a rock.

Gei' kie (gē' kī), famous British geologist.

pic' tur esque' (esk'), making a pleasing picture.

pir' ou ette' (ōō), whirling dance.

pre pos' ter ous, absurd.

vis' ta, a view through an avenue.

THE SOUTH.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

Half-way between the frozen zones,
Where winter reigns in sullen mirth,
The summer binds a golden belt
About the middle of the earth.
The sky is soft, and blue, and bright
With purple dyes at morn and night;
And sunny bays with inland curves
Round all along the quiet shore;
And stately palms in pillared ranks
Grow down the borders of the banks,
And juts of land where billows roar;
The spicy woods are full of birds,
And golden fruits, and crimson flowers;
With wreathed vines on every bough,
That shed their grapes in purple showers
The emerald meadows roll their waves
And bask in soft and mellow light;
The vales are full of silver mist,
And all the folded hills are bright;
But far along the welkin's rim
The purple crags and peaks are dim;
And dim the gulfs, and gorges blue,
With all the wooded passes deep;
All steeped in haze, and washed in dew,
And bathed in atmospheres of sleep!
Sometimes the dusky islanders
Lie all day long beneath the trees
And watch the white clouds in the sky
And birds upon the azure seas;

SANTA CLARA COUNTY
TEACHERS' LIBRARY
No. _____

Sometimes they wrestle on the turf
And chase each other down the sands ;
And sometimes climb the bloomy groves
And pluck the fruit with idle hands ;
And dark-eyed maidens braid their hair
With starry shells, and buds, and leaves,
And sing wild songs in dreamy bowers
And dance on dewy eves
When daylight melts, and stars are few,
And west winds frame a drowsy tune,
Till all the charmed waters sleep
Beneath a yellow moon !

Here men may dwell, and mock at toil
And all the dull mechanic arts ;
No need to till the teeming soil,
With weary hands and aching hearts ;
No want can follow folded palms,
For Nature doth supply her alms
With sweets purveyors can not bring
To grace the table of a king ;
While summer broods o'er land and sea,
And breathes in all the winds,
Until her presence fills their hearts
And molds their happy minds !

jut, a projection.

pillared, like pillars or columns.

purvey' or (*v&*'), one who provides food.

wel'kin, the sky.

zone, geographical belt round the earth.

DORLCOTE MILL.

GEORGE ELIOT.

A wide plain, where the broadening Floss hurries on between its green banks to the sea, and the loving tide, rushing to meet it, checks its passage with an impetuous embrace. On this mighty tide the black ships, laden with the freshly-scented fir planks, with rounded sacks of oil-bearing seed, or with the dark glitter of coal, are borne along to St. Ogg's. This town shows its aged, fluted red roofs and the broad gables of its wharves between the low wooded hill and the river brink, tingeing the water with a soft purple hue under the transient glance of this February sun.

Far away, on each hand, stretch the rich pastures and the patches of dark earth, made ready for the seed of the broad-leaved green crops, or touched already with the tint of the tender-bladed autumn-sown grain. The distant ships seem to be lifting their masts and stretching their red-brown sails close among the branches of the spreading ash. Just by the red-roofed town the tributary Ripple flows, with a lively current, into the Floss.

How lovely the little river is, with its dark, changing wavelets! It seems to me like a living companion, while I wander along the bank and listen to its low, placid voice as to the voice of one who is deaf and loving. I remember those large dipping willows. I remember the stone bridge; and this is Dorlcote Mill. I must stand a minute or two here on the bridge and look at it, though the clouds are threatening, and it is far on in the afternoon. Even

in this leafless time of departing February it is pleasant to look at it—perhaps the chill, damp season adds a charm to the trimly-kept, comfortable dwelling-house, as old as the elms and chestnuts that shelter it from the northern blast.

The stream is brimful, now, and lies high in this little withy plantation, and half drowns the grassy fringe of the croft in front of the house. As I look at the full stream, the vivid grass, the delicate bright-green powder softening the outline of the great trunks and branches that gleam from under the bare purple boughs, I am in love with moistness, and envy the white ducks that are dipping their heads far into the water, here among the withes, unmindful of the awkward appearance they make in the drier world above.

The rush of the water and the booming of the mill bring a dreamy deafness, which seems to heighten the peacefulness of the scene. They are like a great curtain of sound, shutting one out from the world beyond. Now, there is the thunder of the huge covered wagon, coming home with sacks of grain. That honest wagoner is thinking of his dinner's getting sadly dry in the oven at this late hour; but he will not touch it till he has fed his horses—the strong, submissive, meek-eyed horses.

See how they stretch their shoulders up the slope toward the bridge, with all the more energy because they are so near home! I should like, well, to hear them neigh over their hard-earned feed of corn, and see them, with their moist necks, freed from the harness, dipping their eager nostrils into the muddy pond. Now, they are on the bridge, and down they go, and the wagon disappears behind the trees.

Now, I can turn my eyes toward the mill again, and watch the unresting wheel, sending out its diamond jets of water. That little girl is watching it, too. She has been standing on just the same spot, at the edge of the water, ever since I paused on the bridge; and that queer white cur with the brown ear seems to be leaping and barking in ineffectual remonstrance with the wheel; perhaps he is jealous, because his playfellow in the beaver bonnet is so rapt in its movement.

It is time the little playfellow went in, I think; and there is a very bright fire to tempt her—the red light shines out under the deepening gray of the sky. It is time, too, for me to leave off resting my arms on the cold stone of this bridge. * * * Oh! my arms are really benumbed. I have been pressing my elbows on the arms of my chair, and dreaming that I was standing on the bridge in front of Dorlcote Mill, and seeing it as it looked one February afternoon many years ago.

LABOR AND GENIUS.

SYDNEY SMITH.

The prevailing idea with young people has been the incompatibility of labor and genius; and, therefore, from the fear of being thought dull, they have thought it necessary to remain ignorant. I have seen, at school and at college, a great many young men completely destroyed by having been so

unfortunate as to produce an excellent copy of verses.

Their genius being now established, all that remained for them to do was to act up to the dignity of the character; and as this dignity consisted in reading nothing new, in forgetting what they had already read, and in pretending to be acquainted with all subjects by a sort of off-hand exertion of talents, they soon collapsed into the most frivolous and insignificant of men.

It would be an extremely profitable thing to draw up a short and well-authenticated account of the habits of study of the most celebrated writers with whose style of literary industry we happen to be most acquainted. It would go very far to destroy the absurd and pernicious association of genius and idleness, by showing that the greatest poets, orators, statesmen, and historians—men of the most brilliant and imposing talents—have actually labored as hard as the makers of dictionaries and the arrangers of indexes; and that the most obvious reason why they have been superior to other men is, that they have taken more pains than other men.

Gibbon was in his study every morning, winter and summer, at six o'clock; Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings; Leibnitz was never out of his library; Pascal killed himself by study; Cicero narrowly escaped death from the same cause; Milton was at his books with as much regularity as a merchant or an attorney—he had mastered all the knowledge of his time; so had Homer. Raphael lived but thirty-seven years, yet gave the art of painting a wonderful advancement.

There are instances to the contrary, but, generally speaking, the life of all truly great men has been a life of intense and incessant labor. They have commonly passed the first half of life in the gross darkness of indigent humanity, overlooked, mistaken, contemned by weaker men, thinking while others slept, reading while others rioted, feeling something within them that told them they should not always be kept down among the dregs of the world; and then, when their time was come, and some little accident has given them their first occasion, they have burst out into the light and glory of public life, rich with the spoils of time and mighty in all the labors and struggles of the mind.

Then do the multitude cry out, "A miracle of genius!" Yes, he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes, as his point of departure, the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attention that diligence could bestow.

But while I am descanting upon the conduct of the understanding, and the best mode of acquiring knowledge, some men may be disposed to ask, "Why conduct my understanding with such endless care? and what is the use of so much knowledge?" What is the use of so much knowledge? What is the use of so much life? What are we to do with

the seventy years of existence allotted to us? and how are we to live them out to the last?

I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man in existence; for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn on the mountains: it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched! Upon something it must act and feed—upon the pure spirit of knowledge or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions.

Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a vehement love, with a love coeval with life, what do I say but love innocence, love virtue, love purity of conduct, love that which, if you are rich and great, will vindicate the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice?

Yea, love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you—which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world—that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud.

Therefore, if any young man has embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without

fearing the event; let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the angel that guards him, and as the genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life. Then he will understand that knowledge is indeed power.

au then' ti ca' ted, proved to be true.
 co e' val, of the same age.
 col lapsed' (lāpst'), shrank suddenly.
 in' com pat' i bil' i ty, inability to
 exist together.

in' de fat' i ga ble, untiring.
 in' di gent, poor; needy.
 mu nif' i cent, rich; lavish.
 per ni' cious, mischievous.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Girt round with rugged mountains
 The fair Lake Constance lies;
 In her blue heart reflected
 Shine back the starry skies;
 And, watching each white cloudlet
 Float silently and slow,
 You think a piece of Heaven
 Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there : and Silence,
 Enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
 Upon a sleeping town :
The Bregenz, that quaint city
 Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
 A thousand years — and more.

Her battlements and towers,
 From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
 For ages on the deep :
Mountain, and lake, and valley,
 A sacred legend know
Of how the town was saved, one night,
 Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred,
 A Tyrol maid had fled
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
 And toil for daily bread ;
And every year that fled
 So silently and fast
Seemed to bear farther from her
 The memory of the past.

She spoke no more of Bregenz
 With longing and with tears ;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
 In a deep mist of years ;

She heeded not the rumors
Of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose, contented,
To the calm toils of life.

And so she dwelt: the valley
More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
The women gathered round;
All talk of flax, or spinning,
Or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down,
Yet now and then seemed watching
A strange, uncertain gleam
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted;
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
Of an accursed land !

"The night is growing darker;
Ere one more day is flown
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Nothing she heard around her
(Though shouts rang forth again);
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture, and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step, she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed;

She loosed the strong, white charger
That fed from out her hand;
She mounted, and she turned his head
Towards her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy;
Why is her steed so slow?
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

“Faster!” she cries, “Oh, faster!”
Eleven, the church-bells chime:
“O God,” she cries, “help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!”
But, louder than bells ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror:
She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness;
The bank is high and steep;
One pause—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
The steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep banks he bears her,
And now they rush again
Towards the lights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises
To do her honor still.

And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see, in quaint old carving,
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The watcher paces all night long
And calls each passing hour;
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (O, crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies
He calls the maiden's name!

BEGINNING OF PRINTING.

SIR WALTER BESANT.

Who was the first printer?

You may read all the books, as well as the pamphlets and articles; you may consider all the arguments, and in the long run you will know no more than you knew at the beginning about the man that first used movable types.

Perhaps it was Coster of Haarlem, or perhaps it was Gutenberg of Mainz. But no one knows, and really it matters little except for the antiquary and the historian.

At this period some modification in the common method of copying was certain to be invented. It

was by the greatest of good luck, I have always thought, that a sort of shorthand, a representation of words by little easy symbols, was not invented. For instance, supposing a separate symbol for each of the prepositions, articles, and auxiliary verbs, and other separate symbols for the other words, there might be some thousands of symbols in all to be learned by the scribe; but his labor would be reduced to one-tenth. They might have invented some such method. Then, satisfied with the result, we should have gone on for centuries, and the art of printing would still have to be invented.

But the time had come, and the invention, happily, came with it. Had printing been invented two centuries before, it would have been neglected and speedily forgotten, because there was no demand for books. Had it been invented two centuries later, it would have had to contend against some other contrivance for shortening labor and cheapening books.

If an ingenious projector discovers some great truth, or invents some useful contrivance, before or after his time, he is lost—he and his discovery. Thus, in the reign of James the First, a man of great ingenuity contrived a submarine boat—he was before his age. In the middle of the last century another ingenious person discovered a way of sending messages by electricity—he was before his age. In a romance, now a hundred and fifty years old, the possibility of photography was imagined by another person before his age. Men whose ideas are much before their age receive, as their reward, contempt, certainly; imprisonment, probably; and perhaps death in one of its more unpleasant forms.

The generally received story, after all that has been said, is this: There was a certain Johann Gensfleisch von Sorgenloch, called Zum Gutenberg, a man of noble family, who was born in Mainz somewhere about the end of the fourteenth century. He removed from his native town to Strasbourg, where he began experimenting upon wood blocks. He then, with the idea of printing fully defined in his mind, perhaps with type already cut in wood, went back to Mainz and entered into partnership with three others, named Riffe, Heitman, and Dritzchen.

Documents still exist which prove this partnership, and contemporary evidence is clear and strong upon the point that this Gutenberg, and none other, was the inventor of the art. The first partnership was speedily broken up. A second was formed with Fust, or Faust, a goldsmith, and one Peter Schöffer, who seems to have been the working partner. Certainly he improved and carried the art to a high state of perfection.

That it should spread was certain; the work was simple; the press was not a machine which could be kept secret. Before long printers were setting up their presses everywhere. At Bruges the first printer was one Colard Mansion, a native of the place. He was a member of the Fraternity or Guild of St. John. He was himself a writer, or at least a translator, as well as a printer. Caxton followed him in this respect. He printed and published twenty-two works, of which one, called "The Garden of Devotion," was in Latin; the others were all in French except two, which were in English. These two were printed for Caxton.

The first English-printed book was a "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troie"; the second is "The Game and Playe of the Chesse." The second is dedicated to the unfortunate Duke of Clarence: "To the righte noble, righte excellent and vertuous Prince George, Duke of Clarence, Earle of Warwicke and Salisburie, Grete Chamberlayne of Englande and Lieutenant of Ireland, Oldest Brother of Kynge Edward, by the Grace of God Kynge of Englande and of France, your most humble servant William Caxton, amonge other of youre servantes, sendes unto you, Peas, Helthe, Joye and Victorie upon your Enemies."

The "Recuyell," a translation, was completed in 1471. It was not printed until 1474. The conclusion is that Caxton found so great a demand for it that he could not get the book copied quickly enough to meet the demand; that his attention was drawn to the newly invented art, and that he perceived something of the enormous possibilities which it presented. About this time he resigned the post he had held so long; he married a wife, and he entered into the service of the Duchess of Burgundy.

It has been asked in what capacity he served. In no capacity at all. He wore the livery of the duchess; he was attached to the court; he had rooms and rations and some allowance of money; he was a secretary or an interpreter; he conducted the duchess's trade ventures; he was usher of the White Rod, chamberlain, gentleman in waiting—anything. Do not let us be deceived by the word "service" and its modern meaning.

This service lasted a very short time. He left the

court—one knows not why—and he returned, after this long absence, to his native land. Then began the third, the last, the most important chapter of his life. This was in the year 1476. He brought over his presses and his workmen with him; and he settled in Westminster, and again began to print books for the English public.

Bru' ges (jéz), city of Belgium.

Gut' en berg (goo' tén bérġ)

in **gen' lous** (yūs), inventive.

Mainz (mínts), city of Germany.

Re' cuy ell', one form of old English word

"recule," a book.

WISDOM.

THE BIBLE.

Where shall wisdom be found?
 And where is the place of understanding?
 Man knoweth not the price thereof;
 Neither is it found in the land of the living.
 The depth saith, "It is not in me,"
 And the sea saith, "It is not with me."

It can not be gotten for gold,
 Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.
 It can not be valued with the gold of Ophir,
 With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.
 Gold and glass can not equal it:
 Neither shall the exchange thereof be jewels of fine
 gold.

No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls :
 For the price of wisdom is above rubies.
 The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it,
 Neither shall it be valued with pure gold.
 Whence, then, cometh wisdom?
 And where is the place of understanding?
 Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living,
 And kept close from the fowls of the air.

Destruction and Death say,
 "We have heard a rumor thereof with our ears."
 God understandeth the way thereof,
 And He knoweth the place thereof.
 For He looketh to the ends of the earth,
 And seeth under the whole heaven;
 To make a weight for the wind;
 Yea, He meteth out the waters by measure.

When He made a decree for the rain,
 And a way for the lightning of the thunder,
 Then did He see it, and declare it;
 He established it, yea, and searched it out.
 And unto man He said,
 "Behold, the fear of the Lord — that is wisdom;
 And to depart from evil is understanding."

— *Job XXVIII, 12-28.*

E thi o' pia, ancient name of Abyssinian
 empire.

me' teth, measureth.

o' nyx, chalcedony or quartz in parallel layers
 of different colors, suitable for cameos.

O' phir, ancient country rich in
 gold.

to' paz, a precious stone, usually
 clear yellow.

ADVICE TO A FAVORITE NEPHEW.

(FROM A LETTER TO BUSHROD WASHINGTON.¹)

NEWBURGH, January 15, 1783.

Remember that it is not the mere study of the law, but to become eminent in the profession of it, that is to yield honor and profit. The first was your choice; let the second be your ambition. Dissipation is incompatible with both; the company in which you will improve most will be least expensive to you; and yet I am not such a stoic as to suppose that you will, or to think it right that you should, always be in company with senators and philosophers; but of the juvenile kind let me advise you to be choice. It is easy to make acquaintances, but very difficult to shake them off, however irksome and unprofitable they are found, after we have once committed ourselves to them. The indiscretions which very often they involuntarily lead one into prove equally distressing and disgraceful.

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few, and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation.

Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one, and let your hand give in proportion to your purse, remembering always the estimation of the widow's mite, but that it is not every one who asketh that deserveth charity; all, however, are worthy of the inquiry.

¹ Bushrod Washington became an eminent jurist. For thirty years he was a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men, any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain, genteel dress is more admired, and obtains more credit, than lace and embroidery, in the eyes of the judicious and sensible.

The last thing which I shall mention is first in importance, and that is, to avoid gaming. This is a vice which is productive of every possible evil, equally injurious to the morals and health of its votaries. It is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity, and the father of mischief. It has been the ruin of many worthy families, the loss of many a man's honor, and the cause of suicide. To all those who enter the lists, it is equally fascinating. The successful gamester pushes his good fortune till it is overtaken by a reverse. The losing gamester, in hopes of retrieving past misfortunes, goes on from bad to worse, till grown desperate he pushes at everything and loses his all. In a word, few gain by this abominable practice, while thousands are injured.

Perhaps you will say, "My conduct has anticipated the advice," and "Not one of the cases applies to me." I shall be heartily glad of it. It will add not a little to my happiness to find those to whom I am so nearly connected pursuing the right walk of life. It will be the sure road to my favor, and to those honors and places of profit which their country can bestow, as merit rarely goes unrewarded.

I am, dear Bushrod, your affectionate uncle,
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

sto'ic, one who does not give way to
his feelings.

vo'ta ry, one self-devoted to anything.

PEERLESS WASHINGTON.

LORD BYRON.

Where may the wearied eye repose
 When gazing on the great;
 Where neither guilty glory glows,
 Nor despicable state?
 Yes — one — the first — the last — the best —
 The Cincinnatus of the West,
 Whom envy dared not hate,
 Bequeathed the name of Washington,
 To make man blush there was but one!

des' pi ca ble, to be despised; con-
 temptible.

Cin cin na' tus, a Roman hero.

OUR REUNITED COUNTRY.

(SPEECH AT PEACE JUBILEE, CHICAGO, OCTOBER 19, 1898.)

CLARK HOWELL.

In the mountains of my State, in a county remote from the quickening touch of commerce, and railroads, and telegraphs — so far removed that the sincerity of its rugged people flows unpolluted from the spring of nature — two vine-covered mounds, nestled in the solemn silence of a country churchyard, suggest the text of my response to the sentiment to which I am to speak. A serious text, and yet out of it there is life, and peace, and hope, and prosperity, for in the solemn sacrifice of the voiceless grave can the chiefest lesson of the republic be learned and the destiny of its real mission be unfolded.

So bear with me while I lead you to the rust-stained slab, which, for a third of a century—since Chickamauga—has been kissed by the sun as it peeped over the Blue Ridge, melting the tears with which the mourning night had bedewed the inscription :

“Here lies a confederate soldier ;

He died for his country.”

The September day which brought the body of this mountain hero to that home among the hills which had smiled upon his infancy, been gladdened by his youth, and strengthened by his manhood, was an ever-memorable one with the sorrowing concourse of friends and neighbors who followed his shot-riddled body to the grave. And of that number no man gainsaid the honor of his death, lacked full loyalty to the flag for which he fought, or doubted the justice of the cause for which he gave his life.

Thirty-five years have passed ; another war has called its roll of martyrs ; again the old bell tolls from the tower of the settlement church ; another great pouring of sympathetic humanity, and this time the body of a son, wrapped in the stars and stripes, is lowered to its everlasting rest beside that of the father who sleeps in the stars and bars.

There were those there who stood by the grave of the confederate hero years before, and the children of those were there, and of those present no one gainsaid the honor of the death of this hero of El Caney, and none were there but loved, as patriots alone can love, the glorious flag that enshrines the people of a common country as it enshrouds the form that will sleep forever in its blessed folds. And *on this tomb* will be written :

"Here lies the son of a confederate soldier;
He died for his country."

And so it is that between the making of these two graves human hands and human hearts have reached a solution of the vexed problem that has baffled human will and human thought for three decades. Sturdy sons of the South have said to their brothers of the North that the people of the South had long since accepted the arbitrament of the sword to which they had appealed. And likewise the oft-repeated message has come back from the North that peace and good will reigned, and that the wounds of civil dissension were but sacred memories.

Drawing inspiration from the flag of our country, the South has shared not only the dangers but the glories of the war. In the death of brave young Bagley at Cardenas, North Carolina furnished the first blood in the tragedy. It was Victor Blue of South Carolina who, like the Swamp Fox of the Revolution, crossed the fiery path of the enemy at his pleasure, and brought the first official tidings of the situation as it existed in Cuba. It was Brumby, a Georgia boy, the flag lieutenant of Dewey, who first raised the stars and stripes over Manila. It was Alabama that furnished Hobson — glorious Hobson — who accomplished two things the Spanish navy never yet has done — sunk an American ship and made a Spanish man-of-war securely float.

When that great and generous soldier, U. S. Grant, gave back to Lee, crushed, but ever glorious, the sword he had surrendered at Appomattox, that deed said to the people of the South, "You are our brothers." But when the present ruler of our grand

republic, on awakening to the condition of war that confronted him, with his first commission placed the leader's sword in the hands of those gallant confederate commanders, Joseph Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee, he wrote between the lines in living letters of everlasting light the words, "There is but one people of this Union, one flag alone for all."

ar bit'ra ment, decision.

en shrouds', covers as with a shroud.

quick'en ing, life-giving.

un'pol lu'ted, untainted.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

ALEXANDER POPE.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state;
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
 Or who could suffer being here below?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
 O blindness to the future! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by heaven;
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
 Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
 What future bliss He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be, blest.
The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That changed through all, and yet in all the same.
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;

Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns :
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

All nature is but art unknown to thee ;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ;
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good ;
And spite of pride in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree :
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise ;
And even the best by fits what they despise.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite :
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age :
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spreads the flowery lawn.
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.

The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labors of this lord of all.
Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end,
And all of God that bless mankind or mend.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made—
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd.
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
“What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?”
I'll tell you, friend, a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunello.

Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates — that man is great indeed.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know):
“Virtue alone is happiness below.”

. . Never elated while one man's oppress'd ;
 Never dejected while another's bless'd . .

See the sole bliss heaven could on all bestow !
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss, the good untaught will find :
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through Nature up to Nature's God ;
 Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
 Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine :
 Sees that no being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above and some below ;
 Learns from this union of the rising whole
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
 All end, in love of God and love of man.

For him alone hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still and opens on his soul,
 Till lengthened on to faith, and unconfined,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees why nature plants in man alone
 Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown :
 Wise is her present ; she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss ;
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.
 Self love thus pushed to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbor's blessing thine.
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of bliss but height of charity.

ex pa' ti ate (shí), range at large.
ser' aph, an angelic being.

or *dained'*, determined by law.

THE DUKE'S PLOT.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

The duke dined as usual at noon. While he was at dinner he received a letter, was observed to turn pale on reading it, and to conceal it hastily in a muff which he wore on his left arm. The repast finished, he ordered his horse, and, placing himself at the head of his bodyguard and some troopers, numbering, in all, three hundred mounted men, rode out of the palace yard toward the Kipdorp gate.

This portal opened on the road where his troops were stationed. The town was very quiet, the streets almost deserted; for it was one o'clock, the universal dinner hour, and all suspicion had been disarmed by the energetic protestations of the duke.

The guard at the gate looked listlessly upon the cavalcade as it approached, but as soon as Anjou had crossed the first drawbridge, he rose in his stirrups and waved his hand. "There is your city, my lads," said he to the troopers behind him; "go and take possession of it."

At the same time he set spurs to his horse, and galloped off toward the camp. Instantly afterward a gentleman of his suite affected to have broken his leg through the plunging of his horse—a circumstance by which he had been violently pressed against the wall as he entered the gate. The commanding officer at the guard-house stepped kindly forward to render him assistance, and his reward was a desperate thrust from the Frenchman's rapier. As he wore a steel cuirass, he fortunately escaped with a slight wound.

The expression "broken leg" was the watchword, for at one and the same instant the troopers and guardsmen of Anjou set upon the burgher-watch at the gate and killed every man. A sufficient force was left to protect the entrance thus easily mastered, while the rest of the Frenchmen entered the town at full gallop, shrieking, "The city is taken! The city is taken! Long live the Duke of Anjou!" They were followed by their comrades from the camp outside, who now poured into the town at the preconcerted signal, at least six hundred cavalry and three thousand musketeers, all perfectly appointed, entering Antwerp at once.

From the Kipdorp gate two main arteries led quite through the heart of the city toward the town-house and the river beyond. Along these thoroughfares the French soldiers advanced at a rapid pace, the cavalry clattering furiously in the van, shouting, "The city is taken! The city is taken!"

The burghers, coming to door and window to look for the cause of all this disturbance, were saluted with volleys of musketry. They were for a moment astonished, but not appalled, for at first they believed it to be an accidental tumult. Observing, however, that the soldiers were dispersing into dwellings and warehouses, particularly into the shops of the goldsmiths and lapidaries, the citizens remembered the dark suspicions which had been so rife, and many now recalled to mind that distinguished French officers had, during the last few days, been carefully examining the treasures of the jewelers, under the pretext of purchasing, but, as it now appeared, with the intent to rob intelligently.

The burghers, taking this rapid view of their position, flew instantly to arms. Chains and barricades were stretched across the streets; the trumpets sounded through the city; the municipal guards swarmed to the rescue. An effective rally was made, as usual, at the Bourse, whither a large detachment of the invaders had forced their way.

Inhabitants of all classes and conditions, noble and simple, Catholic and Protestant, gave each other the hand and swore to die at each others' sides in defense of their native city against the treacherous strangers. The gathering was rapid and enthusiastic. Gentlemen came with lance and cuirass, burghers with musket and bandoleer, artisans with ax, mallet, and other implements of their trade.

A bold baker standing by his oven—half-clad, as was the custom of the bakers of that day—rushed to the street as the sound of tumult reached his ear. With his heavy bread-shovel, which he still held in his hand, he dealt a French cavalry officer, just riding by, such a hearty blow that he fell dead from his horse. The baker seized the officer's sword, sprang upon his steed, and careered furiously through the streets, encouraging his countrymen everywhere to the attack, and dealing dismay through the ranks of the enemy. His services in that eventful hour were so signal that he was publicly thanked afterward by the magistrates and rewarded with a pension of three hundred florins for life.

The invaders had been forced from the Bourse, while another portion of them had penetrated as far as the market-place. The resistance which they *encountered* became every instant more formidable;

and a leading French officer who was captured acknowledged that no regular troops could have fought more bravely than did those stalwart burghers.

Women and children mounted to roof and window, whence they hurled not only tiles and chimney-pots, but tables, ponderous chairs, and other bulky articles upon the heads of the assailants; while such citizens as had used all their bullets, loaded their pieces with silver buttons from their doublets, or twisted coins with their teeth into ammunition.

Very few of the burghers had perished, and fresh numbers were constantly advancing to the attack. The Frenchmen — blinded, staggering, beaten — attempted to retreat. Many threw themselves from the fortifications into the moat; the rest of the survivors struggled through the streets — falling in large numbers at every step — toward the point at which they had so lately entered the city. Hardly an hour had elapsed from the time when the Duke of Anjou first rode out of the Kipdorp gate before nearly the whole of the force which he had sent to accomplish his base design was either dead or captive.

ban' do leer', broad leather cartridge belt,
or belt to support musket.

cui rass' (kwé rás'), breastplate.

lap' i da ry, worker or dealer in precious
stones.

prot' es ta' tion, solemn declaration.

ra' pi er, a straight sword, used only
for thrusting.

suite (swët), company of attendants.

SHIPWRECKED.

R. L. STEVENSON.

The time I spent upon the island is still so horrible a thought to me that I must pass it lightly over. In all the books I have read of people cast away, either they had their pockets full of tools, or a chest of things would be thrown upon the beach along with them, as if on purpose. My case was very different. I had nothing in my pockets but money and Alan's silver button; and being inland bred, I was as much short of knowledge as of means.

I knew indeed that shellfish were counted good to eat; and among the rocks of the isle I found a great plenty of limpets, which at first I could scarcely strike from their places, not knowing quickness to be needful. There were, besides, some of the little shells that we call buckies; I think periwinkles is the English name. Of these two I made my whole diet, devouring them cold and raw as I found them; and so hungry was I that at first they seemed to me delicious.

Perhaps they were out of season or perhaps there was something wrong in the sea about my island. But at least I had no sooner eaten my first meal than I was seized with giddiness and retching, and lay for a long time no better than dead. A second trial of the same food (indeed I had no other) did better with me and revived my strength. But as long as I was on the island, I never knew what to expect when I had eaten; sometimes all was well, and sometimes I was thrown into a miserable sickness; nor could I ever distinguish what particular

fish it was that hurt me. All day it streamed rain; there was no dry spot to be found; and when I lay down that night, between two boulders that made a kind of roof, my feet were in a bog.

From a little up the hillside over the bay I could catch a sight of the great ancient church and the roofs of the people's houses in Iona. And on the other hand, over the low country of the Ross, I saw smoke go up, morning and evening, as if from a homestead in a hollow of the land.

I used to watch this smoke, when I was wet and cold and had my head half turned with loneliness, and think of the fireside and of the company till my heart burned. Altogether, this sight I had of men's homes and comfortable lives, although it put a point on my own sufferings, yet it kept hope alive, and helped me to eat my raw shellfish (which had soon grown to be a disgust), and saved me from the sense of horror I had whenever I was quite alone with dead rocks, and fowls, and the rain, and the cold sea.

Charles the Second declared a man could stay outdoors more days in the year in the climate of England than in any other. That was very like a king with a palace at his back and changes of dry clothes. But he must have had better luck on his flight from Worcester than I had on that miserable isle. It was the height of summer; yet it rained for more than twenty-four hours, and did not clear until the afternoon of the third day.

There is a pretty high rock on the northwest of Earraid, which (because it had a flat top and overlooked the Sound) I was much in the habit of fre-

quenting; not that I ever stayed in one place, save when asleep, my misery giving me no rest. Indeed, I wore myself down with continual and aimless goings and comings in the rain.

As soon, however, as the sun came out, I lay down on the top of that rock to dry myself. The comfort of the sunshine is a thing I can not tell. It set me thinking hopefully of my deliverance, of which I had begun to despair; and I scanned the sea and the Ross with a fresh interest. On the south of my rock a part of the island jutted out and hid the open ocean, so that a boat could thus come quite near me upon that side and I be none the wiser.

Well, all of a sudden, a coble, with a brown sail and a pair of fishers aboard of it, came flying round that corner of the isle, bound for Iona. I shouted out, and then fell on my knees on the rock and prayed to them. They were near enough to hear—I could even see the color of their hair—and there was no doubt but they observed me, for they cried out in the Gaelic tongue, and laughed. But the boat never turned aside, and flew right on, before my eyes, for Iona.

I could not believe such wickedness, and ran along the shore from rock to rock, crying on them pit-eously; even after they were out of reach of my voice, I still cried and waved to them; and when they were quite gone, I thought my heart would burst.

The next day (which was the fourth of this horrible life of mine) I found my bodily strength run *very* low. But the sun shone, the air was sweet,

and what I managed to eat of the shellfish agreed well with me and revived my courage.

I was scarce back on my rock (where I went always the first thing after I had eaten) before I observed a boat coming down the Sound, and with her head, as I thought, in my direction.

I began at once to hope and fear exceedingly; for I thought these men might have thought better of their cruelty and be coming back to my assistance. But another disappointment, such as yesterday's, was more than I could bear. I turned my back accordingly upon the sea, and did not look again till I had counted many hundreds.

The boat was still heading for the island. The next time I counted the full thousand, as slowly as I could, my heart beating so as to hurt me. And then it was out of all question. She was coming straight to Earraid.

I could no longer hold myself back, but ran to the seaside and out, from one rock to another, as far as I could go. It is a marvel I was not drowned; for when I was brought to a stand at last, my legs shook under me, and my mouth was so dry I must wet it with the sea water before I was able to shout.

All this time the boat was coming on; and now I was able to perceive it was the same boat and the same two men as yesterday. This I knew by their hair, which the one had of bright yellow and the other black. But now there was a third man along with them, who looked to be of a better class.

As soon as they were come within easy speech, they let down their sail and lay quiet. In spite of my supplications, they drew no nearer in, and what

frightened me most of all, the new man tee-heed with laughter as he talked and looked at me.

Then he stood up in the boat and addressed me a long while, speaking fast and with many wavings of his hand. I told him I had no Gaelic; and at this he became very angry, and I began to suspect he thought he was talking English. Listening very close, I caught the word "whateffer" several times; but all the rest was Gaelic, and might have been Greek and Hebrew for me.

"Whatever," said I, to show him I had caught a word.

"Yes, yes — yes, yes," said he, and then he looked at the other men as much as to say, "I told you I spoke English," and began again as hard as ever in the Gaelic.

This time I picked out another word, "tide." Then I had a flash of hope. I remembered he was always waving his hands toward the mainland of the Ross.

"Do you mean when the tide is out——?" I cried, and could not finish.

"Yes, yes," said he. "Tide."

At that I turned tail upon their boat (where my adviser had once more begun to tee-hee with laughter), leaped back the way I had come, from one stone to another, and set off running across the isle as I had never run before. In about half an hour I came out upon the shores of the creek; and, sure enough, it was shrunk into a little trickle of water, through which I dashed, not above my knees, and landed with a shout on the main island.

A sea-bred boy would not have stayed a day on

Earraid, which is only what they call a tidal islet, and, except in the bottom of the neaps, can be entered and left twice in twenty-four hours, either dry-shod or at the most by wading. Even I, who had the tide going out and in before me in the bay, and even watched for the ebbs, the better to get my shellfish—even I (I say), if I had sat down to think, instead of raging at my fate, must have soon guessed the secret and got free.

It was no wonder the fishers had not understood me. The wonder was rather that they had ever guessed my pitiful illusion, and taken the trouble to come back. I had starved with cold and hunger on that island for close upon one hundred hours. But for the fishers I might have left my bones there, in pure folly. And even as it was, I had paid for it pretty dear, not only in past sufferings but in my present case, being clothed like a beggar man, scarce able to walk, and in great pain of my sore throat.

I have seen wicked men and fools—a great many of both—and I believe they both get paid in the end; but the fools first.

co'ble, a flat floored fishing boat.

retch'ing, straining, as in vomiting.

TO A SKYLARK.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth sur-
pass.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden
want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of
pain?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound;
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground.

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

blithe, joyous.

hy'me ne'al, such as is used at wedding.

un'pre med'i ta'ted, not thought out beforehand.

ver'nal, pertaining to the spring.

THE DECORATIVE ARTS.¹

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Our subject for this evening is that great body of art by means of which men have at all times striven to beautify the familiar objects of every-day life. It is a wide subject, a part of the history of the world, and a most helpful instrument to the study of that history.

¹ *Extract from an address delivered before the Trades' Guild of London.*

Such art is a great industry also—a very great industry, indeed—comprising the trades of house-building, of painting, carpentry, blacksmiths' work, pottery, glass-making, weaving, and many others. It is an extensive body of art, most important to the public in general, but still more important to us handicraftsmen, since there is nothing that we fashion which is not thought incomplete till it has had some touch of decoration about it. True, in most cases, we have become so used to the ornamentation that we look upon it as part of the object, and notice it no more than we notice the mosses on sticks with which we light our fires.

So much the worse! The decoration *is* there, or some pretense of it, and has, or ought to have, a use and a meaning. Everything made by the hand of man has form, and this form must be either beautiful or ugly. It is always beautiful if it is in accord with Nature; always ugly if it is discordant with Nature. Now, it is one of the chief uses of decoration, it is the chief part of its alliance with Nature, that the decoration shall always sharpen our dulled senses: for this end are those wonders of intricate patterns interwoven, those strange forms invented—forms and intricacies of design that do not necessarily imitate Nature, but which make the web, or the cup, or the knife, look as natural, nay, as lovely, to our eyes as do green fields, or river banks, or moss-grown boulders. I may summarize this portion of our subject by saying that all ornamentation has two great offices to fulfill: One is to give people pleasure in the things which they must *use*; the other is to give people pleasure in the things they must *make*.

Our subject looks important enough now; for we see that without the decorative arts our few hours of rest would be vacant and uninteresting; our labor would be mere endurance, mere wasting away of body and mind.

As for that last use of these arts, the giving of pleasure to us in our daily work, I scarcely know how to speak strongly enough of it; but we all know what people have said about the curse of labor, and what grievous nonsense are the most of their words thereon, whereas the real enemies of craftsmen have been stupidity and injustice. I am sure no one would think it either a good life or an amusing one to sit with one's hands folded, doing nothing—living like a gentleman, as fools call such a life.

But the dull work of the world must be done, and it is a weary business to set men about such work. Yet permit the arts we are talking of to ornament our labor, and let them be widely spread and well understood by both maker and user—in one word, let them grow *popular*, and there will be nearly an end of wearisome work and its wearing slavery, and no man will any longer have an excuse for not knowing the blessing of labor.

Now, if objection be made that these arts have been the handmaids of luxury, of tyranny, and of superstition, I must admit that the statement is, in a certain sense, true; they have been so abused—as many other excellent things have been. It is also true that, among some nations, their most vigorous times, and their freest, have been the very blossoming *times of genuine art*. I must indeed also acknowl-

edge that the decorative arts have flourished among oppressed peoples, among some who seemed to have no hope of freedom. Yet I do not think that we shall be wrong in concluding that at such times, among those peoples, art at least was free. Whenever it has been gripped by superstition or by luxury it has begun to wither under that grip.

As these arts call people's attention to them in every-day life, so they call attention to the history of that life. No nation, no state of society has been without them. So strong is the bond between history and decoration that in the practice of the latter we can not shake off the influence of the past on what we do in the present. No man, however original his genius, can to-day draw a cloth pattern, or the form of a piece of furniture, without finding such pattern or such form a development or a degradation of designs used hundreds of years ago. It will be found, also, in most cases, that those designs had each a serious meaning, though now they have become little more than a habit of the hand—forms that were once, perhaps, the mysterious symbols of worships and beliefs now very little remembered or wholly forgotten.

All men that have diligently pursued the delightful study of these arts are able to look, as if through windows, on the life of the past; to see the very beginnings of thought among nations which we are unable even to name; to note the origins of civilizations in the terrible empires of the ancient East; to understand the free vigor and intellectual glory of Greece; the heavy weight, the firm grasp of Rome, as well as the fall of her temporal power,

which spread so wide about the world all that good and evil which men can never forget and may never cease to feel. The history of the arts is also interwoven with the clashing of East and West about rich Byzantium; with the rise and waning of Islam; with the Crusades, and the founding of modern European states and the struggles of free thought.

When I think of these facts and of the usefulness of a historical knowledge of art, at a time when history has become so earnest a study among us, at a time when history is no longer considered a record of battles and intrigues of kings and scoundrels, then I ask, should not the fruitful memories of historical art be part of our daily life?

The decorative arts are a part of a great system invented for the expression of human delight in beauty. They have been used by all peoples in all times. They have been the joy of free nations and the solace of oppressed nations. Religion has used and elevated them. They are connected with all history and are impressive teachers of it; and, best of all, they are the lighteners of human labor, both to the artisan, whose life is spent in working in them, and to people in general, who are influenced by the sight of them during every hour of the day. They make our toil happy, our rest fruitful.

Byzan'ti um (bĭ zăn' shĭ ūm), ancient city on site of Constantinople. **hand' i crafts' man**, a man skilled in a trade.

Cru sades', military expeditions undertaken by the Christian powers for the recovery of the Holy Land. **in' tri cate**, complicated. **Is' lam** (iz'), the whole body of Mohammedans, or the countries which they occupy.

STAFF AND SCRIP.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

"Who rules these lands?" the Pilgrim said.

"Stranger, Queen Blanchelys."

"And who has harried them thus?" he said.

"It was Duke Luke did this:

God's ban be his!"

The Queen sat idle by her loom:

She heard the arras stir,

And looked up sadly: through the room

The sweetness wearied her

Of musk and myrrh.

Her women, standing two and two,

In silence combed the fleece.

The Pilgrim said, "Peace be with you,

Lady," and bent his knees.

She answered, "Peace."

"Lady," he said, "your lands lie burned

And waste: to meet your foe

All fear: this I have seen and learned.

Say that it shall be so,

And I will go."

She gazed at him. "Your cause is just,

For I have heard the same,"

He said. "God's strength shall be my trust.

Fall it to good or grame,

'Tis in His name."

“Sir, you are thanked. My cause is dead.
Why should you toil to break
A grave, and fall therein?” she said.
He did not pause, but spake:
“For my vow’s sake.”

“Can such vows be, sir—to God’s ear,
Not to God’s will?” “My vow
Remains: God heard me there as here,”
He said with reverent brow,
“Both then and now.”

They gazed together, he and she,
The minute while he spoke;
And when he ceased, she suddenly
Looked round upon her folk,
As though she woke.

“Fight, sir,” she said. “My prayers in pain
Shall be your fellowship.”
He whispered one among her train:
“To-morrow bid her keep
This staff and scrip.”

Next day till dark the women prayed:
Nor any might know there
How the fight went: The Queen has bade
That there do come to her
No messenger.

“Oh! what is the light that shines so red?
Long since the sun has set,”
Quoth the youngest to the eldest maid;
“’Twas dim but now, and yet
The light is great.”

Quoth the other: “’Tis our sight is dazed
That we see flame in the air.”
But the Queen held her brows and gazed,
And said: “It is the glare
Of torches there.”

“Oh! what are the sounds that rise and spread?
All day it was so still,”
Quoth the youngest to the eldest maid;
“Unto the farthest hill
The air they fill.”

Quoth the other: “’Tis our sense is blurred
With all the chants gone by.”
But the Queen held her breath and heard,
And said: “It is the cry
Of victory.”

The first of all the rout was sound,
The next were dust and flame,
And then the horses shook the ground:
And in the thick of them
A still band came.

“Oh, what do ye bring out of the fight,
Thus hid beneath these boughs?”
“Thy conquering guest returns to-night,
And yet shall not carouse,
Queen, in thy house.”

“Uncover ye his face,” she said.
“O changed in little space!”
She cried, “O pale that was so red!”
O God, O God of grace!
Cover his face.”

Then stepped a damsel to her side
And spoke, and needs must weep:
“For his sake, lady, if he died,
He prayed of thee to keep
This staff and scrip.”

A FAREWELL.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray:
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble deeds, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

ROAST PIG.

CHARLES LAMB.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his "Mundane Mutations," where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following :

The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished.

China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement,

which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand.

Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!*

Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious. Surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel.

Finding how affairs stood he began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconvenience he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"Oh, father, the pig, the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and, fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out: "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father; only taste—O, Um-m-m!" with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorched his fingers,

as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about.

It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box.

He handled it, and they all handled it; and burned their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had *done before them*; and nature prompting to each of

them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the jury box, and without any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of not guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision, and, when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town house was observed to be on fire.

Thus this custom of firing houses continued till, in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting came in a century or two later. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

an' te di lu' vi an, relating to the period **neth'er**, lower.

before the deluge in Noah's time.

cal' lous, hardened.

con' fla gra' tion, a great fire.

con' ster na' tion, alarm; terror.

mast, nuts; acorns.

pre mon' i to ry, giving previous warning.

re trib' u to ry, designed for punishment.

si' mul ta' ne ous, happening at the same time.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

ALICE CARY.

O, good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you:

Woods and cornfields, a little brown—
The picture must not be over-bright,
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.

Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
Under their tassels; cattle near,
Biting shorter the short, green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around—
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)

These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,

And fair young faces all ablush :

Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me ;
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words ;
Yet one word tells you all I would say —
She is my mother ; you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee .
You must paint, sir ; one like me,
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise ;
At ten years old he went to sea —
God knoweth if he be living now ;
He sailed in the good ship "Commodore"—
Nobody ever crossed her track

To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck ;

I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far —
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
The first half-hour, the great yellow star
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see,
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax field grew —
Dead at the top — just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its handbreath of shadow day after day.
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs;
The other a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat;
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.

Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?

If you can, pray have the grace

To put it solely in the face

Of the urchin that is likest me:

I think 'twas solely mine, indeed;

But that's no matter — paint it so;

The eyes of our mother (take good heed)

Looking not on the nestful of eggs,

Nor the fluttering bird, held fast by the legs,

But straight through our faces down to our lies,

And, oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise!

I felt my heart bleed where that glance went,
as though

A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know

That you on the canvas are to repeat

Things that are fairest, things most sweet —

Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree;

The mother; the lads, with their bird, at her knee;

But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!

High as the heavens your name I'll shout

If you paint me the picture and leave that out.

WHEN THE YEAR IS YOUNG.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

The old chroniclers made the year begin in the season of frosts, and they have launched us on the current of the months from the snowy banks of January. I love better to count time from spring to spring; it seems to me far more cheerful to reckon the year by blossoms than by blight.

Bernardin de St. Pierre, in his sweet story of Virginia, makes the bloom of the cocoa tree or the growth of the banana a yearly and a loved monitor of the passage of her life. How cold and cheerless in the comparison would be the icy chronology of the North—so many years have I seen the lakes locked and the foliage die!

The budding and blooming of spring seem to belong properly to the opening of the months. It is the season of the quickest expansion, of the warmest blood, of the readiest growth; it is the boy-age of the year. The birds sing in chorus in the spring—just as children prattle; the brooks run full—like the overflow of young hearts; the showers drop easily—as young tears flow; and the whole sky is as capricious as the mind of a boy.

Between tears and smiles, the year, like the child, struggles into the warmth of life. The old year—say what the chronologists will—lingers upon the very lap of spring, and is only fairly gone when the blossoms of April have strewn their pall of glory upon his tomb and the bluebirds have chanted their *requiem*.

It always seems to me as if an access of life came with the melting of the winter's snows; and as if every rootlet of grass that lifted its first green blade from the matted débris of the old year's decay bore my spirit upon it, nearer to the largess of heaven.

I love to trace the break of spring step by step; I love even those long rain-storms that sap the icy fortresses of the lingering winter—that melt the snows upon the hills and swell the mountain brooks—that make the pools heave up their glassy cements of ice, and hurry down the crashing fragments into the wastes of ocean.

I love the gentle thaws that you can trace, day by day, by the stained snow-banks, shrinking from the grass; and by the gentle drip of the cottage eaves. I love to search out the sunny slopes by a southern wall, where the reflected sun does double duty to the earth, and where the frail anemone or the faint blush of the arbutus, in the midst of the bleak March atmosphere, will touch your heart like a hope of heaven in a field of graves!

Later come those soft, smoky days; when the patches of winter grain show green under the shelter of leafless woods, and the last snowdrifts, reduced to shrunken skeletons of ice, lie upon the slope of northern hills, leaking away their life.

Then the grass at your door grows into the color of the sprouting grain, and the buds upon the lilacs swell and burst. The peaches bloom upon the wall, and the plums wear bodices of white. The sparkling oriole picks strings for his hammock on the sycamore, and the sparrows twitter in pairs. The old

elms throw down their dingy flowers and color their spray with green; and the brooks, where you throw your worm or the minnow, float down whole fleets of the crimson blossoms of the maple.

Finally, the oaks step into the opening quadrille of spring, with grayish tufts of a modest verdure, which, by and by, will be long and glossy leaves. The dogwood pitches his broad, white tent in the edge of the forest; the dandelions lie along the hillocks like stars in a sky of green, and the wild cherry, growing in all the hedgerows without other culture than God's, lifts up to Him, thankfully, its tremulous white fingers.

Amid all this come the rich rains of spring. The affections of a boy grow up with tears to water them, and the year blooms with showers. But the clouds hover over an April sky, timidly—like shadows upon innocence. The showers come gently, and drop daintily to the earth—with now and then a glimpse of sunshine to make the drops bright.

The rain of winter is cold, and it comes in bitter scuds that blind you; but the rain of April steals upon you coyly, half reluctantly, yet lovingly, like the steps of a bride to the altar.

It does not gather like the storm-clouds of winter, gray and heavy along the horizon, and creep with subtle and insensible approaches (like age) to the very zenith; but there are a score of white-winged swimmers afloat, that your eye has chased, as you lay fatigued with the delicious languor of an April sun; nor have you scarce noticed that a little bevy of those floating clouds had grouped together in a somber company. But, presently, you

see across the fields the dark gray streaks stretching, like lines of mists, from the green bosom of the valley to that spot of sky where the company of clouds is loitering; and with an easy shifting of the helm, the fleet of swimmers come drifting over you, and drop their burden into the dancing pools, and make the flowers glisten, and the eaves drip with their crystal bounty.

a nem' o ne, windflower.

ar' bu tus, mayflower.

chron' i eler, historian.

chro nol' o gy, manner of reckoning time.

de' bris' (dǎ'brě'), rubbish; remains.

lan' guor (gwě'r), feeling of indolence.

re' qui em, music for the dead.

THE STRANGE CHAMPION.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a loud note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made.

His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *desdichado*, signifying "the disinherited." He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospitaller's shield; he has the least sure seat—he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am far fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight, for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-

Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun, for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured at once the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning and closed in the center of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backward upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demi-volte, and, retiring to

the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

Shouts from the spectators, the waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter, the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their stations than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations and closed in the center of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter the Templar aimed at the center of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance toward Bois-Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle

burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. In their eagerness to renew the conflict both combatants forgot for the moment the rules of chivalry. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist, "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with ax, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More words and angrier ones would have been exchanged, but the marshals, promptly crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he

quaffed it "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in fine sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, Adsum*. Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter, with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful, striking that baron so forcibly on the casque that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat, with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering

his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont, the last of the challengers, summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of the thousands of spectators applauded the unanimous award of the prince and the marshals announcing that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight.

SANTA CLARA COUNTY
TEACHERS' LIBRARY

No. _____

LIFE'S MEASURE.

BEN JONSON.

For what is life, if measured by the space,
Not by the act?
Or maskèd man, if valued by his face,
Above his fact?
Here's one outlived his peers,
And told forth four-score years;
He vexèd time, and busied the whole State;
Troubled both foes and friends;
But ever to no ends:

What did this stirrer but die late?
How well at twenty had he fallen or stood!
For three of his four score he did no good.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear;
A lily of the day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

CONVERSATION.

O. W. HOLMES.

There is a perfect consciousness in every form of wit—using that term in its general sense—that its essence consists in a partial and incomplete view of whatever it touches. It throws a single ray, separated from the rest—red, yellow, blue, or any intermediate shade—upon an object; never white light; that is the province of wisdom. We get beautiful effects from wit—all the prismatic colors—but never the object as it is in fair daylight. A pun, which is a kind of wit, is a different and much shallower trick in mental optics; throwing the *shadows* of two objects so that one overlies the other. Poetry

uses the rainbow tints for special effects, but always keeps its essential objects in the purest white light of truth.

Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them. Good breeding *never* forgets that self-love is universal. When you read the story of the Archbishop and Gil Blas, you may laugh, if you will, at the poor old man's delusion; but don't forget that the youth was the greater fool of the two, and that his master served such a booby rightly in turning him out of doors.

Neither make too much of flaws and occasional overstatements. Some persons seem to think that absolute truth, in the form of rigidly stated propositions, is all that conversation admits. This is precisely as if a musician should insist on having nothing but perfect chords and simple melodies, no diminished fifths, no flat sevenths, no flourishes, on any account. Now, it is fair to say that, just as music must have all of these, so conversation must have its partial truths, its embellished truths, its exaggerated truths. It is, in its higher forms, an artistic product, and admits the ideal element as much as pictures or statues.

Remember that talking is one of the fine arts, the noblest, the most important, and the most difficult, and that its fluent harmonies may be spoiled

by the intrusion of a single harsh note. Therefore, conversation which is suggestive rather than argumentative, which lets out the most of each talker's results of thought, is commonly the pleasantest and the most profitable. It is not easy, at the best, for two persons talking together to make the most of each other's thoughts, there are so many of them.

(The company looked as if they wanted an explanation.)

When John and Thomas, for instance, are talking together, it is natural enough that among the six there should be more or less confusion and misapprehension.

(Our landlady turned pale; no doubt she thought there was a screw loose in my intellect, and that involved the probable loss of a boarder.)

I think, I said, I can make it plain that there are at least six personalities distinctly to be recognized as taking part in that dialogue between John and Thomas:

- | | | |
|-----------------|---|---|
| Three Johns: | { | 1. The real John; known only to his Maker. |
| | { | 2. John's ideal John; never the real one, and often very unlike him. |
| | { | 3. Thomas's ideal John; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either. |
| Three Thomases: | { | 1. The real Thomas. |
| | { | 2. Thomas's ideal Thomas. |
| | { | 3. John's ideal Thomas. |

Only one of the three Johns is taxed; only one can be weighed on a platform balance; but the other

two are just as important in the conversation. Let us suppose the real John to be old, dull, and ill-looking. But as the Higher Powers have not conferred on men the gift of seeing themselves in the true light, John very possibly conceives himself to be youthful, witty, and fascinating, and talks from the point of this ideal. Thomas, again, believes him to be an artful rogue, we will say; therefore he *is*, as far as Thomas's attitude in the conversation is concerned, an artful rogue, though really simple and stupid. The same conditions apply to the three Thomases. It follows that, until a man can be found who knows himself as his Maker knows him, or who sees himself as others see him, there must be at least six persons engaged in every dialogue between two. Of these, the least important, philosophically speaking, is the one that we have called the real person. No wonder two disputants often get angry, when there are six of them talking and listening all at the same time.

A very unphilosophical application of the above remarks was made by a young fellow answering to the name of John, who sits near me at table. A certain basket of peaches, a rare vegetable, little known to boarding-houses, was on its way to me *via* this unlettered Johannes. He appropriated the three that remained in the basket, remarking that there was just one apiece for him. I convinced him that his practical inference was hasty and illogical, but in the meantime he had eaten the peaches.

In talking to any of the characters above referred to, one not infrequently finds a sudden change in the style of the conversation. The lack-luster eye,

rayless as a door-plate in August, all at once fills with light; the little man grows in stature before your eyes; you were talking with a dwarf and an imbecile—you have a giant and a trumpet-tongued angel before you!

Gil Blas (zhēi biā), hero of a famous romance. **im' be cille** (sīl), a weak-minded person.

THE DEATH OF SAMSON.

JOHN MILTON.

[The "Samson Agonistes" has a peculiar interest because it is supposed to reflect Milton's view of his own condition of life. An intellectual Titan, holding with clear discernment the faith of his divine vocation to show men the truth, Milton, in his old age, stood alone among men in the majesty of his strength. He was a blind Samson among the Philistines of a dissolute court, and was deserted by the time-servers of his own religious family. He would fain have the labors of his own life end in pulling down the pillars of the false temples of profligacy, dishonor, and untruth. We may therefore read his own aspirations in "The Death of Samson."—See Judges xvi, 23-30.]

Immediately

Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels; on each side went armed guards, -
Both horse and foot; before him and behind
Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamoring their God with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.

He, patient but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be essayed,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed —

All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length, for intermission sake, they led him
Between the pillars ; he his guide requested,
As overtired, to let him lean awhile
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the archèd roof gave main support.
He, unsuspecting, led him ; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,
And eyes fast fixed, he stood as one who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved :
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud :
“Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld :
Now, of my own accord, such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.”

This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed ;
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsions to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath —
Lords, ladies, captains, counselors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immixed, inevitably
Pulled down the same destruction on himself ;
The vulgar only 'scap'd who stood without.



THE PLEASURES OF HOME.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

It may well be doubted which is more delightful—to start for a holiday which has been well earned, or to return home from one which has been thoroughly enjoyed; to find one's self, with renewed vigor, with a new store of memories and ideas, back once more by one's own fireside, with one's family, friends, and books.

“To sit at home,” says Leigh Hunt, “with an old book of romantic yet credible voyages and travels to read, an old bearded traveler for its hero, a fireside in an old country house to read it by, curtains drawn, and just wind enough stirring out of doors to make an accompaniment to the billows or forests we are reading of—this surely is one of the perfect moments of existence.”

It is no doubt a great privilege to visit foreign countries; to travel, say, in Mexico or Peru, or to cruise among the Pacific islands; but still, in some respects, the narratives of observant early travelers, the histories of Prescott, or the voyages of Captain Cook are even more interesting; describing to us, as they do, a state of society which was then so unlike ours, but which has been much changed and civilized. Thus we may make our daily travels interesting, even though, like the Vicar of Wakefield's family, all our adventures are by our own fireside, and all our migrations from one room to another. We may indeed secure for ourselves endless variety without leaving our own homes.

The succession of seasons multiplies every home. How different is the view from our own windows as we look on the tender green of spring, the rich foliage of summer, the glorious tints of autumn, or the delicate tracery of winter! In our happy climate, even in the worst months of the year, "calm mornings of sunshine visit us at times, appearing like glimpses of departed spring amid the wilderness of wet and windy days that lead to winter. It is pleasant, when these interludes of silvery light occur, to ride into the woods and see how wonderful are all the colors of decay. Overhead, the elms and chestnuts hang their wealth of golden leaves, while the beeches darken into russet tones, and the wild cherry glows like blood-red wine.

"In the hedges crimson haws and scarlet hips are wreathed with hoary clematis or necklaces of coral briony berries; the brambles burn with many-colored flames; the dogwood is bronzed to purple; and here and there the spindle-wood puts forth its fruit, like knots of rosy buds, on delicate frail twigs. Underneath lie fallen leaves, and the brown brake rises to our knees as we tread the forest paths."¹ Nay, every day gives us a succession of glorious pictures in never-ending variety.

It is remarkable how few people seem to derive any pleasure from the beauty of the sky. Gray, after describing a sunrise, tells how it began with a slight "whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue; all at once, a little line of insufferable brightness that, before I can write these words, was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen."

¹ Gray's Letters.

From the dawn of poetry the splendors of the morning and evening skies have excited the admiration of mankind. But we are especially indebted to Ruskin for making us see more vividly these glorious sky pictures. As he says, in language almost as brilliant as the sky itself, the whole heaven, "from the zenith to the horizon, becomes one molten, mantling sea of color and fire; every black bar turns into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied, shadowless crimson, and purple, and scarlet, and colors for which there are no words in language and no ideas in the mind—things which can only be conceived while they are visible; the intense hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all, showing here deep, and pure, and lightness; there, modulated by the filmy, formless body of the transparent vapor, till it is lost imperceptibly in its crimson and gold."

It is in some cases, indeed, "not color but conflagration," and though the tints are richer and more varied toward morning and at sunset, the glorious kaleidoscope goes on all day long. Yet "it is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part in creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

"There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose

of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

"And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure."¹

Nor does the beauty end with the day. For my part I always regret the custom of shutting up our rooms in the evening, as though there was nothing worth looking at outside.

What, however, can be more beautiful than to "look how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," or to see the moon journeying in calm and silver glory through the night? And even if we do not feel that "the man who has seen the rising moon break out of the clouds at midnight has been present like an archangel at the creation of light and of the world,"² still "the stars say something significant to all of us, and each man has a whole hemisphere of them, if he will but look up, to counsel and befriend him,"³ for it is not so much, as he elsewhere observes, "in guiding us over the seas of our little planet, but out of the dark waters of our own perturbed minds, that we may make to ourselves the most of your significance."⁴ Indeed,

¹ Ruskin. ² Emerson. ³ Helps. ⁴ *Ibid.*

“How beautiful is night !
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air ;
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
 Breaks the serene of heaven :
 In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark blue depths ;
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert circle spreads,
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
 How beautiful is night !”¹

I have never wondered at those who worshiped the sun and moon. On the other hand, when all outside is dark and cold ; when, perhaps,

“Outside fall the snowflakes lightly ;
 Through the night loud raves the storm ;
 In my room the fire glows brightly,
 And 'tis cosy, silent, warm.

“Musing sit I on the settle
 By the firelight's cheerful blaze,
 Listening to the busy kettle
 Humming long-forgotten lays.”²

For, after all, the true pleasures of home are not without, but within, and “the domestic man who loves no music so well as his own kitchen clock, and the airs which the logs sing to him as they burn on the hearth, has solaces which others never dream of.”³

ka lei' do scope (ká lî' dō scōp), an instrument which exhibits bits of colored glass by reflection in constantly changing designs; hence, anything that shows constantly changing color.

arch'an' gel, chief angel.
pat' ine, a plate.

¹ Southey. ² Heine. ³ Wadsworth.

THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

“There is no God,” the foolish saith,
But none, “There is no sorrow”;
And Nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow.
Eyes which the preacher could not school
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, “God be pitiful,”
Who ne’er said, “God be praised.”
Be pitiful, O God!

The tempest stretches from the steep
The shadow of its coming;
The beasts grow tame, and near us creep,
As help were in the human:
Yet, while the cloud-wheels roll and grind,
We spirits tremble under—
The hills have echoes; but we find
No answer for the thunder.
Be pitiful, O God!

The curse of gold upon the land
The lack of bread enforces;
The rail-cars snort from strand to strand,
Like more of death’s white horses!
The rich preach “rights” and future days,
And hear no angel scoffing;
The poor die mute, with starving gaze
On corn-ships in the offing.
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit together, with the skies,
The steadfast skies, above us ;
We look into each other's eyes,
“And how long will you love us?”
The eyes grow dim with prophecy,
The voices low and breathless—
“Till death us part!”—O words, to be
Our *best* for love the deathless!
Be pitiful, O God!

We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed ;
Our tears drop on the lips that said
Last night, “Be stronger-hearted!”
O God, to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!
To see a light upon such brows
Which is the daylight only!
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit on hills our childhood wist,
Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding ;
The sun strikes through the farthest mist,
The city's spire to golden :
The city's golden spire it was
When hope and health were strongest ;
But now it is the churchyard grass
We look upon the longest.
Be pitiful, O God!

And soon all vision waxeth dull ;
Men whisper, “He is dying” ;
We cry no more, “Be pitiful !”
We have no strength for crying—

No strength, no need. Then, Soul of mine,
Look up and triumph rather ;
Lo ! in the depth of God's Divine,
The Son adjures the Father,
BE PITIFUL, O God !

THE NEW SOUTH.

HENRY W. GRADY.

“There was a South of secession and slavery—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South is living, breathing, growing, every hour.”

I accept the term, “The New South,” as in no sense disparaging to the Old. Dear to me are the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. There is a New South, not through protest against the Old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself. You have just heard an eloquent description of the triumphant armies of the North and the grand review at Washington.

I ask you, gentlemen, to picture, if you can, the foot-sore soldier, who, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was taken, testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds.

Having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find? let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find all the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for your four years' sacrifice—what does he find when he reaches the home he left four years before?

He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves freed, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone, without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold—does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had scourged him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity! As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter.

The soldiers stepped from the trenches into the furrow; the horses that had charged upon General Sherman's line marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June. From the ashes left us

in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; and somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes and have builded therein not one single ignoble prejudice or memory.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. On the record of her social, industrial, and political restoration we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading into the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair in her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity.

As she stands full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon an expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, in the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was

crossed and her brave armies were beaten. This is said in no spirit of time-serving and apology. The South has nothing to take back; nothing for which she has excuses to make.

In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain white shaft. Deep cut into its shining sides is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his patriot's death.

But now, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His almighty hand and that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. What answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudices of war to remain in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered about the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with peace, touching his lips with praise, and glori-

fyng his path to the grave—will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed, a benediction or a cheat and a delusion?

If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal. But if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered to this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever."

There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment—

"Those opened eyes

Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way."

ol' i garch, one of the few having
supreme power of government
in an aristocracy.

om nis' cient (nīsh'), all-knowing.
se ces' sion (sēsh'), withdrawal (from the
Union.)

IO VICTIS!

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the
battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died
overwhelmed in the strife—
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the
resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore
the chaplet of fame,
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the
weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent
and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches; whose
hopes burned in ashes away;
From whose hands slipped the prize they had
grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the wreck of their life all around them, un-
pitied, unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and
all but their faith overthrown.
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus—its
pæan for those who have won—
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high
to the breeze and the sun
Glad banners are waving, hands clapping, and hur-
rying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand
on the field of defeat,
In the shadow, with those who are fallen, and
wounded, and dying, and there

Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-
 knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
 Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They
 only the victory win
 Who have fought the good fight and have van-
 quished the demon that tempts us within;
 Who have held to their faith unseduced by the
 prize that the world holds on high;
 Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist,
 fight—if need be, to die."

Speak, History! who are life's victors? unroll thy
 annals and say.

Are they those whom the world called the victors—
 who won the success of a day?

The Martyrs or Nero? The Spartans, who fell at
 Thermopylæ's tryst,

Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates?
 Pilate or Christ?

I' o vic' tis (é'o), hurrah for the vanquished!

tryst, meeting.

Nothing has such power to broaden the mind as
 the ability to investigate systematically and truly
 all that comes under thy observation.

—MARCUS AURELIUS.

JOAN OF ARC.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

What is to be thought of *her*? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings?

The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them from a station of good will, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a byword among his posterity for a thousand years, until the scepter was departing from Judah.

The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang the songs that rose in her native Domremy as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was

then silent. No! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* truth, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man.

Coronets for thee! O no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee! When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries.

To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long! Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long.

This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold; the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation; the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile

faces all around; the pitying eye that lurked but here and there; until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future, but the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard forever.

THE OLD MINSTREL.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FROM THE "LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses gray
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.

The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne
He caroled, light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in halls, a welcome guest,
He poured to lord and lady gay
The unpremeditated lay.

Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower;
The minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step at last
The embattled portal-arch he passed,
Whose ponderous gate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.

The duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell
That they should tend the old man well;
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride:

And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, rest him, God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode:
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:

And would the noble duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained,
The aged minstrel audience gained;
But when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied;
For when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain!

The pitying duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then he said he would full fain

He could recall an ancient strain
He never thought to sing again.
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his head and smiled;
And lighted up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstasy!

In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied.

big'ot, one prejudiced in favor of one's
own opinion.

mien (mĕn), bearing; manner.
men'ial (yal), a servant.

WHAT IS BETTER THAN SLAYING A DRAGON.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

The island of Rhodes had become the home of
the Knights of St. John, or Hospitallers, an order of
sworn brethren who had arisen at the time of the

Crusades. At first they had been merely monks, who kept open house for the reception of the poor penniless pilgrims who arrived at Jerusalem in need of shelter, and often of nursing and healing. The good monks not only fed and housed them, but did their best to cure the many diseases that they would catch in the toilsome journey in that feverish climate; and thus it has come to pass that the word *hospitium*, which in Latin only means an inn, has, in modern languages, given birth, on the one hand, to *hotel*, or lodging-house; on the other, to *hospital*, or house of healing.

The hospital at Jerusalem was called after St. John the Almoner, a charitable bishop of old, and the brethren were Hospitallers. By and by, when the first Crusade was over, and there was a great need of warriors to maintain the Christian cause in Jerusalem, the Hospitallers thought it a pity that so many strong arms should be prevented from exerting themselves, by the laws that forbade the clergy to do battle, and they obtained permission from the Pope to become warriors as well as monks. They were thus all in one—knights, priests, and nurses; their monasteries were both castles and hospitals; and the sick pilgrim or wounded Crusader was sure of all the best tendance and medical care that the times could afford, as well as of all the ghostly comfort and counsel that he might need, and, if he recovered, he was escorted safely down to the sea-shore by a party strong enough to protect him from the hordes of robber Arabs.

All this was for charity's sake, and without reward. Surely the constitution of the order was as

golden as its badge—the eight-pointed cross—which the brethren wore suspended from their neck. They wore it also in white over their shoulders upon a black mantle. And the knights who had been admitted to the full honors of the order had a scarlet surcoat, likewise the white cross, over their armor. The whole brotherhood was under the command of a Grand Master, who was elected in a chapter of all the knights, and to whom all vowed to render implicit obedience.

Good service in all their three capacities had been done by the order as long as the Crusaders were able to keep a footing in the Holy Land; but they were driven back step by step, and at last, in 1291, their last stronghold at Acre was taken, after much desperate fighting, and the remnant of the Hospitalliers sailed away to the isle of Cyprus, where, after a few years, they recruited their forces, and, in 1307, captured the island of Rhodes, which had been a nest of Greek and Mahometan pirates.

Here they remained, hoping for a fresh crusade to recover the Holy Sepulcher, and in the meantime fulfilling their old mission as the protectors and nurses of the weak.

All the Mediterranean Sea was infested by corsairs from the African coast and the Greek isles, and these brave knights, becoming sailors as well as all they had been before, placed their red flag with its white cross at the masthead of many a gallant vessel that guarded the peaceful traveler, hunted down the cruel pirate, and brought home his Christian slave, rescued from laboring at the oar, to the hospital for rest and tendance.

Or, their treasures were used in redeeming the captives in the pirate cities. No Knight of St. John might offer any ransom for himself save his sword and scarf; but for the redemption of their poor fellow-Christians their wealth was ready, and many a captive was released from toiling in Algiers or Tripoli, or, still worse, from rowing the pirate vessels, chained to the oar, between the decks, and was restored to health and returned to his friends.

Some eighteen years after the conquest of Rhodes the whole island was filled with dismay by the ravages of an enormous creature, living in a morass at the foot of Mount St. Stephen, about two miles from the city of Rhodes. Tradition calls it a dragon, and whether it were a crocodile or a serpent is uncertain.

There is a reason to think that the monsters of early creation were slow in becoming extinct; or it is not impossible that either a crocodile or a python might have been brought over by storms or currents from Africa, and have grown to a more formidable size than usual among the marshes, while the island was changing owners. The reptile, whatever it was, became the object of extreme dread; it devoured sheep and cattle, and even shepherd boys were often missing.

Several knights had gone out to attempt the destruction of the creature, but not one had returned, and at last the Grand Master, Helion de Villeneuve, forbade any further attacks to be made.

However, a young knight, named Dieudonné de Gozon, was by no means willing to acquiesce in the decree; perhaps all the less because it came after

he had once gone out in quest of the monster, but had returned, by his own confession, without striking a blow. He requested leave of absence, and went home for a time to his father's castle of Gozon, in Languedoc, and there he caused a model of the monster to be made.

He had observed that the scales did not protect the animal's underside, though it was almost impossible to get a blow at it, owing to its tremendous teeth and the furious strokes of its powerful tail. He therefore caused this part of his model to be made hollow, and filled with food, and obtaining two fierce young mastiffs, he trained them to fly at the underside of the monster, while he mounted his war-horse, and endeavored to accustom him to attack the strange shape without swerving.

When he thought the education of horse and dogs complete, he returned to Rhodes; but fearing to be prevented from carrying out his design, he did not land at the city, but on a remote part of the coast, whence he made his way to the chapel of St. Stephen. There, after having recommended himself to God, he left his two French squires, desiring them to return home if he were slain, but to watch and come to him if he killed the dragon, or were only hurt by it.

He then rode down the hillside, and toward the haunt of the fearful monster. It roused itself at his advance, and at first he charged it with his lance, which was perfectly useless against the scales. His horse was quick to perceive the difference between the true and the false monster, and started back, so that the knight was forced to leap to the ground.

but the two dogs were more stanch, and sprang at the animal, whilst their master struck at it with his sword. He failed to reach a vulnerable part, and a blow from the tail had thrown him down, and the dragon was turning upon him, when the movement left the scaleless portion exposed.

Both mastiffs fastened on it at once, and the knight, regaining his feet, thrust his sword into it. There was a death grapple, and finally the servants, coming down the hillside, found their knight lying apparently dead under the carcass of the dragon. When they had extricated him, taken off his helmet, and sprinkled him with water, he recovered, and was led into the city amid the ecstatic shouts of the whole populace, who conducted him in triumph to the palace of the Grand Master.

We borrow Schiller's beautiful version of the conversation that took place, as the young knight, pale, with his black mantle rent, his shining armor dented, his scarlet surcoat stained with blood, came into the Knights' Great Hall:

Severe and grave was the master's brow.
Quoth he, "A hero bold art thou ;
By valor 'tis that knights are known ;
A valiant spirit hast thou shown ;
But the first duty of a knight,
Now tell, who vows for CHRIST to fight
And bears the cross on his coat of mail."
The listeners all with fear grew pale,
While, bending lowly, spake the knight,
His cheeks with blushes burning :
"He who the cross would bear aright
Obedience must be learning."

Even after hearing the account of the conflict,
the Grand Master did not abate his displeasure:

“My son, the spoiler of the land
Lies slain by thy victorious hand—
Thou art the people’s god, but so
Thou art become thine order’s foe;
A deadlier foe thine heart has bred
Than that which by thy hand is dead;
A serpent still the heart defiling,
To ruin and to strife beguiling.
It is that spirit rash and bold,
That scorns the bands of order;
Rages against them uncontrolled
Till earth is in disorder.

“Courage by Saracens is shown,
Submission is the Christian’s own;
And where our Savior, high and holy,
Wandered a pilgrim poor and lowly
Upon that ground with mystery fraught,
The fathers of our order taught
The duty hardest to fulfill
Is to give up our own self-will—
Thou art elate with glory vain.
Away then from my sight!
Who can his Savior’s yoke distain,
Bears not his cross aright.”

An angry cry burst from the crowd,
The hall rang with their tumult loud;
Each knightly brother prayed for grace,
The victor downward bent his face,
Aside his cloak in silence laid,
Kissed the Grand Master’s hand, nor stayed.

The master watched him from the hall,
 Then summoned him with loving call:
 "Come to embrace me, noble son;
 Thine is the conquest of the soul.
 Take up the cross, now truly won
 By meekness and by self-control."

The probation of Dieudonné is said to have been somewhat longer than the poem represents, but after the claims of discipline had been established, he became a favorite with stern old Villeneuve, and the dragon's head was set up over the gate of the city. The name of Rhodes is said to come from a Phœnician word meaning serpent, and the Greeks called Rhodes the isle of serpents, two facts seemingly in favor of the truth of the story.

ac' qui esce' (qui ɛs') agree to; make no
 objection to.
dis tain', stain; sully.

ec stat' ic, supremely or wildly joyful.
cor' sair, a pirate.
sur' coat', a great coat.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadeast piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt whatever that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his own ramparts, than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot—say Saint Paul's Churchyard, for instance—literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterward, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. In calm or storm he was the same. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are

you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and, when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts, and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather, foggy withal, and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already—it had not been light all day—and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without that, although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled with cheerfulness, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle?" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure!"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew gayly; "what right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge, having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said "Bah!" again, and followed it up with "Humbug!"

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas-time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books, and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then!" said Scrooge. "Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew, "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas-time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and

to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good ; and I say, God bless it !”

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded. Becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark forever.

“Let me hear another sound from *you*,” said Scrooge, “and you’ll keep your Christmas by losing your situation ! You’re quite a powerful speaker, sir,” he added, turning to his nephew. “I wonder you don’t go into Parliament.”

“Don’t be angry, uncle. Come ! Dine with us to-morrow.”

Scrooge said that he would see him hanged ; yes, he did, indeed. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

“But why ?” cried Scrooge’s nephew. “Why ?”

“Why did you get married ?” said Scrooge.

“Because I fell in love.”

“Because you fell in love !” growled Scrooge, as if that were the only thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. “Good afternoon !”

“Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now ?”

“Good afternoon,” said Scrooge.

“I want nothing from you ; I ask nothing of you ; why can not we be friends ?”

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So a merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"And a happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge, for he returned them cordially.

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge, who overheard him; "my clerk with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas! I'll retire to Bedlam."

Bed' lam, madhouse; insane asylum.
cov'et ous, wishing to get what belongs
 to others.
mo rose', sullen.
pal'pa ble, that which can be seen.
rime, white frost.

re sid' u ary leg' a tee', one who
 inherits what remains after other
 legacies are paid.
sim' i le, expression of likeness; com-
 parison.

Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best.

— SMITH.

ETERNAL JUSTICE.

THEODORE PARKER.

Do you know how empires find their end? Yes, the great states eat up the little. As with fish, so with nations. Aye, but how do the great states come to an end? By their own injustice, and no other cause. They would make unrighteousness their law, and God wills not that it be so. Thus they fall; thus they die!

Look at those ancient states, the queenliest queens of earth. There is Rome, the Niobe of nations; she boasted that her children were holier and more fair than all the ideas of justice, truth, and love, the offspring of the eternal God. And now she sits there transformed into stone, amid the ruins of her children's bones!

At midnight I have heard the owl hoot in the Coliseum and the Forum, giving voice to desolation; and at midday I have seen the fox in the palace where Augustus gathered the wealth, the wit, the beauty, and the wisdom of a conquered world; and the fox and the owl interpreted to me the voice of many ages—the voice which comes to tell this age that though hand join to hand, the wicked shall not prosper.

Come, old Assyria, with the Ninevite dove upon thy emerald crown! What laid thee low? "I fell by my own injustice. Thereby Nineveh and Babylon came with me to the ground."

O! queenly Persia, flame of the nations, wherefore art thou so fallen, who trodest the people under thee, bridgedst the Hellespont with ships, and pouredst

thy temple-wasting millions on the western world? "Because I trod the people under me, and bridged the Hellespont with ships, and poured my temple-wasting millions on the western world, I fell by my own misdeeds!"

Thou, muselike Grecian queen, fairest of all thy classic sisterhood of states, enchanting yet the world with thy sweet witchery, speaking in art and most seductive song, why liest thou there with that beautiful yet dishonored brow, reposing on thy broken harp? "I scorned the law of God; banished and poisoned wisest, justest men; I loved the loveliness of flesh, embalmed it in the Parian stone; I loved the loveliness of thought, and treasured *that* in more than Parian speech; but the beauty of justice, the loveliness of love, I trod them down to earth! Lo, therefore, have I become as these barbarian states—as one of them!"

O! manly and majestic Rome, thy sevenfold mural crown all broken at thy feet, why art thou here? It was not injustice brought thee low, for thy great book of law is prefaced with these words: Justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his right! "It was not the saint's ideal; it was the hypocrite's pretense! I made iniquity my law. I trod the nations under me. Their wealth gilded my palaces, where thou mayst see the fox and hear the owl; it fed my courtiers and my idlers. Wicked men were my counselors; the flatterer breathed his poison in my ear. Millions of bondsmen wet the soil with tears and blood! Do you not hear it crying yet to God? Lo, here have I my recompense, tormented with such a downfall as you see!

SANTA CLARA COUNTY
TEACHERS' LIBRARY

"Go back and tell the new-born child who is seated on the Alleghanies, laying his either hand upon a tributary sea, a crown of many stars about his youthful brow—tell him there are rights that states must keep, or they shall suffer wrongs! Tell him there is a God who guards every race of man, and hurls to earth the loftiest realm that breaks His just, eternal law! Warn the young empire that he come not down dim and dishonored to my shameful tomb! Tell him that justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his right. I knew it, broke it, and am lost. Bid him keep it and be safe."

High in the heavens, the pole-star of the world, shines justice; placed within us as our guide thereto is conscience. Let us be faithful to that

"Which, though it trembles as it fairly flies,
Points to the light that changes not in heaven."

Au gus'tus, first Roman emperor, B. C.

63—A. D. 14.

As syr'ia, ancient empire in Western Asia.

Bab'y lon, celebrated city on Euphrates,
now in ruins.

Col'ise'um, the amphitheater in Rome.

Fo'rum, chief public place in Rome.

mu'ral, of or pertaining to a wall.

muse' like, like one of the Grecian
muses.

Ni'o be, an ancient goddess, said to
have been changed into a weeping
statue.

Nin'e veh, ancient capital of Assyria.

MEAN SIDE OF NAPOLEON'S CHARACTER.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Napoleon is thoroughly modern, and, at the highest point of his fortunes, has the very spirit of the newspapers. He is no saint, and he is no hero, in the high sense. The man in the street finds in him

the qualities and powers of other men in the street. He finds him, like himself, by birth a citizen, who, by very intelligible merits, arrived at such a commanding position that he could indulge those tastes which the common man possesses, but is obliged to conceal or deny: good society, good books, travel, dress, servants, the execution of his ideas, the standing in the attitude of a benefactor to all persons about him, the refined enjoyments of pictures and statues, music, palaces, and conventional honors—precisely what is agreeable to the heart of every man in the nineteenth century, this powerful man possessed.

Napoleon had the virtues of the masses of his constituents: he had also their vices. I am sorry that the brilliant picture has its reverse. But that is the fatal quality which we discover in our pursuits of wealth, that it is treacherous, and is bought by the breaking or weakening of the sentiments; and it is inevitable that we should find the same fact in the history of this champion, who proposed to himself simply a brilliant career, without any stipulation or scruple concerning the means.

Napoleon was singularly destitute of generous sentiments. The highest-placed monarch in the most cultivated age and population of the world, he has not the merit of common truth and honesty. He is unjust to his generals; egotistic and monopolizing; meanly stealing the credit of all their great actions from Kellermann and from Bernadotte; intriguing to involve his faithful Junot in hopeless bankruptcy, in order to drive him to a distance from Paris, the capital, because the familiarity of his manners offends the new pride of his throne.



He is a boundless liar. The official paper, his "Moniteurs," and all his bulletins, are proverbs for saying what he wished to be believed; and worse—he sat, in his premature old age, upon his lonely island, coldly falsifying facts and dates and characters, and giving to history a theatrical *éclat*.

Like all Frenchmen, he has a passion for stage effect. Every action that breathes of generosity is poisoned by this calculation. His star, his love of glory, his doctrine of the immortality of the soul, are all French. "I must dazzle and astonish. If I were to give the full liberty of the press, my power would not last three days."

To make a great noise is his favorite design. "A great reputation is a great noise: the more there is made, the farther off it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations, all fall; but the noise continues, and resounds in after ages." His doctrine of immortality is simply fame. His theory of influence is not flattering.

"There are two levers for moving men—interest and fear. Love is a silly infatuation, depend upon it. Friendship is but a name. I love nobody. I do not love even my brothers: perhaps Joseph, a little, from habit, and because he is my elder; and Duroc, I love him, too, but why? Because his character pleases me: he is stern and resolute, and I believe the fellow never shed a tear. For my part, I know very well that I have no true friends. As long as I continue to be what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. Leave sensibility to women; but men should be firm in heart and purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war and government."

He was thoroughly unscrupulous. He would steal, slander, assassinate, drown, and poison, as his interest dictated. He had no generosity, but mere vulgar hatred. He was intensely selfish; he was perfidious; he cheated at cards; he was a prodigious gossip; and opened letters; and delighted in his infamous police; and rubbed his hands with joy when he had intercepted some morsel of intelligence concerning the men and women about him, boasting that "he knew everything"; and interfered with the cutting the dresses of the women; and listened after the hurrahs and the compliments of the street, *incognito*.

His manners were coarse. He treated women with low familiarity. He had the habit of pulling their ears and pinching their cheeks, when he was in good humor, and of pulling the ears and whiskers of men, and of striking and horse-play with them, to his last days. In short, when you have penetrated through all the circles of power and splendor, you were not dealing with a gentleman at last, but with an impostor and rogue; and he fully deserves the epithet of Scamp Jupiter.

con stit' u ents, those represented by one in a prominent public position.
e' clat' (k' clā'), striking effect; splendor.
in cog' ni to, without one's name being known; in disguise.

mo nop' o li' zing, taking everything for one's self.
per fid' i ous, faithless; false to principles or friends.
un scru' pu lous, without conscience; unprincipled.

EXTRACT FROM THE "SPANISH STUDENT."

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SCENE V.—VICTORIAN'S *chambers at Alcalá.*

Hypolito. Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er
reflected

How much lies hidden in that one word, *now?*

Victorian. Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!
I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,
That could we, by some spell of magic, change
The world and its inhabitants to stone,
In the same attitudes they now are in,
What fearful glances downward might we cast
Into the hollow chasms of human life!
What groups should we behold about the death-
bed,

Putting to shame the group of Niobe!
What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!
What stony tears in those congealèd eyes!
What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!
What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows!
What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!
What lovers with their marble lips together!

Hyp. (rising). And so, good night! Good
morning, I should say.

(Clock strikes three.)

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time
Knocks at the golden portals of the day!
And so, once more, good night!

Vict. Good night!
But not to bed; for I must read awhile.

(Throws himself into the arm-chair which HYPOLITO has left, and lays a large book open upon his knees.)

Must read, or sit in revery and watch
The changing color of the waves that break
Upon the idle seashore of the mind!
Visions of Fame! that once did visit me,
Making night glorious with your smile, where are
ye?

Oh, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,
Juices of those immortal plants that bloom
Upon Olympus, making us immortal?
Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows
Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans,
At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,
And make the mind prolific in its fancies?
I have the wish, but want the will, to act!
Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words
Have come to light from the swift river of Time,
Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,
Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?
From the barred visor of Antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,
As from a mirror! All the means of action—
The shapeless masses, the materials—
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.

He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And, by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems, at the touch
Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering bard,
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,
Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart
Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises
And sinks again into its silent deeps,
Ere the enamored knight can touch her robe!
'Tis this ideal that the soul of man,
Like the enamored knight beside the fountain,
Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream;
Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,
Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many
Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore,
But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!
Yet I, born under a propitious star,
Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.
Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,
Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel
The pressure of her head! God's benison
Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes,
Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at night
With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!
(Gradually sinks asleep.)

GEORGE III.

W. M. THACKERAY.

FROM "THE FOUR GEORGES."

Wars and revolutions are, however, the politician's province. The great events of this long reign, the statesmen and orators who illustrated it, I do not pretend to make the subjects of an hour's light talk. Let us return to our humbler duty of court gossip. Yonder sits our little queen, surrounded by many stout sons and fair daughters whom she bore to her faithful George. The history of the daughters, as little Miss Burney has painted them to us, is delightful.

They were handsome—she calls them beautiful; they were most kind, and loving, and ladylike; they were gracious to every person, high and low, who served them. They had many little accomplishments of their own. This one drew; that one played the piano; they all worked prodigiously, and fitted up whole suites of rooms—pretty, smiling Penelopes, with their busy little needles.

As we picture to ourselves the society of eighty years ago, we must imagine hundreds of thousands of groups of women in great high caps, tight bodies, and full skirts, needling away, whilst one of the number, or perhaps a favored gentleman in a pig-tail, reads out a novel to the company. Peep into the cottage at Olney, for example, and see there Mrs. Unwin and Lady Hesketh, those gracious, high-bred ladies, those sweet, pious women; and William Cowper, that delicate wit, that trembling pietist, that

refined gentleman, absolutely reading out "Jonathan Wild" to the ladies! What a change in our manners, in our amusements, since then!

King George's household was a model of an English gentleman's household. It was early; it was kindly; it was charitable; it was frugal; it was orderly, and it must have been stupid to a degree which I shudder now to contemplate. No wonder all the princes ran away from the lap of that dull, dreary domestic virtue. It always rose, rode, dined, at stated intervals. Day after day was the same. At the same hour every night the king kissed his daughters' jolly cheeks; then the princesses kissed their mother's hand; and Madam Thielke brought the royal nightcap.

At the same hour the equerries and women in waiting had their little dinner, and cackled over their tea. The king had his backgammon or his evening concert; the equerries yawned themselves to death in the ante-room; or the king and his family walked on Windsor slopes, the king holding his darling little Princess Amelia by the hand; and the people crowded round quite good-naturedly; and the Eton boys thrust their chubby cheeks under the crowd's elbows; and, the concert over, the king never failed to take his enormous cocked hat off, and salute his band, and say, pleasantly, "Thank you, gentlemen."

A quieter household, a more prosaic life than this of Kew or Windsor, can not be imagined. Rain or shine, the king rode every day for hours; poked his red face into hundreds of cottages round about, and showed that shovel hat and the Windsor

uniform to farmers, to pig-boys, and to old women making apple dumplings; to all sorts of people, about whom countless stories are told.

When Harun-al-Rashid visits a subject *incog.*, the latter is sure to be very much the better for the caliph's magnificence. Old George showed no such royal splendor. He used to give a guinea sometimes; sometimes feel in his pocket and find he had no money; often ask a man a hundred questions—about the number of his family, about his oats and beans, about the rent he paid for his house, and ride on. On one occasion he played the part of King Alfred, and turned a piece of meat with a string at a cottager's house.

When the old woman came home she found a paper with an inclosure of money and a note written by the royal pencil: "Five guineas to buy a jack." It was not splendid, but it was kind, and worthy of Farmer George.

One day, when the king and queen were walking together, they met a little boy—they were always fond of children, the good folks—and patted the little white head.

"Whose little boy are you?" asks the Windsor uniform.

"I am the king's beef-eater's little boy," replied the child.

On which the king said:

"Then kneel down and kiss the queen's hand."

But the innocent offspring of the beef-eater declined this treat.

"No," said he, "I won't kneel, for if I do I shall spoil my new breeches."

The thrifty king ought to have hugged him and knighted him on the spot. George's admirers wrote pages and pages of such stories about him. One morning, before anybody else was up, the old king walked about Gloucester town; pushed over Molly, the housemaid, who was scrubbing the doorsteps, with her pail; ran upstairs and woke all the equerries in their bed-rooms; and then trotted down to the bridge, where, by this time, a dozen of louts were assembled. "What! is this Gloucester New Bridge?" pleasantly asked our gracious monarch; and the people answered him:

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Why, then, my boys," said he, "let us have a huzzay!"

After giving them which intellectual gratification, he went home to breakfast.

Our fathers read these simple tales with fond pleasure; laughed at these very small jokes; liked the old man who poked his nose into every cottage; who lived on plain, wholesome roast and boiled; who despised your French kickshaws; who was a true, hearty old English gentleman. You may have seen Gilroy's famous print of him—in the old wig, in the stout old hideous Windsor uniform—as the king of Brobdingnag, peering at a little Gulliver whom he holds up in his hand, while in the other he has an opera-glass through which he surveys the pygmy. Our fathers chose to set up George as the type of a great king; and the little Gulliver was the great Napoleon.

We prided ourselves on our prejudices; we blustered and bragged with absurd vainglory; we dealt

to our enemy a monstrous injustice of contempt and scorn; we fought him with all weapons, mean ones as well as heroic. There was no lie we would not believe; no charge of crime which our furious prejudice would not credit. I thought at one time of making a collection of the lies which the French had written against us and those which we had published against them during the war; it would be a strange memorial of popular falsehood.

The queen was a sensible, most decorous woman; stingy, but not unjust; not generally unkind to her dependents, but invincible in her notions of etiquette, and quite angry if her people suffered ill-health in her service. She must have had awful private trials with her husband in those days when he was not quite insane; when his incessant tongue was babbling folly, rage, and persecution, and she had to smile and be respectful and attentive.

Of all the figures in that large family group which surrounds George and his queen, the prettiest, I think, is the father's darling, the Princess Amelia, pathetic for her beauty, her sweetness, and her early death. She wrote verses, and there are some pretty plaintive lines attributed to her which are more touching than better poetry:

Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed and danced and talked and sung:
But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,
It then occurred how sad 'twould be,
Were this world made for only me.

MOSES ON THE NILE.

VICTOR HUGO.

(PRINCESS IPHIS TO HER MAIDENS.)

“Sisters ! the wave is freshest in the ray
Of the young morning ; the reapers are asleep ;
The river bank is lonely ; come away !
The early murmurs of old Memphis creep
Faint on my ear ; and here unseen we stray —
Deep in the covert of the grove withdrawn,
Save from the dewy eye-glance of the dawn.

“Hasten ; but through the fleecy mists of morn
What do I see ? Look ye along the stream !
Nay, timid maidens — we must not return !
Coursing along the current, it would seem
An ancient palm-tree to the deep sea borne,
That from the distant wilderness proceeds,
Downwards, to view our wondrous Pyramids.

“But stay ! if I may surely trust mine eyes
It is the bark of Hermes, or the shell
Of Isis, wafted gently by the sighs
Of the light breeze along the rippling swell ;
But no : it is a skiff where sweetly lies
An infant slumbering, and his peaceful rest
Looks as if pillowed on its mother’s breast.

“He sleeps — oh, see ! his little floating bed
Swims on the mighty river’s fickle flow,
A white dove’s nest ; and there at hazard led
By the faint winds, and wandering to and fro,

The cot comes down ; beneath his quiet head
The gulfs are moving, and each threatening wave.
Appears to rock the child upon a grave.

“He wakes — ah, maids of Memphis! haste, oh,
haste!

He cries! Alas! What mother could confide
Her offspring to the wild and watery waste?

He stretches out his arms, the rippling tide
Murmurs around him, where all rudely placed,
Frail reeds the only wall that sundereth
Between such helpless innocence and death.

“Oh! take him up! Perchance he is of those
Dark sons of Israel whom my sire proscribes;
Ah! cruel was the mandate that arose
Against the worthiest of the stranger tribes!
Poor child! my heart is yearning for his woes.
I would I were his mother; but I'll give,
If not his birth, at least the claim to live.”

Thus Iphis spake — the royal hope and pride
Of Egypt's monarch; while her damsels nigh
Wandered along the Nile's meandering side;
And these inferior beauties, standing by
The trembling mother, rapt, unenvious, eyed
Their graceful mistress as she, radiant, stood
More lovely than the genius of the flood.

The waters, broken by her dainty feet,
Receive the eager wader, as alone,
By gentlest pity led, she goes to meet
The wakened babe; and, see, the prize is won!

She holds the weeping burden with a sweet
And virgin glow of pride upon her brow,
That knew no flush, save modesty's, till now.

Opening with cautious hands the reedy couch,
She brought the rescued infant slowly out
Beyond the humid sands ; at her approach
The curious maidens gathered close about
To kiss that tender brow with gentlest touch ;
Greeting the child with smiles, and bending
nigh
Their faces o'er his large, astonished eye.

Haste thou who, from afar, in doubt and fear
Dost watch, with straining eyes, the fated boy—
The loved of Heaven ! come like a stranger near,
And clasp young Moses with maternal joy ;
Nor fear the speechless transport and the tear
Will to thy hidden claim a traitor prove,
For Iphis knows not yet the mother-love !

With a glad heart, and a transfigured face,
The princess to the haughty Pharaoh bears
The humble infant of a hated race,
His face yet glist'ning with his mother's tears ;
While, grandly echoing through the Holy Place
Of Heaven's white throne, rejoicing angel choirs
Intone the theme of their immortal lyres !

“O Jacob, mourn thy slavery no more !
From Pharaoh's bondage shall thy people go ;
Why, prone by Egypt's River, weep so sore ?
Thy tents shall stand where Jordan's waters
flow ;

Behold! thy children's long oppression o'er,
 They shall, despite the strength of Egypt's hand,
 Go forth from thrall to Canaan's promised land.

"This man-child, o'er the rushing waters driven,
 A chosen hand hath rescued for the sky,
 That he may work the dread decrees of Heaven
 'Gainst guilty Egypt, and on Sinai:
 By him God's rod shall smite, His law be given;
 His cradle to thy freedom shall give birth;
 Another cradle shall redeem the earth!"

cov'ert, a shelter.

Her'mes (mêz), messenger of the
 gods in Greek mythology.

hu'mid, moist; damp.

I'sis, Egyptian goddess.

Mem'phis, ancient city of Lower Egypt.

proscribe', to outlaw.

transfig'ured, changed into something
 glorious.

THE RETURN OF THE REFUGEES.

(SPEECH IN THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.)

PATRICK HENRY.

We have, sir, an extensive country, without population; what can be a more obvious policy than that it should be peopled? People form the strength and constitute the wealth of a nation. I wish to see these States rapidly ascending to that rank which their natural advantages indicate that they should hold among the nations of the earth. Cast your eyes, sir, over this broad domain—observe the salubrity of the climate; the variety and fertility of the soil—and see how the land is intersected in every

quarter by navigable streams, flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of Heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise, and pointing the way to wealth.

We are destined, at some period, to become a great agricultural and commercial people; the only question is, whether we choose to reach this condition by slow gradations, in the distant future, lingering on through a long and sickly minority—subjected, meanwhile, to the machinations, insults, and oppressions of enemies, foreign and domestic, whom we are too weak to resist or chastise—or whether we choose, rather, to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of high destinies, and to an ability to cope, single-handed, with the proudest powers of the Old World that may oppose us. If we prefer the latter course, as I trust we do, we must invite immigration; we must encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants of the Old World, to come and settle in this land of promise, thus making it the home of the skillful, the industrious, the fortunate, and the happy. This land must be the asylum of the distressed; must be filled to the measure of its population as speedily as may be, through the means which Heaven hath provided.

I venture to prophesy that there are those now living who will see this favored land amongst the most powerful on earth—able, sir, to protect and preserve herself without resorting to that policy, always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, they will see her great in arts and in arms, her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent—her white-winged

commerce sailing the most distant seas, her navy checking the vain boasts of those who now proudly assume to rule the waves.

But the great need is men; we must have men. The heavy forests of timber which beshadow our lands must be cleared away; the dormant wealth which covers the face of our soil, and lies hidden beneath the surface, can be gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men. Our forest trees must be made into ships, to transport the lavish gifts of the soil from which they spring. We must have commercial men, too, and commercial capital, to take our productions and place them in the best markets abroad. Our great want, sir, is men; and these we will have speedily, if we are wise.

Do you ask how we are to get them? Open the doors, sir, and they will come in. The Old World is peopled to overflowing with a population ground down by the oppressions of the governments under which it lives. Already they are standing expectant on their native shores, looking with longing eyes upon your fruitful valleys. They see here a land of promise, blessed with natural and political advantages such as no other country upon earth enjoys—a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance; a land which lies calm and quiet beneath the spreading pinions of the white angel Peace, and where Content and Plenty are abiding guests at every home! More, they see still more than all this—they behold a land which Liberty hath chosen for her home—Liberty, no longer a fabled goddess, a myth of poetic fancy, a hope of dreaming enthusiasts, but a real divinity,

her altars rising on every hill throughout these happy States, her glories chanted by three millions of freemen, the whole great region smiling under her blessed influence.

Bid the celestial goddess to stretch forth her fair arm to the people of the Old World, beckoning them to come; invite them; welcome them, and surging streams of humanity will flow in from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west; your wild forests will vanish, and fields of plenty will appear; your deserts will smile; your ranks will be filled; and you will stand before the world a nation fit to defy the powers of any adversary that fate may set against you.

But gentlemen object to any accession from Great Britain, and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Let those deluded people come back; they have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most woefully, but most woefully also have they suffered the punishment due to their offenses. The relations which we bear to them and to their native country are now changed; their king hath acknowledged our independence; the quarrel is over; peace hath returned and found us a free people. Let us be magnanimous; let us lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in the light of reason and of expediency. These are enterprising, moneyed people. They will be serviceable during the infant state of our manufactures, even if they be inimical to us in point of feeling and principle. I can see no objection, in a political view, to making them tributary to our advantage. And as I have no prejudices to prevent my making this use

of them, so, sir, I have no fear of any mischief that they can do us. Afraid of *them*! What, sir, shall *we*, who have laid the proud British lion at our feet, now be afraid of his *whelps*?

an tip' a thy, dislike.

de lud' ed, duped.

do main', territory under one government.

dor' mant, sleeping; undeveloped.

en thu' si ast, fanatic; visionary.

mach' i na' tions, artful tricks.

mag nan' i mous, large-minded.

ob' vi ous, plainly apparent; self-

evident.

THE CLOUD.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail
 And whiten the green plains under;
 And then again I dissolve it in rain
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits ;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder ;
It struggles and howls by fits.

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile
While he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning star shines dead ;
As on the jag of a mountain-crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.

And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on my airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;

I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I can not die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex
gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain
I arise and unbuild it again.

san' guine (săg' gwîn), having the color of blood; red. ge' ni l, good or evil spirits.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

J. T. HEADLEY.

When Napoleon first came within sight of Moscow, with its domes, and towers, and palaces, he gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat was the first to enter the gates, with his splendid cavalry; but, as he passed along the streets, he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the tramp of his squadrons: a deserted city was the prize for which unparalleled efforts had been made.

As night drew its curtain over the splendid capital, Napoleon entered the gates, and immediately appointed General Mortier governor, commanding him

to prohibit all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe." The bright moon rose over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces and the dwellings of more than three hundred thousand inhabitants. The weary army sank to rest; but there was no sleep for Mortier.

When he had entered the city, scarcely a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets; and when he broke open the buildings, he found them all furnished and in order — but no occupants! This sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose. The midnight moon was stealing over the city when the cry of "Fire!" reached the ears of Mortier: the first light over Napoleon's faltering empire was kindled, and that most wondrous scene of modern times commenced —

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders, and was putting forth every exertion, when at daylight Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he gave more rigid commands to Mortier to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction. The marshal simply pointed to some iron-covered houses, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing, like steam from the sides of a pent-up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned toward the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, which rose high above all the surrounding edifices.

In the morning Mortier was enabled to subdue the fire. But the next night, September 15th, the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin saw at midnight the flames bursting through the houses and palaces; and the cry "Fire! fire!" again passed through the city. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and alighting on the houses; dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut-up dwellings: the next moment light burst forth from them, and flames were raging through the apartments.

All was uproar and confusion. The serene air and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds; and a wild tempest, like the roar of the sea, swept over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and crackling in the storm; clouds of smoke and of sparks in an incessant shower went driving toward the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with the responsibility thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames—struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration.

He hastened from place to place amid the ruins, his face blackened with smoke and his hair and eyebrows singed with the fierce heat. When the day dawned, he entered a palace and dropped down from fatigue. The manly form and stalwart arm that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy gave way, and the gloomy marshal lay in utter exhaustion.

When night again enveloped the city the wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from

quarter to quarter, as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin: already the roar of the flames, the crash of falling houses, and the crackling of burning timbers were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor. He arose and walked to and fro, gazing on the terrific scene. Murat and others of his marshals rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee; but he still clung to that palace as if it were his empire.

But when the shout, "The Kremlin is on fire!" was heard above the roar of the conflagration, he reluctantly consented to leave. He descended into the streets with his staff, and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a gate leading to the Moskwa, and passed through it; but they entered still farther into the danger.

Napoleon saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses, and the raging of the flames, over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire, he pressed on. Half suffocated he emerged in safety from the blazing city, and took up his quarters in the imperial palace of Petrowsky, nearly three miles distant.

Mortier now redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. Canopied by flame and smoke and cinders, and surrounded by walls of fire that rocked to and fro and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins, he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe or courage overcome.

His brave troops had heard the tramp of cavalry

sweeping to battle without fear; but now they stood in terror before the march of the conflagration. The roar of the hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery; and before this new foe, in the midst of this battle of the elements, the awe-struck army stood powerless and affrighted.

When night again descended on the city it presented a spectacle that baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire; the heavens a canopy of fire; and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that sped the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions shook the foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously toward the sky. Huge sheets of canvas on fire came floating, like messengers of death, through the flames. The towers and domes of churches and palaces were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin.

Thousands of wretches, driven by the heat from cellars and hovels, streamed in an incessant throng along the streets. Oh, it was a scene of woe and fear inconceivable and indescribable! A mighty and close-packed city of houses, and churches, and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames, fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight this world has seldom seen.

When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped everything in their red mantle, the great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into billows. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration. Columns of flame rose and sunk along the surface

of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shot into the air, as if volcanoes were working below.

Years afterward Napoleon said :

“It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to the skies above. Oh! it was the grandest, the most sublime, the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!”

can' o pled, covered as with a canopy.

Mor' ti er' (mor' tē s'), former marshal
of France.

Mos' cow, (kō), former capital of Russia.

Mu' rat' (mū' rā'), former marshal of
France and King of Naples.

THE TRIUMPHANT RIGHT.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Great truths are portions of the soul of man;
Great souls are portions of Eternity;
Each drop of blood that e'er through true heart ran
With lofty message, ran for thee and me;
For God's law, since the starry song began,
Hath been, and still forevermore must be,
That every deed which shall outlast Time's span
Must spur the soul to be erect and free;
Slave is no word of deathless lineage sprung;
Too many noble souls have thought and died,
Too many mighty poets lived and sung,
And our good Saxon, from lips purified
With martyr-fire, throughout the world hath rung
Too long to have God's holy cause denied.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

LUCY LARCOM.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes :
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree :
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift, with one
On an endless voyage gone !
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gaily wooes :
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so !
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing :
Mid the apple boughs a pigeon cooes.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.

Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped :
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November,
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons —
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea :
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

SARAH CLARA COVINGTON
TEACHERS' LIBRARY
No. 1

THE TIDE-WAVE IN THE BAY OF FUNDY.

SIR J. WILLIAM DAWSON.

The tide-wave that sweeps to the northeast along the Atlantic coast of the United States, entering the funnel-like mouth of the Bay of Fundy, becomes compressed and elevated as the sides of the bay

gradually approach each other. In the narrower parts the water runs at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, and the vertical rise of the tide amounts to sixty feet or more! At some points these tides, to an unaccustomed spectator, have rather the aspect of some rare convulsion of nature than of an ordinary daily occurrence.

At low tide wide flats of brown mud are seen to extend for miles, as if the sea had altogether retired from its bed; and the distant channel appears as a mere strip of muddy water. At the commencement of flood a slight ripple is seen to break over the edge of the flats. It rushes swiftly forward, and, covering the lower flats almost instantaneously, gains rapidly on the higher swells of mud, which appear as if they were being dissolved in the turbid waters.

At the same time the torrent of red water enters all the channels, and creeks, and estuaries; surging, whirling, and foaming, and often having in its front a huge white, breaking wave, or "bore," which runs steadily forward, meeting and swallowing up the remains of the ebb still trickling down the channels. The mud flats are soon covered; and then, as the stranger sees the water gaining with noiseless and steady rapidity on the steep sides of banks and cliffs, a sense of insecurity creeps over him, as if no limit could be set to the advancing deluge. In a little time, however, he sees that the fiat, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther," has been issued to the great bay tide; its retreat commences, and the waters rush back as rapidly as they entered.

Much interest attaches to the marine sediment of the Bay of Fundy, from the great breadth of it laid

bare at low tide and the facilities which it in consequence affords for the study of sun-cracks, impressions of raindrops, footprints of animals, and other appearances which we find imitated on many ancient rocks. The genuineness of these ancient traces, as well as their mode of preservation, can be illustrated and proved only by the study of modern deposits. We quote a summary of facts of this kind from a paper on "Rain-prints," by Sir Charles Lyell, who was the first to direct attention to these phenomena as exhibited in the Bay of Fundy:

"The sediment with which the waters are charged is extremely fine, being derived from the destruction of cliffs of red sandstone and shale, belonging chiefly to the coal measures. On the borders of even the smallest estuaries communicating with bays in which the tides rise sixty feet and upward, large areas are often laid dry for nearly a fortnight, between the spring and the neap tides; and the mud is then baked in summer by a hot sun, so that it becomes solidified and traversed by cracks. Portions of the hardened mud may then be taken up and removed without injury.

"On examining the edges of each slab, we observe numerous layers, formed by successive tides, usually very thin—sometimes only one-tenth of an inch thick; of unequal thickness, however, because, according to Doctor Webster, the night-tides, rising a foot higher than the day-tides, throw down more sediment.

"When a shower of rain falls, the highest portion of the mud-covered flat is usually too hard to receive any impressions, while that mud recently

uncovered by the tide, near the water's edge, is too soft. Between these areas a space occurs almost as smooth and even as a looking-glass, on which every drop forms a cavity of circular or oval form. If the shower be transient these pits retain their shape permanently, being dried by the sun, and being too firm to be effaced by the action of the succeeding tide, which deposits upon them a new layer of mud. Hence we find, on splitting open a slab an inch or more thick, on the upper surface of which the marks of recent rain occur, that an inferior layer, deposited perhaps ten or fourteen tides previously, exhibits on its under surface perfect casts of rain-prints which stand out in relief, the molds of the same being seen in the layer below."

After mentioning that a continuous shower of rain obliterates the more regular impressions and produces merely a blistered surface, Sir Charles adds:

"On some of the specimens there are seen the winding tubular tracks of worms, which have been bored just beneath the surface. Sometimes the worms have dived and then reappeared. Occasionally the same mud is traversed by the footprints of birds, and of muskrats, minks, dogs, sheep, and cats. The leaves also of elm, maple, and oak trees have been scattered by the winds over the soft mud, and, having been buried under the deposits of succeeding tides, are found on dividing the layers. When the leaves themselves are removed, very faithful impressions, not only of their outline but of their minutest veins, are left imprinted on the clay."

We have here a perfect instance, in a modern deposit, of appearances which we notice in some of

the most ancient rocks; and it is only by such minute studies of existing nature that we can hope to interpret those older appearances. In some very ancient rocks we have impressions of rain-marks quite similar to those which occur in the alluvial mud of the deep Bay of Fundy. In those old rocks, also, and especially in the coal formation, we find surfaces netted with sun-cracks precisely like those on the dried surfaces of the modern mud flats, and faithful casts of these have been taken by the beds next deposited. A striking geological fact connected with the marshes is the presence beneath them of stumps of trees still rooted in the soil, and other indications which prove that much, if not the whole, of this marine deposit rests on what once was upland soil supporting forest trees.

al lu'vial, relating to deposits made
by flowing water.
ma rine', pertaining to the sea.

ob lit'er ate, destroy, as writing is
blotted out.
phe nom'e na, facts observed.

MIDNIGHT.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The moon shines white and silent
On the mist, which, like a tide
Of some enchanted ocean,
O'er the wide marsh doth glide,
Spreading its ghost-like billows
Silently far and wide.

A vague and starry magic
Makes all things mysteries
And lures the earth's dumb spirit
Up to longing skies ;
I seem to hear dim whispers
And tremulous replies.

The fireflies o'er the meadow
In pulses come and go ;
The elm-trees' heavy shadow
Weighs on the grass below ;
And faintly from the distance
The dreaming cock doth crow.

All things look strange and mystic ;
The very bushes swell
And take wild shapes and motions,
As if beneath a spell ;
They seem not the same lilacs
From childhood known so well.

The snow of deepest silence
O'er everything doth fall,
So beautiful and quiet,
And yet so like a pall,
As if all life were ended
And rest were come to all.

O wild and wondrous midnight,
There is a might in thee

To make the charmed body
Almost like spirit be,
And give it some faint glimpses
Of immortality!

ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

HORACE MANN.

If we contemplate the subject with the eyes of a statesman, what resources are there, in the whole domain of Nature, at all comparable to that vast influx of power which comes into the world with every incoming generation of children? Each embryo life is more wonderful than the globe it is sent to inhabit, and more glorious than the sun upon which it first opens its eyes. Each one of these millions, with a fitting education, is capable of adding something to the sum of human happiness and of subtracting something from the sum of human misery; and many great souls amongst them there are who may become instruments for turning the course of nations, as the rivers of water are turned.

It is the duty of moral and religious education to employ and administer all these capacities of good for lofty purposes of human beneficence, as a wise minister employs the resources of a great empire. "Suffer little children to come unto me,"

said the Savior, "and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." And who shall dare say that philanthropy and religion can not make a better world than the present from beings like those in the kingdom of Heaven?

Education must be universal. It is well when the wise and the learned discover new truths, but how much better to diffuse the truths already discovered amongst the multitude! Every addition to true knowledge is an addition to human power; and while a philosopher is discovering one new truth, millions may be propagated amongst the people. Diffusion, then, rather than discovery, is the duty of our government.

With us, the qualification of voters is as important as the qualification of governors, and even comes first, in the natural order. Yet there is no Sabbath of rest in our contests about the latter, while so little is done to qualify the former. The theory of our government is, not that all men, however unfit, shall be voters, but that every man, by the power of reason and the sense of duty, shall become fit to be a voter. Education must bring the practice as nearly as possible to the theory. As the children now are, so will the sovereigns soon be. How can we expect the fabric of the government to stand if vicious materials are daily wrought into its framework?

Education must prepare our citizens to become municipal officers, intelligent jurors, honest witnesses, legislators, or competent judges of legislation—in fine, to fill all the manifold relations of life. For this end it must be universal. The whole land

must be watered by the streams of knowledge. It is not enough to have, here and there, a beautiful fountain playing in palace gardens, but let it come like the abundant fatness of the clouds upon the thirsting earth.

Finally, education alone can conduct us to that enjoyment which is, at once, best in quality and infinite in quantity. God has revealed to us—not by ambiguous signs, but by His mighty works; not in the disputable language of human invention, but by the solid substance and reality of things—what He holds to be valuable, and what He regards as of little account. The latter He has created sparingly, as though it were nothing worth, while the former He has poured forth with immeasurable munificence.

I suppose all the diamonds ever found could be hid under a bushel. Their quantity is little, because their value is small. But iron ore—without which mankind would always have been barbarians; without which they would now relapse into barbarism—He has strewed profusely all over the earth. Compare the scantiness of pearl with the extent of forests and coal-fields. Of one, little has been created, because it is worth little; of the others, much, because they are worth much. His fountains of naphtha, how few! but who can fathom His reservoirs of water, or measure the light and the air?

This principle pervades every realm of nature. Creation seems to have been projected upon the plan of increasing the quantity in the ratio of the intrinsic value. Emphatically is this plan manifested when we come to that part we call *ourselves*.

Enough of the materials of worldly good has been created to answer this great principle—that, up to the point of competence, up to the point of independence and self-respect, few things are more valuable than property; beyond that point—considered and used as mere property—confer an inferior sort of pleasure, in inferior quantities.

However rich a man may be, a certain number of thicknesses of woollens or of silks is all he can comfortably wear. Give him a dozen palaces, he can live in but one at a time. Though the commander be worth the whole regiment, or ship's company, he can have the animal pleasure of eating only his own rations; and any other animal eats with as much relish as he. Hence the wealthiest, with all their wealth, are driven back to a cultivated mind, to beneficent uses and appropriations; and it is then, and then only, that a glorious vista of happiness opens out into immensity and immortality.

The education already given to the people creates the necessity of giving them more. What has been done has awakened new and unparalleled energies; and the mental and moral forces, which have been roused into activity, are now to be regulated. These forces are not mechanical, which expend their activity and subside to rest, but they are spiritual forces, endued with an inextinguishable principle of life and progression.

am big' u ous, uncertain.

com' pa ra ble, worthy of comparison;
to be likened to.

com' pe tence, sufficient wealth for
comfort.

em' bry o, in the germ; just beginning.

man' i fold, many fold; various.

mu nic' i pal, of or pertaining to a city.

per vades', is diffused through.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his
place:

Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize;
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were
won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to
glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

THE LOST CHORD.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then:
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine
That came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

The plumage of the mocking bird, though none of the homeliest, would scarcely entitle him to notice, but his figure is well-proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising. To these attractions we may add a voice strong and very musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the wood thrush to the savage screams of the bald eagle.

In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, in the dawn of early morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises preëminent over that of every competitor. The ear can listen to *his* music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Nor is his strain altogether imitative.

His own native notes, which are readily recognized by all persons well acquainted with the songs of our various birds, are bold and full and varied, seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued for half an hour or an hour at a time; his expanded wings and tail glistening with white, and the gayety of his actions, arresting the eye as his song fascinates the ear.

He mounts and descends, as his song swells or dies away; and, as my friend, Mr. Bartram, has beautifully expressed it, "He springs aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, which expired in the last elevated strain." While thus exerting himself, a bystander, destitute of sight, would suppose that all the feathered tribes had assembled for a trial of skill, so perfect are his imitations.

He often deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes the mocking bird exactly imitates. Even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and answer the fancied calls of their mates, or dart in terror into the depths of thickets at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow hawk.

The mocking bird loses little of the power and energy of his song in confinement. He whistles for the dog; Rover starts up, wags his tail, and looks around for his master. The bird cries out like a hurt chicken; and the hen hurries about, with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking, to protect her injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, perhaps, follow with great truth and rapidity.

The mocking bird repeats the tune taught him by his master, fully and faithfully. He runs over the notes of the canary and the whistlings of the Virginia nightingale or redbird with such superior execution and effect that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoub-

ling his exertions. This excessive fondness for variety, however, injures his song.

The warblings of the bluebird, which he imitates, he often interrupts to scream like a swallow or to cackle like a hen. Amidst the simple melody of the robin, we are suddenly surprised by the imitator's shrill recitations of the whip-poor-will; while the notes of the killdeer, blue jay, martin, and of twenty others are given in succession so accurately that we look around for the originals, and discover, with astonishment, that the sole performer in this singular concert is the remarkable bird before us.

During an exhibition of his powers he spreads his wings, and expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in an ecstasy of enthusiasm; seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of the night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us the livelong night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighborhood ring with his inimitable melody.

an' i ma' tion, liveliness.

pre em' i nent, superior to.

mod' u la' tion, variation of tone.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
 Of which the coming life is made,
 And fill our Future's atmosphere
 With sunshine or with shade.

— WHITTIER.

A DOUBTING HEART.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid his rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon, for spring is nigh,
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night;

What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

"Now give us lands where the olives grow,"
Cried the North to the South,
"Where the sun with a golden mouth can blow
Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard row!"
Cried the North to the South.

"Now give us men from the sunless plain,"
Cried the South to the North,
"By need of work in the snow and the rain
Made strong and brave by familiar pain!"
Cried the South to the North.

II.

"Give lucider hills and intenser seas,"
Said the North to the South,

"Since ever by symbols and bright degrees
Art, childlike, climbs to the dear Lord's knees,"
Said the North to the South.

"Give strenuous souls for belief and prayer,"
Said the South to the North,
"That stand in the dark on the lowest stair,
While affirming of God, 'He is certainly *there*,'"
Said the South to the North.

III.

"Yet, oh, for the skies that are softer and higher!"
Sighed the North to the South,
"For the flowers that blaze, and the trees that
aspire,
And the insects made of a song or a fire!"
Sighed the North to the South.

"And oh, for a seer to discern the same!"
Sighed the South to the North,
"For a poet's tongue of baptismal flame,
To call the tree and the flower by its name!"
Sighed the South to the North.

IV.

The North sent therefore a man of men
As a grace to the South,
And thus to Rome came Andersen.
"Alas, but must you take him again?"
Said the South to the North.

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.

I don't know who makes New England weather, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the weather clerk's factory, who experiment and learn how in New England, for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it.

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. The weather is always doing something there, always attending strictly to business, always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in the spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four-and-twenty hours.

It was I that made the fame and fortune of the man who had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world, and get specimens from all climes. I said, "Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety, and quantity.

Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As to variety—why, he confessed he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity—well, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished

in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare, weather to hire out, weather to sell, weather to deposit, weather to invest, weather to give to the poor.

"Old Probabilities" has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the papers, and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific coast, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region; see him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England. He can't any more tell that than he can tell how many presidents of the United States there are going to be. He mulls over it, however, and by and by gets out something like this: "Probable areas of rain and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning. But it is possible the program may be wholly changed in the meantime."

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it: you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather—a perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first.

You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house, and sally out with your sprinkling-pot, and ten to one you get drowned. You make up your mind that the earthquake is due; you stand from under, and take hold of something to steady yourself, and, the first thing you know, you get struck by lightning. These are great disappointments, but they can't be helped.

Now, as to the size of the weather in New England — lengthways, I mean. It is utterly disproportionate to the size of that little country. Half the time, when it is packed as full as it can hold, you will see that New England weather sticking out beyond the edges and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring States. She can't hold a tenth part of her weather.

ap pren' tice, one who is learning a
trade.

mulls, works over in the mind.
sump' tu ous, rich; magnificent.

BY SHASTA TOWN.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

From Shasta town to Redding town
The ground is torn by miners dead;
The manzanita, rank and red,
Drops dusty berries up and down
Their grass-grown trails. Their silent mines
Are wrapped in chaparral and vines;
Yet one gray miner still sits down
'Twixt Redding and sweet Shasta town.

That great graveyard of hopes! of men
Who sought for hidden veins of gold;
Of young men suddenly grown old —
Of old men dead, despairing when
The gold was just within their hold!

That storied land, whereon the light
Of other days gleams faintly still ;
Some like the halo of a hill
That lifts above the falling night ;
That warm, red, rich, and human land,
That flesh-red soil, that warm red sand,
Where one gray miner still sits down
'Twixt Redding and sweet Shasta town.

No gold ! No gold ! And he grew old
And crept to toil with bended head
Amid a graveyard of his dead,
Still seeking for that vein of gold.
Then lo, came laughing down the years
A sweet grandchild ! Between his tears
He laughed. He set her by the door
The while he toiled ; his day's toil o'er,
He held her chubby cheeks between
His hard palms, laughed ; and laughing cried.
You should have seen, have heard and seen,
His boyish joy, his stout old pride,
When toil was done and he sat down
At night, below sweet Shasta town !

And purple grapes and grapes of gold
Swung sweet as milk. While orange trees
Grew brown with laden honey-bees.
Oh ! it was pleasant up and down
That vine-set hill of Shasta town !
And then that cloud-burst came ! Ah, me !
That torn ditch there ! The mellow land
Rolled seaward like a rope of sand,

Nor left one leafy vine or tree
Of all that Eden nestling down
Below that moat by Shasta town!

The old man sat his cabin's sill,
His gray head bowed upon his knee;
The child went forth, sang pleasantly,
Where burst the ditch the day before,
And picked some pebbles from the hill.
The old man moaned, moaned o'er and o'er:
"My babe is dowerless, and I
Must fold my helpless hands and die!
Ah, me! What curse comes ever down
On me and mine at Shasta town!"

"Good Grandpa, see!" the glad child said,
And so leaned softly to his side—
Laid her gold head to his gray head,
And merry voiced and cheery cried:
"Good Grandpa, do not weep, but see!
I've found a peck of orange seeds!
I searched the hill for vine or tree;
Not one—not even oats or weeds;
But, oh! such heaps of orange seeds!

"Come, good Grandpa! Now once you said
That God is good. So this may teach
That we must plant each seed, and each
May grow to be an orange tree.
Now, good Grandpa, please raise your head,
And please come plant the seeds with me."
And prattling thus, or like to this,
The child thrust her full hands in his.

He sprang, sprang upright as of old.
' 'Tis gold! 'tis gold! my hidden vein!
'Tis gold for you, sweet babe, 'tis gold!
Yea, God is good; we plant again!"
So one old miner still sits down
By pleasant, sunlit Shasta town.

cha' par ral', a low, evergreen oak.
Joa quin' (*wā kēn'*).

man' za ni' ta, an evergreen shrub of
California.

EXTRACT FROM "LALLA ROOKH."

THOMAS MOORE.

All is in motion: rings and plumes and pearls
Are shining everywhere! Some younger girls
Are gone by moonlight to the garden beds
To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads;
The maid of India, blest again to hold
In her full lap the champak's leaves of gold,
Thinks of the time when, by the Ganges' flood,
Her little playmates scattered many a bud
Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam
Just dripping from the consecrated stream;
While the young Arab, haunted by the smell
Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell,
Sees called up round her by these magic scents
The well, the camels, and her father's tents.

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
From many a jasper fount, is heard around,

Young Azim roams bewildered — nor can guess
What means this maze of light and loneliness.
Here the way leads o'er tessellated floors,
Or mats of Cairo, through long corridors,
Where, ranged in cassolettes and silver urns,
Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns,
And spicy rods, such as illumine at night
The bowers of Tibet, send forth odorous light
Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road
For some pure spirit to its blest abode.
And here, at once, the glittering saloon
Bursts on his sight, boundless and as bright as noon
Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays
High as the enameled cupola, which towers
All rich with arabesques of gold and flowers :
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,
Like the wet, glistening shells of every dye
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here, too, he traces the kind visitings
Of woman's love in those fair, living things
Of land and wave, whose fate — in bondage thrown
For their weak loveliness — is like her own !
On one side, gleaming with a sudden grace
Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
In which it undulates, small fishes shine
Like golden ingots from a fairy mine ;
While, on the other, latticed lightly in
With odoriferous woods of Comorin,
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen ;
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between

The crimson blossoms of the coral tree
In the warm isles of India's sea ;
Mecca's blue sacred pigeon and the thrush
Of Hindostan, whose holy warblings gush,
At evening, from the tall pagoda's top—
Those golden birds that, in the spice time, drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent hath lured them o'er the summer flood ;
And those that under Araby's soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon—
In short, all rare and beauteous things that fly
Through the pure element, here calmly lie
Sleeping in light, like the green birds that dwell
In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel !

So on, through scenes past all imagining,
More like the luxuries of that impious king
Whom Death's dark angel, with his lightning torch,
Struck down and blasted even in pleasure's porch,
Than the pure dwelling of a prophet sent,
Arm'd with Heaven's sword, for man's enfranchisement,
Young Azim wandered, looking sternly round,
His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound
But ill according with the pomp and grace
And silent lull of that voluptuous place.

"Is this, then," thought the youth, "is this the way
To free man's spirit from the deadening sway
Of worldly sloth—to teach him while he lives
To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,
And when he dies, to leave his lofty name
A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame ?

It was not so, land of the generous thought
 And daring deed, thy godlike sages taught;
 It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,
 Thy Freedom nurs'd her sacred energies;
 Oh! not beneath th' enfeebling, withering glow
 Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow
 With which she wreathed her sword when she would
 dare

Immortal deeds; but in the bracing air
 Of toil, of temperance, of that high, rare,
 Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe
 Life, health, and luster into Freedom's wreath!

"Who that surveys this span of earth we press—
 This speck of life in Time's great wilderness,
 This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
 The past, the future, two eternities—
 Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,
 When he might build him a proud temple there,
 A name that long shall hallow all its space
 And be each purer soul's high resting-place!
 But no—it can not be, that one whom God
 Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood's rod—
 A prophet of the truth, whose mission draws
 Its rights from Heaven, should thus profane its cause
 With the world's vulgar pomps—no, no—I see—
 He thinks me weak, this glare of luxury
 Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze
 Of my young soul. Shine on, 'twill stand the blaze!"

ar'a besque' (bĕsk), ornamentation in
 which figures of plants, animals, etc.,
 are fantastically woven together.

as'pho del, a species of plant; daffodil.

cas'so lette', a box or vase with a per-
 forated cover to emit perfume.

mo sa'ic, made by inlaying with small
 pieces of stone, shell, etc.

o dor if'erous, having an odor.

sa loon', a spacious and elegant apart-
 ment for the reception of company.

vo lup'tuous, luxurious, sensual.

A DAY IN DÜSSELDORF.**HEINRICH HEINE.**

It was on a clear, frosty morning that I found myself once more on the avenue of the Düsseldorf Court Garden. I loitered along, often pushing aside with wayward feet the leaves which covered the ground, and often gazing sadly at the trees on which now only a few golden-hued leaves were left. In boyhood days I had gazed with far different eyes on those same trees.

I had returned that day to my old father-town. I had visited the dear graves. Of all my living friends, I had found but an uncle and an aunt. Even when I met once-known forms in the street, they knew me no more, and the town itself gazed on me with strange glances. I was as if in a dream, and thought of the legend of the enchanted city, and hastened out of the gate, lest I should awake too soon.

Pretty girls were walking here and there, dressed as gaily as wandering tulips. And I had known these tulips when they were but little bulbs; for ah! they were the neighbors' children with whom I had once played. But the fair maidens whom I had once known as blooming roses were now faded roses, and in many a high brow whose pride had once thrilled my heart, Saturn had cut deep wrinkles with his scythe.

I was deeply moved by the humble bow of a man whom I had once known as wealthy and respectable, and who had since become a beggar. Everywhere in the world we see that men, when they once

begin to fall, do so according to Newton's theory, ever faster and faster in ratio as they descend to poverty and misery.

I was not weary, but a fancy seized me to sit once more on the wooden bench on which I had so often sat as a youth. Ah! once I slept upon this bench and dreamed of happiness. "Dreams are foams and gleams." And the old plays of childhood came again to my soul, and with them old and beautiful stories.

But while I, sitting upon the bench, dreamed my way back into the past, there was a sound behind me of the confused voices of men lamenting the ill fortune of the poor French soldiers who, having been taken prisoners in the Russian war and sent to Siberia, had there been kept prisoners for many a long year, though peace had been reëstablished, and who now were returning home.

As I looked up I beheld in reality several of these orphan children of Fame. Through their tattered uniforms peeped naked misery; deep sorrowing eyes were couched in their desolate faces, and though mangled, weary, and mostly lame, something of the military manner was still visible in their mien. Singularly enough, they were preceded by a drummer who tottered along with a drum, and I shuddered as I recalled the old legend of soldiers who had fallen in battle, and who by night, rising again from their graves on the battle-field, and with the drummer at their head, marched back to their native city.

Truly the poor French drummer seemed to have risen but half repaired from the grave. He was

but a little shadow in a dirty, patched, gray capote, a dead yellow countenance, with a great mustache which hung down sorrowfully over his faded lips; his eyes were like burnt-out tinder, in which but a few sparks still gleamed, and yet by one of those sparks I recognized Monsieur Le Grand.

He, too, recognized me and drew me to the turf, and we sat down together as of old, when he taught me on the drum French and Modern History. He had still the well-known old drum, and I could not sufficiently wonder how he had preserved it from Russian plunderers. And he drummed again as of old, but without speaking a word.

But though his lips were firmly pressed together, his eyes spoke all the more, flashing fiercely and victoriously as he drummed the old marches. The poplars near us trembled as he again thundered forth the red march of the guillotine. And he drummed as before the old battles, the deeds of the emperor, and it seemed as though the drum itself were a living creature which rejoiced to speak out its inner fiery soul.

I heard once more the cannon thunder, the whistling of balls, the riot of battle, the death rage of the Guards; I saw once more the waving flags; and again, the emperor on his steed; but little by little there fell a sad tone in amid the most stirring confusion; sounds rang from the drum in which the wildest hurrahs and the most fearful grief were mysteriously mingled; it seemed a march of victory and a march of death. Le Grand's eyes opened spirit-like and wide, and I saw in them nothing but a broad white field of ice covered with corpses—it was the battle of Moscow.

I had never imagined that the battered old drum could give forth such wailing sounds as Monsieur Le Grand drew from it then; for they were tears which he drummed, and they sounded ever softer and softer; and like a troubled echo, deep sighs broke from Le Grand's breast. And they became ever more languid and ghost-like; his dry hands trembled, as if from frost; he sat as in a dream, and stirred with his drumstick nothing but the air, and seemed, listening to voices far away, and at last he gazed on me with a deep—oh! so deep and entreating a glance. I understood him—and then his head sunk down on the drum.

In this life Monsieur Le Grand never drummed more. His drum never gave forth another sound, for it was not destined to serve the enemies of liberty for their servile roll-calls. I had well understood the last entreating glance of Le Grand, and I at once drew the rapier from my cane, and with it pierced the drum.

ca pote', long military cloak.

guil'lo tîne' (tên), a machine for be-
heading.

mon sieur' (mô sêr'), French for mister
or sir.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

JOHN DRYDEN.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,

The tuneful voice was heard from high,
"Arise, ye more than dead!"

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

What passion can not Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion can not Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, "Hark! the foes come:
Charge, charge! 'tis too late to retreat."

The soft complaining flute,
In dying notes, discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains and height of passion
For the fair, deceitful dame.
But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above;

So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

O'Connell lifted Ireland to a fixed and permanent place in English affairs. This is the proper standpoint from which to look at his work. What was she when he took up her cause? The saddest of Irish poets has described her :

O Ireland, my country, the hour of thy pride and thy
splendor hath passed,
And the chain that was spurned in thy moments of power
hangs heavy around thee at last !
There are marks in the fate of each clime, there are turns
in the fortunes of men ;
But the changes of realms or the chances of time shall
never restore thee again.

Thou art chained to the wheel of the foe by links which
a world can not sever :
With thy tyrant through storm and through calm thou
shalt go, and thy sentence be—bondage forever !
Thou art doomed for the thankless to toil, thou art left for
the proud to disdain,
And the blood of thy sons and the wealth of thy soil shall
be wasted and wasted in vain.

Thy riches with taunts shall be taken, thy valor with cold-
ness be paid;
And of millions who see thee thus sunk and forsaken, not
one shall stand forth in thine aid.
In the nations thy place is left void; thou art lost from
the list of the free;
Even realms by the plague and the earthquake destroyed
may revive, but no hope is for thee.

Out of this darkness O'Connell called forth light. Out of this most abject, weak, and most pitiable of kingdoms, he made a *power*; and dying, he left in Parliament a specter which, unless appeased, pushes Whig and Tory ministers alike from their stools. An island soaked with the blood of countless rebellions; oppression such as would turn cowards into heroes; a race whose disciplined valor had been proved on almost every battle-field of Europe, and whose reckless daring lifted it, any time, in arms against England, with hope or without—what inspired them? Devotion, eloquence, and patriotism seldom paralleled in history. He did what the ablest and bravest of his forerunners had tried to do and failed. He created a public opinion and unity of purpose which made Ireland a nation; he gave her a British citizenship and a place in the imperial Parliament; he gave her a press and a public; with these tools her destiny is in her own hands.

An Irish poet, one of his bitterest assailants in earlier years, has laid a chaplet of atonement on his altar, and one verse runs:

O great world-leader of a mighty age!
Praise unto thee let all the people give.

By thy great name of *Liberator* live
In golden letters upon history's page;
And this thy epitaph while time shall be—
He found his country chained, but left her free.

Broadly considered, his eloquence has never been equaled in modern times, certainly not in English speech. Do you think I am partial? I will vouch John Randolph of Roanoke, the Virginia slaveholder, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he hated a Yankee, himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he exclaimed: "This is the man, these are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day!"

I think he was right. I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate; I know the eloquence that lay hid in the iron logic of Calhoun; I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had. It has been my fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the ocean. But I think all of them together never surpassed, and no one of them ever equaled, O'Connell. Nature intended him for our Demosthenes. Never since the great Greek has she sent forth any one so lavishly gifted for his work as a tribune of the people.

In the first place, he had a magnificent presence, impressive in bearing, massive like that of Jupiter. Webster himself hardly outdid him in the majesty of his proportions. His presence filled the eye. There was something majestic in his presence before

he spoke; and he added to it what Webster had not—what Clay might have lent—infinite grace, that magnetism that melts all hearts into one. Then he had a voice that covered the gamut.

We used to say of Webster, "This is a great effort"; of Everett, "It is a beautiful effort"; but you never used the word "effort" in speaking of O'Connell. It provoked you that he would not make an effort. I heard him perhaps a score of times, and I do not think more than three times he ever exerted himself to the full sweep of his ability.

His marvelous voice, its almost incredible power and sweetness, Bulwer has well described:

Once to my sight that giant form was given,
Walled by wide air, and roofed by boundless heaven.
Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
And wave on wave rolled into space away.
Methought no clarion could have sent its sound
Even to the center of the hosts around;
And, as I thought, rose the sonorous swell,
As from some church-tower swings the silvery bell.
Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide
It glided, easy as a bird may glide;
Even to the verge of that vast audience sent,
It played with each wild passion as it went—
Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled,
And sobs or laughter answered as it willed.

Webster could awe a senate, Everett could charm a college, and Choate could cheat a jury; Clay could magnetize the million, and Corwin lead them captive. O'Connell was Clay, Corwin, Choate, Everett,

and Webster in one. Before the courts he was logical; at the bar of the senate, unanswerable and dignified; on the platform he was wit and pathos; before the masses he was a whole man. Carlyle says, "He is God's own anointed king whose single word melts all wills into his." This well describes him. Emerson says, "There is no true eloquence unless there is a man behind the speech." Daniel O'Connell was listened to because all England and all Ireland knew that there was a man behind the speech—one who could be neither bought, bullied, nor cheated. He held the masses enthralled but willing subjects in his hand.

He owed this power to the courage that met every new question frankly and concealed none of his convictions; to an entireness of devotion that made the people feel he was all their own; to a masterly brain that made them sure they were always safe in his hands. Behind them were ages of bloodshed—every rising had ended at the scaffold. O'Connell said, "Follow me; put your feet where mine have trod, and a sheriff shall never lay hand on your shoulder." And the great lawyer kept his pledge.

Behind O'Connell were over three million people steeped in utter wretchedness, sore with the oppression of centuries, ignored by statute. For thirty restless and turbulent years he stood in front of them and said, "Remember, he that commits a crime helps the enemy." And during that long and fearful struggle I do not remember one of his followers ever being convicted of a political offense, and during this period crimes of violence were very rare.

There is no such record in our history. Neither in classic nor in modern times can the man be produced who held a million of people in his right hand so passive. It was due to the consistency and unity of a character that had hardly a flaw.

I do not forget your soldiers, orators, or poets—any of your leaders. But when I consider O'Connell's personal disinterestedness; his rare, brave fidelity to every cause his principles covered, no matter how unpopular or how embarrassing to his main purpose; that clear, far-reaching vision and true heart which, on most moral and political questions, set him so much ahead of his times; his eloquence, almost equally effective in the courts, in the senate, and before the masses; that sagacity which set at naught the malignant vigilance of the whole imperial bar, watching thirty years for a misstep; when I remember that he invented his tools, and then when I remember and measure his limited means with his vast success, bearing in mind its nature; when I see the sobriety and moderation with which he used his measureless power, and the lofty, generous purpose of his whole life—I am ready to affirm that he was, all things considered, the greatest man the Irish race has ever produced.

a tone' ment, amends; satisfaction for injury.

chap' let, wreath for the head.

De mos' the nes (nēs), orator of ancient Greece.

gam' ut, the whole musical scale.

Ju' pi ter, in Roman mythology the king of gods and men.

ma lig' nant, full of malice or hate.

par' al leled (lēld), equaled.

spec' ter, a phantom.

SKIPPER BEN.

LUCY LARGOM.

Sailing away !

Losing the breath of the shores in May,
Dropping down from the beautiful bay
Over the sea-slope vast and gray,
And the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind ;
For a vision comes on the rising wind
Of a gentle face that he leaves behind
And a heart that throbs through the fog-bank dim,
Thinking of him.

Far into night

He watches the gleam of the lessening light,
Fixed on the dangerous island height,
That bars the harbor he loves from sight :
And he wishes, at dawn, he could tell the tale
Of how they had weathered the southwest gale,
To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale,
With a wakeful night among specters grim —
Terrors for him.

Yo-heave-yo !

Here's the Bank where the fishermen go.
Over the schooner's sides they throw
Tackle and bait to the deeps below.
And Skipper Ben in the water sees,
When its ripples curl to the light land breeze,
Something that stirs like his apple trees,
And two soft eyes that beneath them swim,
Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,
And the rain through the slit sails tear and pour!
“Steady! we’ll scud by the Cape Ann shore,
Then hark to the Beverly bells once more!”
And each man worked with the will of ten;
While up in the rigging, now and then,
The lightning glared in the face of Ben,
Turned to the black horizon’s rim,
Scowling on him.

How they went down
Never was known in the still old town:
Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown,
With the look of despair that was half a frown,
Faced his fate in the furious night,
Faced the mad billows with hunger white,
Just within hail of the beacon-light
That shone on a woman sweet and trim,
Waiting for him.

Beverly bells
Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells!
His was the anguish a moment tells—
The passionate sorrow death quickly knells.
But the wearing wash of a lifelong woe
Is left for the desolate heart to know,
Whose tides with the dull years come and go,
Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
Thinking of him.

HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.¹

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Of the beginning of the retreat from Concord Bridge, of the terrible march of the exhausted troops from this square to Boston, I have no time fitly to tell the tale. Almost as soon as it began, all Massachusetts was in motion. The landscape was alive with armed men. They swarmed through every wood-path and byway, across the pastures, and over the hills.

The British column marched steadily on, while from trees, rocks, and fences, from houses, barns, and sheds, blazed the withering American fire. The hills echoed and flashed, the woods rang, the road became an endless ambuscade of flame. The Americans seemed to the appalled British troops to drop from the clouds, to spring from earth. With every step the attack was deadlier—the danger was more imminent.

Such was the opening battle of the Revolution—a conflict which, so far as we can see, saved civil liberty in two hemispheres, saved England as well as America, and whose magnificent results shine through the world as the beacon-light of free popular government. And who won this victory? The minute-men and militia, who have been always the vanguard of freedom.

The minute-man of the American Revolution—who was he? He was the husband and father who,

¹ Extract from an oration delivered at Concord, Mass., April 19, 1875, the one-hundredth anniversary of "Concord fight."

bred to love liberty, and to know that lawful liberty is the sole guaranty of peace and progress, left the plow in the furrow, and, kissing wife and children, marched to die or to be free.

The minute-man of the Revolution! He was the old, the middle-aged, and the young. He was Captain Miles, of Concord, who said that he went to battle as he went to church. He was Captain Davis, of Acton, who reproved his men for jesting on the march. He was Deacon Josiah Haynes, of Sudbury, eighty years old, who marched with his company to the South Bridge, at Concord, then joined in the hot pursuit to Lexington, and fell as gloriously as Warren at Bunker Hill.

He was James Hayward, of Acton, twenty-two years old, foremost in that deadly race from Concord to Charleston, who raised his piece at the same moment with a British soldier, each exclaiming, "You are a dead man!" The Briton dropped, shot through the heart. James Hayward fell, mortally wounded. "Father," he said, "I started with forty balls; I have three left. I never did such a day's work before. Tell mother not to mourn too much; and tell her whom I love more than my mother that I am not sorry I turned out."

This was the minute-man of the Revolution! The rural citizen, trained in the common school, the church, and the town-meeting, who carried a bayonet that thought, and whose gun, loaded with a principle, brought down not a man, but a system. Him we gratefully recall to-day—him, in yon manly figure, wrought in the metal which but feebly typifies his inexorable will, we commit in his immortal youth to the reverence of our children.

And here among these peaceful fields, here in the country whose children first gave their blood for American union and independence, here in the heart of Middlesex County, of Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill, stand fast, Son of Liberty! as the minute-man stood at the old North Bridge. But should we or our descendants, false to liberty, false to justice and humanity, betray in any way their cause, spring into life as a hundred years ago, take one more step, descend, and lead us, as God led you, in saving America, to save the hopes of man.

in ex'o ra ble, unyielding.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC—A. D. 1801.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold, determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line;

It was ten of April morn by the chime ;
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
“Hearts of oak !” our captains cried, when
each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun !

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back.
Their shots along the deep slowly boom —
Then cease — and all is wail
As they strike the shattered sail :
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom !

Out spoke the Victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave :
“Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save !
So peace, instead of death, let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,

With the crews, at England's feet.
And make submission meet
To our King."

Then Denmark blessed our Chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away!

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant, good Riou!
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

AID FROM FRANCE.

W. E. H. LECKY.

The assistance of France was never more valuable than in the first period of the Revolutionary War, while she was still at peace with England. American vessels were admitted, by the connivance of France's ministers, into French ports with articles of commerce of which, by law, French merchants had a strict monopoly, and the American commissioners, Franklin, Deane, and Lee, were soon able to inform Congress that France gave the commerce of the colonies greater indulgences in her ports than the commerce of any other nation whatever.

Privateers were sheltered and equipped; prizes were secretly sold in French harbors. Experienced officers, trained in the French army, were sent to America with the permission of the French ministers, to organize or command the American forces. In the beginning of 1777 one of the ablest sea officers in France was engaged, by the permission of the Minister of Marine, in superintending the construction, in French harbors, of ships of war for America; and finally a new grant of two millions of livres from the crown was made, the king exacting no conditions or promise of repayment, and only requiring absolute secrecy.

If the French were somewhat slower in throwing away the mask and the scabbard than the Americans could have wished, they at least gave the colonies the assistance most needed, and, as the commissioners acutely said, the very delay was not without its

compensation. "Enjoying the whole harvest of captures from the British commercial marine—a harvest which otherwise France and Spain would divide with us—our infant naval power finds such plentiful nourishment as has increased and must increase its growth and strength most marvelously."

"All Europe," they wrote, about this time, "is for us. Every nation in Europe wishes to see Britain humbled, having all in their turn been offended by her insolence, which, in prosperity, she is apt to discover on all occasions." England, under the great ministry of Pitt, had acquired an empire and a preponderance on the sea not less overwhelming and not less menacing than that which Charles V. and Louis XIV. had acquired on land. It had become a main object of the governing classes on the continent to reduce it, while the merchants in every nation were looking forward with eagerness to the opening of the great field of American commerce.

This had hitherto been the monopoly of England. Spain, which was greatly under the influence of France, and very hostile to England, supplied the colonies with money and with gunpowder, and gave their vessels greater trade privileges than those of any other country, though without any real wish for American independence. The Grand Duke of Tuscany secretly removed all duties from American commerce, and expressed himself so favorable to the American cause that Deane assured Congress that they might safely purchase or construct frigates at Leghorn.

Frederick of Prussia, who had never forgiven his desertion by England, without committing himself

openly to the Americans, or even consenting to receive their envoy, watched with undisguised delight the growing embarrassment of his old ally, threw every obstacle in his power in the way of German enlistments, and took great pains to assure France that he would remain perfectly passive if she entered into war with England. The emperor, hostile on all other points to Frederick, agreed with him in discouraging the German enlistments for England. Holland was delighted to find in America a new market for her goods, and the little Dutch island of St. Eustatius became a great mart for supplying the wants of the insurgents.

The very judicious selection of Franklin as the chief representative of the colonies greatly added to it. His works were well known in France through several translations; his great discovery of the identity of electricity and lightning had been made at a time when Parisian enthusiasm for physical science was at its height, and it was soon found that the man was at least as remarkable as his works. Dressed with an almost Quaker simplicity, his thin gray hair not powdered according to the general fashion, but covered with a fur cap, he formed a singular and striking figure in the brilliant and artificial society of the French capital.

His eminently venerable appearance, the quaint, quiet dignity of his manner, the mingled wit and wisdom of his conversation, the unfailing tact, shrewdness, and self-possession which he showed, whether he was negotiating with French statesmen or moving in a social sphere so unlike that from which he had arisen, impressed all who came in

contact with him. Vergennes declared him to be the only American in whom he put full confidence. Turgot, in an immortal line, described him as having torn the lightning from heaven and the scepter from the tyrant's hand. Voltaire complimented him in his most graceful phrases, and expressed his pride that he was himself able to address Franklin in his own language.

Poets, philosophers, men and women of fashion, were alike at his feet, and all the enthusiasts and Utopians of France seemed to gather round that calm American, who, under the appearance of extreme simplicity, concealed the astuteness of the most accomplished diplomatist, and who never for a moment lost sight of the object at which he aimed.

a cute'ly, shrewdly.

as tute'ness, subtlety; sagacity.

di plo'ma tist, one who conducts negotiations between nations.

in dul'gence, favor.

in'so lence, brutal impudence.

Tur'got' (gô'), French financier.

li'vre (lê'vër), French coin now replaced by the franc.

pre pon'der ance, an outweighing; greater power.

U to'pian, one who believes that human society may become perfect.

It is a sign of a nature not finely tempered to give yourselves up to things which relate to the body; to make, for instance, a great fuss about exercise, a great fuss about eating, a great fuss about drinking. All these things ought to be done merely by the way. The formation of the spirit and character must be our real concern.

—EPICTETUS.

THE BOWL OF ALBEMARLE.

(AN INDEPENDENCE-DAY LEGEND.)

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

'Twas Lady Ashe of Albemarle;
She heard bold Tarleton boast
That he the British flag would yet
On every planter's mansion set
On Carolina's coast;
That, when the Carolinas fell,
He would return and quaff
To victory in that honored hall,
And Lady Ashe of Albemarle
Should bring her family beaker out;
The cavaliers should cheer and shout—
'Twould make old England laugh!
O Lady Ashe, O Lady Ashe,
What will thy loyal answer be
When courtly Tarleton asks of thee
The bowl of Albemarle?

'Twas in the hall of Albemarle;
The feast was spread—they set
The empty goblets on the board
Where erst the patriots met.
The fire upon the oak walls gleamed;
And on the men looked down
From green festoons of mistletoe
With berries white as winter's snow
The flag of England's crown.
Then Tarleton called on Lady Ashe
To bring him, in the hall,

The goblet of her family pride,
The goblet ancient wines had dyed,
The bowl of Albemarle.
O Lady Ashe, what wilt thou do?
A patriot's daughter should be true;
Their flags are red, and thine is blue,
My Dame of Albemarle.

The legend old of Albemarle:
The oaken door swung wide,
And Lady Ashe came to the board,
And Tarleton stood beside.
She raised the bowl above her head:
'Twas filled with roses. Then —
"It matches well the flag of red!"
Cried Tarleton to his men.
The roses o'er the astrals burned,
And fragrant grew the air,
And slowly she the goblet turned
Above her shining hair.
One after one the roses red
She dropped upon her stately head.
Their beauty charmed, their perfume filled
The high colonial hall,
As, flower by flower, my lady spilled
The bowl of Albemarle!

The bowl, the bowl of Albemarle;
She turned it in the air,
And here a rose and there a rose
She spilled upon her hair.
A prophet's fire then stirred her blood,
And on the cup once more,

Gazing with flashing eyes, she stood;
Then smiling in defiant mood
She dashed it to the floor!
The startled guard advanced a pace,
But stood my lady there;
The patriot fire was in her face,
The roses in her hair.
O Lady Ashe, my Lady Ashe,
All silent is the hall;
Thy cheeks are red, the patriots' white,
And Tarleton's ashen in the light;
Speak, Dame of Albemarle!

"My gallant general, hear!" she said;
"We've heard your merry boast
That you would line with British flags
The Carolinian coast;
That from our olden cup should be
Your ruby draught to victory —
'Twas thus you proudly willed;
My courtly general, thou art weighed
And wanting — see! the balance read —
For there's a promise thou hast made
That on the land, or on the sea,
Can never be fulfilled!"
In voiceless hall, 'mid staring men,
Still stood my lady fair,
The patriot glory in her face,
The roses in her hair!

That broken bowl of Albemarle!
It teaches all that he
Whose will from self itself has freed
A thousand more may free!

O Lady Ashe, my Lady Ashe,
 Who heard proud Tarleton's boast,
 It is the Rose of Albemarle
 That gallant riders toast
 Who wake in dawns of dewy morns
 And follow fast the rallying horns
 Down Carolina's coast,
 And Freedom's banner—so they swear—
 Shall float o'er every mansion there.

as' tral, astral lamp, one which casts no

shadow on the table.

beak' er, a large drinking cup.

draught (draft), what is drunk.

erst, formerly.

quaff, to drink.

A MORNING IN ATHENS.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

The streets shone with a bewildering brightness when Steenie and I set out to have a look at Athens. Our hotel was in the street of Hermes; its windows at one side looked into the great square of the Constitution, where stands the royal palace, a huge barrack built of marble already yellowing under the keen influence of air, and wind, and sun. Those who do not know the city may be told that modern Athens is a town of white, straight, well-paved streets running at right angles with each other. Every street which is not given up to shops is shaded by a double row of young trees, chiefly the pepper trees, which, after a shower of rain, send about them such a pungent odor that the unthinking wayfarer finds himself compelled to sneeze as he passes.

Intense activity, watchfulness, restlessness, chatter are prominent characteristics of Athens. Everybody is brisk and stirring, as if all his hopes in life depended on his moving quickly, gesticulating much, and talking at the top of his voice. They say Athens is not a city of Greeks at all, in the true sense; but the Athens of to-day seems to me to bear a marvelous resemblance in its crowds and their manners to the Athens of Saint Paul. Nearly half the street population—the working, trading, donkey-driving, wood-chopping, load-carrying population—are Albanians. Many of these heroes swagger about with belts that contain a whole armory of knives and pistols. Some of them wear shoes that turn up at the toes like those of a mediæval gallant, with the difference that the point of the toe is here adorned by a curious round ornament, looking like a prickly pear or the bristly clump of an old-fashioned shaving-brush.

Not many women are in the streets. Athenian ladies seldom go out; Athenian maidservants do not run on errands. Epirotes are everywhere in great, baggy, blue trousers, the waste of material in which appears quite as extravagant as that of the white stuff in the fustanella. Shepherds from the mountains are there in shaggy capotes. Greek priests, with mild, deep eyes and long, dark beards, are everywhere, wearing gracefully their flowing robes and their high, peculiar hats. Strings of donkeys bear along enormous piles of brushwood, each stack of brushwood covering an animal completely.

Who lingers long in the streets of Athens before he has climbed the Acropolis and seen the Parthenon? We soon left the houses and made for the

sacred hill, going by the long way, past the street which bears the name of Byron, and past the amphitheater, on some of whose marble benches you may still read the names of their once lucky possessors. We mounted up by dusty roads, made picturesque with the frequent cactus and thyme, and even still some stray flowers, until we reached the hill of Mars, on which Paul preached.

We stopped every now and then to gaze upon the exquisite outlines of the Parnes range of mountains, or of Hymettus, much nearer to us. On the way I showed Steenie a long deep rut of stones and shards, and pebbles and old scraps of broken crockery, and bottles and shreds of paper; and I informed him that that was the Ilissus, and that if we should have any heavy rain we might see water there some day. Every now and then we caught a glimpse of the sea, and of rocky Sunium, and the shores of Salamis. Always as we ascend we have rising above us the Acropolis with its sublimely ordered confusion of pillars that change color every moment as we change our point of view. Now they are of a rich, glowing orange, and now turn to purple, and again gleam white and sparkling, and yet with another winding of the hill stand out like ebony against some mass of light clouds floating lazily along the sky.

A few sellers of curiosities waylay us as we mount, but they are not importunate; they are not like the pestering nuisances of Switzerland or Italy. We get to a belt of wall, and then to a gate at the top of a little flight of rugged stone steps, mere stones piled on stones, and when we knock, the door is opened to us by one of the old soldiers who are the guard-

ians of the place. We are within the precincts of the Parthenon. The old soldier will accompany us if we wish it, and he will answer any question we please to put. But he does not insist on being our guide. As we do not ask him to come with us he quietly falls behind.

The Parthenon is perfection. Every pile that human hands have raised is, for beauty and symmetry, an anti-climax after the Parthenon. Who could describe the divine shapeliness and dignity of those colonnades of ineffable design? Vaster and in a sense grander are the awful ruins at Karnak, but they oppress the very soul of the gazer by their stupendous vastness; they do not fill and satisfy him with a sense of perfect form and beauty as the Parthenon does. Those Doric columns, whose successive colorings have now settled down to a softened orange hue, do they not seem the very embodiment of strength and grace, each one a poet's thought turned into marble?

For hours one wanders, lost in wonder, through this wilderness of ruined temples and rows of stately, erect columns, and fallen statues, and slender broken shafts, and marble steps, and thrones and fonts. I have called it a wilderness, but the word will not suit, for the very divineness of order and harmony is in these ruins. Every prostrate column seems to have fallen with the dignity of the dying Cæsar. Then look around; turn your eyes a moment from the temple and the columns to the scene beyond, and say whether earth would have anything to show more fair even though there had never been a Parthenon and the Acropolis were a naked rock.

See there, where the sea is glittering; on your left is the island of Salamis, and leftward farther still is Sunium. Through the clefts and gorges of that glorious mountain range in front one can sometimes see on a clear day—and nearly all days are clear in this region—the ruin-crowned head of far Acrocorinth. Not much vegetation, even on Hymettus, but a beauty of outline given by nature as exquisite as that which art has conferred on the Parthenon itself; and where there is color it is color as rich and yet tender, on mountain-side or marble, as on the sea and in the heavens.

Nor is that part of the Acropolis the least interesting where you can sit or lean upon a low wall or battlement and see Athens shining beneath you. There, spread out at your feet, like a colored map, is the whole city. You can trace every street, you can discover almost any house you happen to know. There is the king's palace—anyone can see that at a glance—with its great gardens and the square of the Constitution in front. There stretches the street of Hermes; see where it is crossed by the street of Æolus. Beneath, in the valley, is the temple of Theseus; one can hardly speak of it as a ruin—it is still almost untouched by time. Not far is the Athenian terminus of the one Greek railway, the line from the city to Phalerum and the Piræus; we can see the little train come puffing and steaming in.

In this marvelously still and clear air every sound from the city comes up to our ears softened but distinct. The cries of the eager sellers in the market, the wail of a child, the barking of a dog, the sound of a mule's bell, all come clearly up to the heights

of the Acropolis. If you turn this way you see at the foot of Hymettus a burial ground with its cypresses, and a funeral procession is going in. Here and there you see what was once a Turkish mosque, with its peculiar round and caplike roof; it is perhaps now an Athenian schoolhouse.

All this I pointed out, as well as I could, to Steenie. Needless to say that I did not indulge in any raptures or even any enthusiasm to him. It is almost an unlucky thing for a man to be really in love with the Parthenon, as I am; for it seems so like affectation—so like going into rapture where rapture is the conventional thing. I have a friend who says it is a positive trouble to him that he can not help admiring Shakspeare beyond all other poets.

If any foolish person—some girl, perhaps—asks him what poet he most admires, and he has to answer, “Shakspeare,” how can she help thinking that he is only saying he admires Shakspeare because everybody ought to admire Shakspeare? I try to keep my admiration for the Parthenon well in order. I have even once, when asked for my opinion by a young lady, had art enough to say that on the whole I thought the Parthenon very nice. I was rewarded for this judicious self-restraint by obtaining from her a frank and honest reply. She said she didn’t care much about it.

A crop’o lis, the citadel of Athens.

Ep’i rote, inhabitant of Epirus.

font, basin for holy water.

fus ta nel’ la, a short skirt of white cotton or linen, very full and starched, worn by modern Greek men.

gal lant’, a chivalrous man.

Hy met’ tus, mountain range in Greece, famed for its honey.

I lis’ sus, ancient dried-up river in Greece.

Kar’ nak, site of Thebes.

shard, a fragment of an earthen vessel, or the like.

NATURE'S SADNESS.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

Go down where the wavelets are kissing the shore,
And ask of them why do they sigh ;
The poets have asked them a thousand times o'er,
But they're kissing the shore as they kissed it
before,
And they're sighing to-day, and they'll sigh ever-
more.

Ask them what ails them : they will not reply,
But they'll sigh on forever and never tell why.
Why does your poetry sound like a sigh ?
The waves will not answer you ; neither shall I.

Go stand on the beach of the blue boundless deep,
When the night stars are gleaming on high,
And hear how the billows are moaning in sleep,
On the low-lying strand by the surge-beaten steep ;
They're moaning forever wherever they sweep.

Ask them what ails them : they never reply ;
They moan, and so sadly, but will not tell why.
Why does your poetry sound like a sigh ?
The waves will not answer you ; neither shall I.

Go list to the breeze at the waning of day,
When it passes and murmurs "Good-by."
The dear little breeze—how it wishes to stay
Where the flowers are in bloom, where the singing
birds play !

How it sighs when it flies on its wearisome way !
Ask it what ails it : it will not reply ;

Its voice is a sad one, it never told why.
Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?
The breeze will not answer you ; neither shall I.

Go watch the wild blasts as they spring from their
lair,

When the shout of the storm rends the sky ;
They rush o'er the earth and they ride thro' the
air,

And they blight with their breath all the lovely
and fair,

And they groan like the ghosts in the "land of
despair."

Ask them what ails them : they never reply ;
Their voices are mournful, they will not tell why.
Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?
The blasts will not answer you ; neither shall I.

Go stand on the rivulet's lily-fringed side,
Or list where the rivers rush by ;
The streamlets which forest trees shadow and hide,
And the rivers that roll in their oceanward tide,
Are moaning forever wherever they glide.

Ask them what ails them : they will not reply ;
On — sad-voiced — they flow, but they never tell
why.

Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?
Earth's streams will not answer you ; neither
shall I.

Go list to the voices of air, earth, and sea,
And the voices that sound in the sky ;
Their songs may be joyful to some, but to me
There's a sigh in each chord and a sigh in each key,

And thousands of sighs swell their grand melody.
Ask them what ails them: they will not reply;
They sigh — sigh forever — but never tell why.
Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?
Their lips will not answer you; neither shall I.

lair, resting-place of a wild beast.

list, poetic form of "listen."

AN ENGLISH COUNTRY SCENE.

WILLIAM BLACK.

It was as yet early morning, and the level sunshine spread a golden hue over the eastward-looking branches of the great elms, and threw long shadows on the greensward of the park. Far away the world lay all asleep, though the kindling light of the new day was shining on the green plains, and on the white hawthorns, and on this or that gray house, remotely visible among the trees. What surroundings could be fitter for Lady Sylvia, a young English girl, than this English-looking landscape?

Down below, the lake lay still; there was not a breath of wind to break the reflections of the trees on the glassy surface. But she was not quite alone in this silent and sleeping world. Her friends and companions, the birds, had been up before her. She could hear the twittering of the young starlings in their nests, as their parents came and went carrying food, and hear the loud and joyful "tirr-a-wee, tirr-a-wee, prooit, tweet!" of the thrushes, the low cooing of the wood-pigeons, and the soft call of the cuckoo. Swallows circled over the bosom of the lake. Black-birds were eagerly but cautiously at work, with their

short, spasmodic trippings, on the lawn. A robin, perched on the iron railing, eyed her curiously, and seemed more disposed to approach than to retreat.

She carried a small basket, with which the robin was doubtless familiar, and now she opened it and began to scatter handfuls of crumbs on the gravel. A multitude of sparrows, hitherto invisible, seemed to spring into life. The robin descended from his perch. But she did not wait to see how her bounties were shared; she had work farther on.

Southward, just beyond the park she was in, there was a wilderness of sandy heath and a dark-green common, now all ablaze with gorse and broom; black pine woods high up at the horizon, and a long, yellow, and dusty road apparently leading nowhere, for there was no trace of town or village as far as the eye could see.

It was in this latter direction that young Lady Sylvia now turned her steps. She passed through some dense shrubberies—the blackbirds shooting away through the laurel-bushes—until she came to an open space at the edge of a wood where there was a spacious dell. Here the sunlight fell in broad patches on a tangled wilderness of wild flowers—great masses of blue hyacinths, and white starwort, and crimson campion, and purple ground ivy. She stayed a minute to gather a small bouquet, which she placed in her dress, but she did not pluck two snow-white and waxen hyacinths, for she had watched these strangers ever since she had noticed that the flowers promised to be white.

She went on again. Now she was in a sloping glade, among young larches and beeches, with with-

ered brackens burning red in the scattered sunlight. She paused for a moment; far along the path in front of her, and quite unconscious of her presence, was a splendid pheasant, the bronzed plumage of his breast just catching a beam of the morning light. Then it disappeared in the ferns.

She walked on again. A squirrel ran up a great beech tree and looked round at her from one of the branches. A jay fled screaming through the wood—just one brief glimpse of brilliant blue being visible. Then she came to a belt of oak paling, in which was a very dilapidated gate. By the gate stood a basket, much larger than the one she had carried from the Hall. She took up the basket, let herself out by the small gate, and passed into the open sunshine, flooding a wide waste of heath.

She hummed a song as she went; and sometimes she laughed, for the place seemed to be alive with young rabbits, and those inexperienced babes showed an agony of fear as they fled from almost under her feet, and scurried through the dry heather to the sandy brakes. It was at one of the largest of these brakes—a sort of ragged pit some six feet deep and fifty feet long—that she finally paused and put down her heavy load. Her approach had been the signal for the magical disappearance of about fifty rabbits, a large majority being very little ones.

Now began a strange incantation scene. She sat down in the perfect stillness; there was not even a rustle of her dress.

She waited patiently, in this deep silence. All round and underneath this broken bank, in a transparent shadow, were a number of dark holes of vari-

ous sizes. These were the apertures for the gnomes to appear from the bowels of the earth. And as she waited, behold! one of these small caverns became tenanted. A tiny head suddenly appeared, and two black eyes regarded her, with a sort of blank, dumb curiosity, without fear.

She did not move. The small, brown creature came out farther; he sat down, like a little ball, on the edge of the sandy slope; he was just far enough out for the sunlight to catch the tips of his long ears, which shone a pinky gray. Her eyes were caught by another sudden awakening of life. At the opposite side of the dell a head appeared and bobbed in again—that was an old and experienced rabbit; but immediately afterward one, two, three small bodies came out to the edge and sat there, a mute, watchful family, staring and being stared at.

Then here, there, everywhere, head after head became visible, a careful look around, a noiseless trot out to the edge of the hole, a motionless seat there, not an ear or a tail stirring. In the mysterious silence every eye was fixed on hers; she scarcely dared breathe, or these phantasmal inhabitants of the lower world would suddenly vanish.

“Satan!” she called; and she sprang to her feet and gave one loud clap of her hands. There was nothing but the dry sand-bank, staring with those empty holes. She laughed lightly to herself at that instantaneous scurry, and having opened the basket, she scattered its contents—chopped turnips—all round the place, and then set off homeward.

brack'en, a brake or fern.

broom, plant having twigs suitable for making brooms.

gorse, a thorny evergreen shrub; furze.

green'sward, turf green with grass.

in'can ta'tion, using formulas for enchantment or raising spirits.

phan tas'mal, illusive; like phantoms.

JUNE IN INDIA.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

No hope, no change! The clouds have shut us in,
And through the cloud the sullen Sun strikes down
Full on the bosom of the tortured Town,
Till Night falls heavy as remembered sin
That will not suffer sleep or thought of ease.
And, hour on hour, the dry-eyed Moon in spite
Glares through the haze and mocks with watery
light
The torment of the uncomplaining trees.

Far off the Thunder bellows her despair
To echoing Earth, thrice parched. The lightnings fly
In vain. No help the heaped-up clouds afford,
But wearier weight of burdened, burning air.
What truce with Dawn? Look! from the aching sky
Day stalks, a tyrant with a flaming sword!

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

SAMUEL SMILES.

The crown and glory of a life is character. It is the noblest and securest possession that a man can have. It is wealth, it is rank. It is the outgrowth of honesty, rectitude, consistency—all tried and proved. It commands the confidence and respect of mankind.

Though a man have but slender abilities, small wealth, and little culture, yet, if he have character, he will have influence wherever his lot may be cast.

Franklin, probably the most influential man of his time, attributed his success not to his powers of speaking—for these were moderate—but to his known integrity of character. He says: “I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carried my point.”

Knowledge is power; but in a greater and more beneficent sense, character is power. Truthfulness, integrity, and gentleness are some of the essentials of manly character.

Character is above price. He who would sell it for gold would make a bad bargain. A knavish man said to one distinguished for his honesty: “I would give a thousand pounds for your good name.”

“Why?”

“Because I could make ten thousand by it,” was the reply.

“Then, indeed, would you be a fool as well as a knave,” said the honest man, “for a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.”

Truth is the basis of character; truth in action as well as in speech. The true gentleman must be that which he seems or purposes to be. A gentleman high in repute, whose ancestors had been renowned as a race of sterling citizens, said: “It is a maxim with our people, which has descended by inheritance through several generations, ‘Always endeavor to be at all times really what you would wish to appear.’”

A well-trained boy, when asked why he did not pocket some pears, because there was nobody there to see, replied: "Yes, there was; I was there to see myself. I don't intend ever to see myself do a dishonest thing." That boy was a gentleman.

Youth forms habits, good or bad; habits constitute character. A boy may drift into bad habits as a crewless vessel may drift, the sport of wind and tide, into shoals and breakers. He may be trained and guided into good habits as a vessel may be directed by her captain and the helmsman into fair channels and smooth waters. Bad habits are hard to break. A Grecian teacher of flute-playing charged double fees for instructing those pupils who had been taught by an inferior master. "To unlearn," he used to say, "is harder than to learn."

The habit of genial good nature is the habit of a true gentleman. To be gracious is to be graceful. A good temper and a happy frame of mind are, perhaps, of even more importance, in many cases, than a perfection in much knowledge and many accomplishments. Kindliness is the substance of politeness. There is neither obsequiousness nor arrogance in the nature of a true gentleman. A graceful behavior with both inferiors and superiors is always safe. Let not graceful self-possession descend into flippancy or impertinence. Gentleness is the force by which the tiny daffodil in spring raises and pierces the clod.

There never yet existed a true gentleman but he was lord of a great heart. Such a heart may beat under the homespun of a peasant as well as under the gold lace of a prince. Robert Burns was once

2
taken to task by a young Edinburgh aristocrat for bowing to a farm laborer. The poet promptly answered: "It was not the coarse homespun clothes I bowed to, but the *man* that was in them—a man whose sterling character would outweigh that of many a so-called nobleman."

It is a grand old name—that of gentleman—and has been recognized as a power in all stages of society. To possess this name is a dignity of itself, commanding the homage of every generous mind, and those who will not bow to official rank will yet do homage to the gentleman. His qualities depend not on fashion or a knowledge of society's etiquette, but on moral worth—not on personal possessions, but on personal qualities. The psalmist briefly describes him as "one that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart."

The gentleman is eminently distinguished for his self-respect. He values his character—not so much of it only as can be seen by others, but as he sees it himself—for he has a supreme regard for the approval of his own conscience. As he respects himself he respects others. Humanity is sacred in his eyes; and thence proceed politeness and forbearance, kindness and charity.

It is related of Lord Edward Fitzgerald that, while traveling in Canada, in company with some Indians, he was shocked by the sight of a squaw trudging along laden with her husband's trappings, while the husband himself walked on unencumbered. Lord Edward at once relieved the squaw of her pack by placing it upon his own shoulders—a beautiful

instance of what the French call politeness of the heart, the innate politeness of the true gentleman.

The poorest man may be such a gentleman in spirit and in daily life. He may be honest, truthful, upright, polite, temperate, courageous, self-respecting, and self-helping—that is, be a genuine gentleman. A brave and gentle character is found under the humblest garb.

It has been said of Sheridan that had he possessed reliableness of character he might have ruled the world; whereas, for want of it, his splendid gifts were comparatively useless. He dazzled and amused, but was without weight or influence in life or in politics. Even the poor pantomimist of Drury Lane felt himself his superior. Thus, when Delpine, one day, pressed the manager for arrears of salary, Sheridan sharply reproved him, telling him he had forgotten his station. “No, indeed, I have not,” retorted Delpine; “I know the difference between us perfectly well. In birth, parentage, and education, you are superior to me; but in life, character, and behavior, I am superior to you.”

Once when the Adige River, in Italy, had suddenly overflowed its banks, the bridge of Verona was swept away, with the exception of the center arch. On this arch stood a house. The unfortunate inhabitants of it could be plainly seen in the windows, begging help, while the foundations were visibly giving way. A rich man who had just arrived at the broken end of the bridge, where a large number of spectators were clustered, perceiving the imminent peril of the house’s tenants, exclaimed: “I will give a hundred gold louis to any person who will rescue those poor people!”

A young man, a day laborer, leaped into a boat and pushed out into the raging stream. After a desperate struggle he reached the bridge pier, received all the family into the boat, and succeeded in bringing them safe to shore.

"Here is your money, my brave young fellow," said the man who had so generously offered the reward.

"Give it to this poor family," was the noble answer; "they have lost all they had." There spoke the spirit of the true gentleman.

Ad' i ge (ăd' i jê), river in Northern Italy.
ar' ro gance, overbearing or haughty conduct.

flap' pan cy, trifling speech.

im per' ti nence, rudeness; incivility.

knave' ish, dishonest.

pan' to mi' mist, one who acts in dumb show.

Sher' i dan, Irish dramatist and politician.

un' en cum' bered, unburdened.

THE POET'S VISION OF PEACE.

WALT WHITMAN.

BANNER AND PENNANT.

Speak to the child, O bard! out of Manhattan;
 Speak to our children all, or north or south of
 Manhattan,

Where our factory engines hum, where our miners
 delve the ground,

Where our hoarse Niagara rumbles, where our
 prairie-plows are plowing;

Speak, O bard! point this day, leaving all the rest,
 to us over all—and yet we know not why;

For what are we, mere strips of cloth, profiting
 nothing,

Only flapping in the wind?

POET.

I hear and see not strips of cloth alone;
I hear the tramp of armies, I hear the challenging
sentry;
I hear the jubilant shouts of millions of men—I
hear LIBERTY!
I hear the drums beat, and the trumpets blowing;
I myself move abroad, swift-rising, flying then;
I use the wings of the land-bird, and use the wings
of the sea-bird, and look down as from a
height.
I do not deny the precious results of peace—I see
populous cities, with wealth incalculable;
I see numberless farms—I see the farmers working
in their fields or barns;
I see mechanics working—I see buildings everywhere
founded, going up, or finished;
I see trains of cars swiftly speeding along railroad
tracks, drawn by the locomotives;
I see the stores, depots, of Boston, Baltimore, Charles-
ton, New Orleans;
I see far in the west the immense area of grain—I
dwell awhile, hovering;
I pass to the lumber forests of the north, and again
to the southern plantation, and again to Cali-
fornia;
Sweeping the whole, I see the countless profit, the
busy gatherings, earned wages;
See the identity formed out of thirty-six spacious
and haughty States (and many more to
come);
See forts on the shores of harbors—see ships sailing
in and out;

Then over all (aye! aye!), my little and lengthened
pennant shaped like a sword
Runs swiftly up, indicating war and defiance—and
now the halyards have raised it,
Side of my banner broad and blue—side of my
starry banner,
Discarding peace over all the sea and land.
Demons and death then I sing;
Put in all, aye! all, will I—sword-shaped pennant
for war, and banner so broad and blue,
And a pleasure new and ecstatic, and the prattled
yearning of children,
Blent with the sounds of the peaceful land, and the
liquid wash of the sea;
And the icy cool of the far, far north, with rustling
cedars and pines;
And the whirl of drums, and the sound of soldiers
marching, and the hot sun shining south;
And the beach-waves combing over the beach on
my eastern shore, and my western shore the
same;
And all between those shores, and my ever-running
Mississippi, with bends and chutes;
And my Illinois fields, and my Kansas fields, and
my fields of Missouri;
The CONTINENT—devoting the whole identity, with-
out reserving an atom,
Pour in! whelm that which asks, which sings, with
all, and the yield of all.

A HISTORIC RUIN.**WILLIAM WIRT.**

I have taken a pleasant ride of sixty miles down the river in order to see the remains of Jamestown, the first English settlement in Virginia.

The site is a handsome one. The river is three miles broad here, and on the opposite shore there is a fine range of hills. But I find no vestiges of the ancient town, except the remains of a church steeple and a few grass-grown old tombstones.

The ruined steeple is about thirty feet high, and is mantled to its very summit with ivy. It is difficult to look at this venerable object, surrounded as it is with these awful proofs of the mortality of man, without recalling the nobly solemn lines of Shakspeare:

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself —
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wrack behind.

Whence arises the irrepressible reverence and tender affection with which I look at this broken steeple? Is it that my soul, by a secret, subtle process, invests the moldering ruin with her own powers? Whatever may be the cause, I feel my soul drawn forward, as by the cords of gentlest sympathy, and involuntarily open my lips to offer consolation to the ruinous pile.

Where is the eager, anxious crowd which landed here in 1608? I fancy that I can see their first cautious approach to the shore; their vigilant eyes

piercing the forest in every direction, to detect the lurking Indian, with his tomahawk, bow and arrow.

What an enterprise! How full of the most fearful perils! and yet how entirely profitless to the daring men who personally undertook and achieved it! Through what a series of the most spirit-chilling hardships had they to toil! How often did they cast their eyes to England in vain! With what delusive hopes, day after day, did the little famished company strain their sight to catch the white sail that was to bring comfort and relief! But day after day the sun set, and darkness covered the earth, but no sail came.

How often, while suffering hunger or sickness, did they think of London—her shops, her markets, her streets swarming with gilded coaches, bustling hacks, and crowds of busy people!

But now—where are they all? the little famished colony which landed here, and the great crowds of London—where are they? Gone to that realm where earthly cares are unknown. Another generation succeeded Jamestown's colonists and London's inhabitants—a generation just as busy and as bustling as that which fell before its successor sank also down into the same nothingness. Another and yet another billow of human life has rolled on, each emulating its predecessor in height; towering for the moment, and then breaking on the self-same shore of death.

It is curious to reflect what a nation, in the course of two hundred years, has sprung up and flourished from the feeble, sickly germ which was planted here! Little did the short-sighted British

government suspect the conflict which was to come, the convulsion by which the young colonies would tear themselves from her and start into a political importance that would astonish the earth.

Is it not strange that familiarly and universally as these things are known, yet each generation is as eager in the pursuit of its earthly objects, projects its plans on a scale as extensive and as laborious in their execution, with a spirit as ardent and unre-laxing as if this life and this world were to last forever? It is, indeed, a most benevolent interposi-tion of Providence that these palpable and just views of the vanity of human life are not permitted entirely to crush the spirits and unnerve the arm of industry. But at the same time, methinks, it would be wise in man to permit them to have, at least, so much weight with him as to prevent his total absorption by the things of this earth, and to point some of his thoughts and his exertions to a system of being far more permanent, exalted, and happy. Think not this reflection too solemn. It is irresistibly inspired by the objects around me; and, as rarely as it occurs, it is most certainly and solemnly true.

em' u la' ting, competing with; rivaling. *wrack*, particle of wreckage.

What's all the gold that glitters cold,
When linked to hard and haughty feeling?
Whate'er we're told, the noblest gold
Is truth of heart and honest dealing!

— CHARLES SWAIN.

AMERICA.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O Mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace !
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years ;
 With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red ;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet ;
 Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail, those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
 Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide—
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades ;
 What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen ;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the west;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
 In woodland homes
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For earth's down-trodden and oppress;
A shelter for the hunted head;
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
 Power, at thy bounds
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
 And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
 Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

I never thrust my nose into other men's porridge.
It is no bread and butter of mine; every man for
himself, and God for us all!

—CERVANTES.

CHADD.

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

(FROM "IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS").

The others gathered about the great, massive fellow, who was violently gesticulating and incoherently asserting his offended dignity. Chadd strolled away toward the gloomy woods, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes bent upon the ground. Glances of undisguised aversion followed him—from the group about the store, from the figures in the windows and doors of the poor dwellings, even from the half-clad children who paused in their spiritless play to gaze after him. He was vaguely conscious of these pursuing looks of hatred, but only once he saw the universal sentiment expressed in a face. As the long shadows of the forest fell upon his path, he chanced to raise his eyes, and encountered those of a woman, standing in Boker's cabin. He went on, feeling like a martyr. The thick foliage closed upon him; the sound of his languid footsteps died in the distance, and the figures on the cliff stood in the sunset glow, watching the spot where he had disappeared, as silent and as motionless as if they had fallen under some strange, uncanny spell.

The calm of the woodland, the refreshing aromatic odors, the rising wind after the heat of the sultry day, exerted a revivifying influence upon the lawyer's spirits, as he walked on into the illimitable solitudes of the forest. Night was falling before he turned to retrace his way; above the opaque, color-

less leaves there was the lambent glinting of a star; the fitful plaint of a whip-poor-will jarred the dark stillness; grotesque black shadows had mustered strong among the huge boles of the trees. But he took no note of the gathering gloom; somehow, his heart had grown suddenly light. He had forgotten the drunken wrangler and all the fretting turmoils of the canvass; once he caught himself in making plans, with his almost impossible success in the election as a basis. And yet, inconsistently enough, he felt a dismayed astonishment at his unaccountable elation. The workings of his own mind and their unexpected developments were always to him strange phenomena. He was introspective enough to take heed of this inward tumult, and he had a shrewd suspicion that more activity was there than in all the mental exertations of the combined bench and bar of the circuit. But he harbored a vague distrust of this uncontrollable power within, so much stronger than the untutored creature to whom it appertained. A harassing sense of doubleness often possessed him, and he was torn by conflicting counsels—the inherent inertia and conservatism of the mountaineer, who would fain follow forever the traditional customs of his ancestry, and an alien overwhelming impetus, which carried him on in spite of himself, and bewildered him with his own exploits. He was helpless under this unreasonable expectation of success, and regarded the mental gymnastic of joyous anticipation with perplexed surprise. “I’m fixing a powerful disappointment for myself,” he said.

RIGHT HUMAN LIFE.

BISHOP J. L. SPALDING.

What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath;
That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital; and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death?

— WORDSWORTH.

What is so delightful as spring weather? To it, whatever mystery life can make plain, it reveals. There is universal utterance. Water leaps from its winding sheet of snow; the streams spring out to wander till they find their source; the corn sprouts to receive the sun's warm kiss; the buds unfold, the blossoms send forth fragrance, the heavens weep for joy; the birds sing, the children shout, and the fuller pulse of life gives, even to the old, fresh thoughts and young desires. Now, what is all this but a symbol of the soul, which feels the urgency of God calling upon it to make itself alive in him and in his universe of truth and beauty?

But the season of growth is also the time of blight. A hundred germs perish for one that ripens into wholesome fruit; a hundred young lives suffer physical or moral ruin for one that develops into some likeness of true manhood. And upon what slight causes success or failure seems to depend.

As a mere word, a glance, will bring the blood to a maiden's cheek, so may it sow the germ of moral death in the heart of youth. How helpless and

ignorant the young are in their seeming strength and smartness; how self-sufficient in their unwisdom, how little amenable to reason, how slow to perceive true ideals. What patient, persevering effort is required to form character, and what a little thing will poison life in its source! How easy it is to see and understand what is coarse and evil; how difficult to appreciate what is pure and excellent. How quickly a boy learns to find pleasure in what is animal or brutal; but what infinite pains must be taken before he is won to the love of truth and goodness. Caricature delights him, and he has no eyes for the chaste beauty of perfect art. The story of an outlaw fills him with enthusiasm, and the heroic struggles of godlike souls are for him meaningless. He gazes with envious awe upon some vulgar rich man, and finds a philosopher, or a saint, only queer. He studies because he has been sent to school, where ignorance will expose him to ridicule and humiliation, and possibly, too, because he is told that knowledge will help him to win money and influence. However great his proficiency, he is in truth but a barbarian, without wisdom, without reverence, without gentleness. He has been brought only in a vague way into communion with the conscious life of the race; he has no true conception of the dignity of souls, no sense of the beauty of modest and unselfish action. He mistakes rudeness for strength, boastfulness for ability, disrespect for independence, profanity for manliness, brutality for courage.

And to add to his misfortune, he is blind to his own weakness and ignorance. A sneer or a jest is

his reply to the voice of wisdom, as with a light heart he walks in the road to ruin; and thus it happens that for one who becomes a true and noble man, a hundred go astray or sink into an unintelligent and vulgar kind of life. This fact is concealed from the eyes of the young, from the eyes of the multitude, indeed. As we hide the dead in the earth that we may quickly forget our loss, so society buries from sight and thought those who fail. Their number is so great that the oblivion which soon overwhelms them is needful to save even the brave from discouragement. Of a hundred college boys the lives of twenty-five will be ruined by dissipation, by sensual indulgence; twenty-five others will be wrecked by unhappy marriages, foolish financial schemes, dishonesty, and indolence; of the remaining fifty, forty, let us say, will manage to get on without loss of respectability, while the ten (who are still left) will win a sort of notoriety by getting rich or by getting elected to office. Of the hundred will one become a saint, a philosopher, a poet, a statesman, or even a man of superior ability in natural knowledge or literature? And if this estimate is rightly made, they all fail; and the emergence of a high and noble mind is so improbable that it may almost be looked upon, like the birth of a genius, as an accident, so impossible is it, with our limited view, to bring such cases within the domain of law. These hundred college boys have been taken from a thousand youths. The nine hundred have remained outside the doors which open into the halls of culture, away from the special influences which thought and ingenuity have created to develop and perfect

man's endowments. As they are less favored, we demand less of them, and are content to have them reinforce the unenlightened army of laborers and money-getters. But when we come among those to whom leisure and opportunity are given that they may learn to think truly and to act nobly, and find that they fail in this, as nearly all of them do fail, we are disappointed and saddened. The thoughtless imagine that those who provide food and shelter do the most important work; but such work is most important only where there is no intellectual, moral, or religious life. That is most necessary which nourishes the highest faculty, and wherever civilization exists, enlightened minds and great characters are indispensable. The animal and the savage, without much difficulty, find what satisfies appetite; but God appoints that only living souls shall provide what keeps souls alive. Now this soul-life, which manifests itself in thought, in conduct, in hope, faith, and love, makes us human and lifts us above every other kind of earthly existence. It is our distinctive attribute, the godlike side of our being, which, under penalty of sinking to lower worlds, we must bring out and cultivate. The plant is alive. By its own energy it springs from darkness, it grows, it waves its green leaves beneath the blue heavens; but it is blind, deaf and dumb, senseless, dead to the world of sight and sound, of taste and smell. The animal, too, is alive, and in a higher way; for all the glories of Nature are painted upon its eye; all sounds strike upon its ear; it moves about and has all the sensations of physical pleasure of which man is capable; but it is without thought, without sense of

right and wrong, without imagination, without hope and faith. It is plain then that human life, in its highest sense, is life of the soul—a life of thought and love, of faith and hope, of imagination and desire; and men are high or low as they partake more or less of this true life. By this standard, and by no other, reason requires that we form an estimate of human worth. To be a king, to have money, to live in splendor, to meet with approval from few or many—is accidental, is something which may happen to an ignorant, a heartless, a depraved, a vulgar man. The most vicious and brutal of men have, again and again, held the most exalted positions, and as a rule cringing and lying, trickery and robbery, or speculation and gambling, have been and are the means by which great fortunes are acquired. Position, then, and money are distinguishable from worth; and they may be and often are found where the life of thought and love, of faith and hope, of imagination and desire, is almost wholly wanting. Now, it is this life—the only true human life—which education should bring forth and strengthen; and the failure to lead this life, of those who pass through our institutions of learning, is a subject of deep concern for all who observe and reflect; for among them we look for the leaders who shall cause wisdom and goodness to prevail over ignorance and appetite. If those who receive the best nurture and care remain on the low plains of hardly more than animal existence, what hope is there that the multitude shall rise to nobler ways of living?

To avoid fine, this book should be returned on
or before the date last stamped below

10M-3.40

--	--	--

